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OF

REV. WILLIAM GURLEY,

LATE OF MILAN, OHIO,

A LOCAL MINISTER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

INCLUDING

A SKETCH

OF THE

IRISH INSURRECTION AND MARTYRS OF 1798.

BY

Rev. L. B. Gurley.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a biography of my late venerable father, it may be gratifying to the reader to know the sources from whence the facts and materials for the work have been drawn.

At the request of many of his acquaintances, several of whom were ministers of our Church, my father spent the summer of 1834 in committing to paper the most important and interesting events of his life, from his childhood to the close of the Irish Rebellion, and his subsequent emigration to this country, thus bringing the narrative down to a period within my own recollection.

This was done in a series of letters to myself. It was his design to have had the work published then; but time to prepare it not being at command, it has been unavoidably delayed. From this manuscript, then, most of the facts concerning him have been derived; and a large proportion of the letters, in the form of extracts and quotations from his manuscript, are embodied in this memoir.

The sanguinary scenes of the insurrection of 1798 are drawn partly from this source, and partly from "a History of the Irish Rebellion in the County of Wexford," by Rev. George Taylor, a Wesleyan preacher, who was imprisoned at the same time with Mr. Gurley, and whose history was published a few months after the close of the insurrection, having been written on the spot.

Besides these sources of information, I am indebted

further, for the facts recorded, chiefly to the following works: "Allison's History of Europe," "Plowden's History of Ireland," "Life of Thomas Addis Emmet," "Miller's History of England," "Encyclopædia of Geography," "London Imperial Magazine."

If it is thought that too great latitude has been taken, in entering so fully into the political events of Ireland, I have only to reply, that the manuscript of my father led me into this field; so that I could not avoid it, without injustice to the work. Moreover, as the lamentable convulsion of 1798 was the occasion of his imprisonment, suffering, and losses, some account of it would naturally be expected, as inseparably connected with the history of his life. And it is believed it will render the memoir not less interesting to the inquiring reader. Many of the facts contained in these pages may appear to reflect severely on the Church of Rome; but if this be so, it is not the fault of the writer; the active part which her clergy and adherents took in those deplorable events, has long been recorded by the historians of Europe. The readers of this work must judge for themselves how far and how justly the honor and reputation of that denomination are affected by these transactions.

In preparing this memoir for the public eye, the author has aimed chiefly at arranging and combining, with accuracy and perspicuity, the facts derived from various sources, mingled with such digressions and reflections as might give variety and interest to the narrative. How far he has been successful is for others to determine.

It is hoped, that while the reader may derive edification from a contemplation of the piety, faith, fortitude, and zeal, of one who has passed through various and striking vicissitudes of fortune, who was an acquaintance of the venerable founder of Methodism, and whose life reached through

almost a century, that he may also find much to interest him, in the stirring scenes and tragic events of the far-famed "Irish Insurrection."

THE AUTHOR

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MEMOIR

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REV. WILLIAM GURLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Ireland the birthplace of Mr. Gurley—His ancestry and religious training—Wesleyan preachers visit his father's—Wesley's care for youth—Death of Mr. Gurley's father—Amusements of early years—Love of the sea—Irish wakes and funeral rites—His taste for reading—Fairies and apparitions—Religious impressions—Commences family prayer—Reflections on early piety.

IRELAND, or the "Emerald Isle," as the Irishman loves to call it, was the birthplace of the Rev. William Gurley. Love of country is a sentiment natural to man, and common to the inhabitants of every portion of the globe. But with the Irishman the feeling has all the power of a strong passion.

The appellation of Irishman, it must be confessed, is not always a passport of honor; yet, who ever saw a son of Old Erin ashamed of his country?

Robbed of its ancient freedom, oppressed, degraded, and despoiled, as has been this unfortunate land—enslaved by British domination, and ruined by the wretched policy of its masters—yet, from every country under heaven where may be found the Irishman, he turns his thoughts to the home of his childhood with an affection which distance can scarce diminish or time impair. And well may he cherish such a predilection, for Ireland is a land of surpassing loveliness. Her skies may not be deemed as bright as those of Italy, England may surpass her in the grandeur of her

mountains, and America in the gorgeousness of her unshorn forests and the magnitude of her lakes, yet the scenery of Ireland is exquisitely beautiful. Her mountains are green, her lakes pellucid; and if her rivers are not as large as in some other countries of more ample dimensions, yet they are proportioned to her territory, and wind with enchanting loveliness through romantic parks and flowery meads. Her high places are crowned with venerable ruins, ancient castles, and ivy-covered towers—the work of remote ages. And if a country derives honor from the illustrious men to whom she has given birth, then, indeed, few portions of the civilized world could bear the palm from Ireland.

William Gurley was born in the city of Wexford, on the 12th of March, 1757. Wexford is a populous town in the south of Ireland, and a maritime port of considerable importance. It is watered by the *Slaney*, a beautiful river, which, after winding in silent loveliness through a rich and variegated landscape, terminates in a spacious and beautiful harbor at the city. The ruins of ancient churches and abbeys indicate its former magnificence.

In the days of his boyhood a high stone wall, erected at a remote period, surrounded the city. The place contained nine thousand inhabitants, a large majority of whom were of the Roman Catholic faith. The Protestants were chiefly of the established Church of England. There were some Dissenters.

Of the family of Mr. Gurley, the following account is given from his own pen:

"As to my ancestors I can give but little information. My father died when I was a child; consequently, I was deprived from obtaining intelligence from that quarter. At one time, when I was in Dublin, I called at the heraldry office, to find, if possible, the family coat of arms, and the original name, from those ancient records. I

ascertained that one James Gurley came over from Scotland in the year 1100. Our coat of arms was a *lion rampant;* the crest a lion's head and neck; field, pearl or argent, but no motto.

"My immediate ancestors were honest and industrious, and of good repute. My father held a respectable post in the naval department. He and all his relatives adhered to the Church of England. My mother's maiden name was Chamberlain; her parents were of the Society of Friends. Two of my brothers and two of my sisters were older than myself. I had but one younger brother.

"My mother's relatives, most of them, were wealthy. Several of them emigrated to America when I was a boy, and resided in the city of Philadelphia. Some of them wrote to my parents, requesting them to send some of their sons over, and they would establish them in business.

"But a voyage to America, in the days of my youth, was like going to the 'end of the world,' and my mother's affection was too strong to yield to such a request. One of my father's relatives died very rich. He had a large circle of heirs, and all received something. I have frequently read a copy of his will; it covered half a quire of paper.

"The manner in which he obtained his wealth was often the subject of amusing conversation in the family. On his estate, which was small, there was discovered a very rich mine, or rather deposit, of native silver. It was found in lumps of various sizes, and frequently pure, as if melted and purified in a furnace. All such places belonged to the government. The law, however, allowed the owner of the estate on which a mine was found, to have the privilege of manufacturing from the precious metals any plate or utensils for his own house or use, but no further; it must then be shut up, or worked only by order and for the benefit of government.

"The lucky owner of the estate made the best of this law, by putting on its terms the most liberal construction. He worked the mine for several years. There was scarce an article of furniture about the mansion but was made of silver—not only table plate, but even tables, chairs, pails, tubs, fire furniture, grates, pokers, and every thing you could name—even bedsteads, and banisters of stairs, and carpet-rods, were constructed of the precious metal. The mine was then closed.

"Not long after all these things were broken up and turned to cash, and thus he was made rich for life, and enabled to leave all his relatives something. My father received a portion, but it was not large.*

"We were all required to repeat our prayers morning and evening. These consisted only of the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. At each Lent we were required to repeat the Catechism of the Church."

But, although William was thus early trained by his father to observe and reverence the forms and rites of the Established Church, yet he seems never to have imbibed for them much veneration or respect. This was probably owing, in a good degree, to his mother, who, as we have seen, was of Quaker descent. She constantly inculcated on his tender mind the doctrine, that the external forms and ceremonies of religion are of little account in the sight

*I find, on investigation, that mines of both silver and gold have been found and worked in Ireland. Native gold is found in the Ballin Valley streams. It was found in 1801, in grains and masses. One lump found weighed twenty-two ounces.

Robert Carr, also, in his "*Stranger in Ireland*," observes, in relation to a gold mine in Wicklow: "The discovery for a time elated the breast of every Irishman. His country promised to become another Peru. Gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold—flashed before the eye. The shepherd left his flock, the husbandman his field, the manufacturer his looms, and thousands deserted their homes and occupations."

of God—that he regarded the heart, and that we must be "led by the Spirit," and follow the "inward light," in accordance with the written word.

How almost omnipotent is the influence of a mother, in shaping the character and destiny of her child! To this, perhaps, under God, we may ascribe that independence of thought and decision of character, which enabled Mr. Gurley, in after life, amid persecution and the "scorn of lying tongues," to espouse the cause and sentiments of the devoted Wesley, to which he adhered sometimes at the peril of his life, with invariable firmness, through all the vicissitudes of his long and eventful career.

Although the father of William was a member of the Church of England, yet his house was a home for the Wesleyan preachers, in their early efforts to plant Methodism in Ireland. He looked with concern and sorrow on those clergymen and members of the Established Church, who seemed to think they were doing God service by traducing the characters and mobbing the persons of the associates of the intelligent, zealous, self-sacrificing founder of the Methodist societies, whose salutary influence on community was already apparent.

The first religious impressions of a permanent character, of which William was the subject, were received at the knees and beneath the winning smiles of the Wesleyan preachers who visited his father's mansion.

In his manuscript he thus observes: "Of my early childhood I recollect but little, as so many years have since passed away; but this I remember well, that Mr. Wesley's preachers used frequently to be at my father's house, and at one of my uncles. They were very fond of me, and would have me on their knees, and give me nuts and raisins to sing hymns for them."

The impressions of early years are lasting; the weight

of a child's finger might affect the form of an oak that shall stand for centuries.

These men of God won the heart of little William. He hailed their frequent return with demonstrations of joy. Their gentle but solemn words sunk deep into his heart, and laid broad and deep the foundation of a virtuous and useful life.

The penetrating eye of the founder of Methodism was fixed on the rising generation; and a special regard for the instruction of youth was a prominent feature of his character. The associates of Mr Wesley in ministerial toil, were moving in the midst of ten thousand tender plants. By gently giving them the right direction, they were to grow up trees of righteousness; and, transplanted in different parts of the world, they were to bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

It is not for the eye of mortal to penetrate the future, and perceive the ultimate or even proximate results of our efforts to do good.

It is probable that the good men who held William on their knees, tuning his infant voice to the songs of Zion, had but little expectation that that voice would wake its melody in the deep forests of America, or that he should be among the first to plant the cross in the wilds of a western state—that he should live to communicate to thousands in the new world the same blessed truths they were communicating to him.

It seems to have been many years after the first society was formed in Wexford, before a Methodist chapel was erected. Private houses, and the street or fields, were the places usually occupied by the early Wesleyan preachers. If a well-wisher to the cause opened his house for preaching, the influence of neighbors, or magistrates, or clergymen, was often exerted to close the door upon them.

There was a sacred contagion about Methodism; and pride, and bigotry, and power dreaded its influence. The fire of persecution was kindled around it; but, like the emblematic bush of Mount Horeb, though wrapped in flames, it was unconsumed. God was in the midst of the bush.

Mr. Gurley gives the following incident in regard to the early establishment of Methodism in his native place: "When I was but a little child, I frequently accompanied my aunt, who was a Methodist, to her meeting. It was held in a room on a back street. The house was owned or leased by one Jonathan Morgan, who was a member of society. It was a commodious place, and was fitted up with pulpit and benches. Poor Jonathan had a rich brother, who despised and hated the Methodists, who at that time were deemed, by the rich and proud, as the dregs of mankind. To induce Jonathan to close the room against the preachers, and quit the society, he offered to settle on him an annuity of one hundred pounds, and pay it quarterly. Jonathan was a poor man, with a family to support, and so poor a mechanic that he could earn but little. The offer was too tempting to be rejected; so he agreed to the proposal; and then down came the pulpit, out went the benches, and of course no preacher ever went to Jonathan's afterward. The annuity was only during his life; but Jonathan died before the first quarter's rent became due. What an awful thing was this, to sell the service of God and means of grace for money! and, after all, go into eternity before he had received one dollar of his pay! His wife Hannah proved faithful. Providence supplied her wants in an unexpected manner. She was a member of my class in her old age, thirty years after. Where the preaching was taken, immediately after this, I cannot recollect, but remember that the preachers were entertained at my uncle's house, and at my father's."

William was eight years old when the death of his father occurred. The event made a deep impression on his mind, and is thus described by his own pen:

"I recollect well the death of my affectionate father. About an hour before he breathed his last, he called me to his bedside. My mother and the other children were already there, weeping. He put out his cold, almost dead hand, and laid it on my head. 'Billy,' said he, 'I am going to leave you.' I wept. 'Death calls me from you all. Kneel down till I give you my parting blessing.' I did so. His hand still resting heavily on my head, he opened his eyes, looked up, and said, 'May my blessing, and the blessing of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, rest on and be with you, as long as you live! Be a good boy, and obey your mother.' After taking leave, in a similar way, of each of the family, he remained a short time silent. I stood by his bed all the time, and watched his motions. Soon, like the patriarch of old, he gathered up his knees in the bed, raised his hands, let them fall, and, without a sigh or groan, breathed his last."

The early boyhood of William was passed with little worthy of special record. His leisure hours were spent among the rural hills that skirt his native city, or, as was frequently the case, on the bosom of the sea, whose restless billows washed the walls of his mother's dwelling.

He loved the water, and often accompanied the fishermen, in their excursions, until he became expert in the management of a sail-boat, and often ventured out alone miles from the shore. One of his most interesting pastimes was, to conceal himself behind green bushes, placed in the bow of his boat; then drift out with the tide among the wild fowl which, at certain seasons, frequented by thousands the harbor, and, when sufficiently near, let fly with shot among

them; then, steering among the dead and wounded, bear them in triumph to his home.

This familiarity with the sea, and the naval skill he acquired, were of some service to him at times in after life; especially on one occasion, on a passage to Liverpool, when, by the unskillfulness or timidity of the captain, the ship and crew came near being lost. The event belongs to a future period in his history.

Sometimes he was permitted to go to a wake among the peasantry in the suburbs. In one of his letters he thus refers to these nocturnal assemblies:

"In the days of my boyhood the low Irish had a vast number of vain and superstitious customs, which, though latterly not so frequent, were then very common, and highly esteemed.

"Among these were their funeral rites. When a man or woman dies, as soon as the corpse is laid out, the house is filled with friends and neighbors, especially if the deceased was much respected or beloved. The company consists of both old and young, who continue, with intervals, day and night, till the interment takes place.

"The guests are supplied with plenty of snuff, tobacco, and pipes. The long night is spent in singing songs, telling stories, playing laughable tricks, together with music, and sometimes dancing.

"At twelve o'clock large dishes of bread and cheese are handed round for refreshment. Then good malt beer and whisky succeed, of which the whole company partake—then to singing and playing again, till the sun sends all home to breakfast.

"The old custom of crying for the dead was in common practice. Generally some old women, who were noted for their howling abilities, were hired for the purpose. These would gather around the corpse, fall on their knees, cross

themselves, and then begin to wail, cry, and screech, with an earnestness that would make a careless observer suppose them to be truly sincere in their sympathetic lamentations. Generally, however, their eyes are not much bedimmed with tears. In the midst of the pretended grief, they will stop their wailing, and commence smoking, snuffing, and drinking, and then return to their howling lamentations. Such is the 'Irish wake,' varying, however, somewhat, according to the circumstances of the parties interested.

"If the deceased be a young girl, when about to be interred, the relatives of the dead pick out a certain number of girls of nearly the same age. These are all dressed in white. The fairest of them is then selected, and termed queen. She carries in her hand a long, slender staff, on the upper end of which is what is called a garland. It is made of paper, fancifully trimmed with such flowers as the season may afford. If the distance is not great, the young maidens themselves bear the coffin to the church-yard. When the grave is filled, the garland-staff is then stuck in the earth, at the head of the same, by the hands of the queen; and there it rests till wind, and rain, and time cause it to fall to dust; for it would be deemed sacrilegious for any one to disturb it. When brought into the church-yard, it is usual to carry the corpse three times round the yard; and sometimes, to confer more particular honor, it is carried round nine times, the people all following it, many of whom repeat certain prayers at the same time. These practices, however, were rarely observed, except by the Irish peasantry."

An American lady, who made an excursion through in 1845, gives the following graphic account of a wake which she attended, which shows that the custom still prevails. This one, it would seem, was among the "better sort" of people:

"An aged woman, the mother of a shopkeeper, died when I was there. Ninety years had whitened her locks. She had been a useful mother—trained her children to habits of industry, and lived to see them thriving in business and respected in the world. On her tongue had been the law of kindness, and her hands were always stretched out to the poor and needy. From many miles round the rich and the poor assembled. 'Never,' said one, 'when I was a slip of a boy, did I go on mornings to buy the loaf at her shop, but she put a bit of bread in my hand to eat by the way home.' She was laid in an upper chamber, upon a bed covered with white. She was dressed in a dark brown frock, with white ruffles at the wrist. A square cloth, fringed with white, was on her breast, with the initials of the order of the "Blessed Virgin," to which she belonged. A neat white cap, with black ribbon, and a white handkerchief about her neck, finished the dress. Curtains of white, tied with black ribbon, were about her bed; and the usual appendages of candles and consecrated clay, were at the foot, with a picture of the Virgin and Child hanging over her head.

"The house was large. Every room was occupied; and though the attendants were gathering from neighboring parishes, through the night, yet all was stillness. 'In former days,' whispered an aged matron, 'ye would not see it so. Before Father Mathew put down the whisky, it would frighten the life of ye. A bucket of whisky would be on the flure, with a cup in it; and not a sowl of 'em but would take the sup till their brain would be cracked. And then the singin', the jumpin', and tearin', till the priest would be called in, with his whip, and bate 'em, till all was quiet!' Here was no liquor but cordials. A warm supper in the different rooms was prepared, and every new guest was invited to partake. At five a breakfast of steak, ham,

and fowl was prepared for the nearer friends, and those who were to accompany the corpse seven miles, where it was to be interred.

"The corpse was then put in a coffin of black, with the consecrated clay about it. The family came in and gave her the parting kiss. One servant, who had been a laborer about the premises for years, went to the coffin—looked at her for a moment—kissed her—then covered his face with both hands, and burst into loud weeping. 'Well may he cry, poor Pat,' said a servant girl; 'for many a good bit has he had from her hand; and when I came to the side of her bed, a few days ago, she said, "Do take care of poor Pat, and see that he has enough to eat. I am afraid he will be neglected when I am gone."' Poor Pat was simple. These testimonials of kindness to the poor are precious mementoes of the dead, and will be held in sweet remembrance, when the memory of the oppressor shall rot." (Excursions through Ireland, by Asenath Nicholson, p. 93.)

The education of William, under the direction of his mother, was attended to with considerable care. His taste for reading was early acquired, and remarkably strong, and continued unabated through life. Before he was fifteen years old he had acquired a fine library of choice books. History, biography, romance, and poetry were all devoured by him, with the greediness of an epicure. As usual with children, imagination predominated. The love of the marvelous was strong; and, in early boyhood, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver among the Lilliputians, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were read by him with equal interest and avidity.

His love of the marvelous found a further gratification in the legendary tales of the days of St. Patrick; and in the social circles there were stories of recent apparitions, well authenticated, as was supposed. Mr. Gurley, in advanced life, frequently referred to the strong belief of the Irish of

the last century in supernatural appearances; and he would sometimes detail, for the entertainment of the fireside circle, an account of some of those midnight apparitions, "whose lightest word would harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood, and make each hair stand separate and erect, like quills upon the fretted porcupine"—tales which were at once the charm and the terror of the nursery.

Ireland is remarkable for its fairies and goblins. The middle and lower classes were firm believers in these nocturnal visitors. Elfs and fairies were believed to exert a mighty influence. They are described as spirits of puny dimensions, but remarkably nimble. They usually meet by moonlight in jovial companies, ride on moon-beams, and dance in merry circles on the dewy lawn or church-yard green.

Sometimes clad in the armor of knights, with helmet, shield, and spear, they throng the air, bent on deeds of chivalry. If an infant is pale, feeble, or sickly, it is fairy-stricken. They are thought to be the friends of the honest, the good, and especially of those who relieve the poor.

Dermoody, a young Irish poet of great promise, who died in the morning of life, refers to these imaginary people in a poem, which is exquisitely beautiful. The piece may be found in some editions of "Carr's Stranger in Ireland," commencing with the following lines:

> "Minions of moonlight, let my slow steps steal
> Unseen and silent on your secret sports."

When asked by the curious if he had ever seen a ghost, Mr. Gurley usually narrated, with great gravity, the following, which is here given from his own manuscript:

"When about ten years of age, I was sent, about eleven o'clock at night, with a horse to a certain pasture. I must, of necessity, pass through an old church-yard burying-ground The large gate which led into the ground, was

fastened with a stone on the inside. I had to climb over the gate and remove the stone. This was soon done. I passed on a few yards between the graves, when, lifting my head, I beheld—O, dreadful sight!—right before me stood an awful spectre, all over white. It was standing on a tombstone, and appeared to me to be ten or twelve feet high. What could it be? The horse saw it and started. I now began to tremble and weep. I must pass within two yards of the monster. I advanced a step or two, when the spectre uttered a most unearthly sound, which made my flesh creep and my heart throb. In profound silence, the apparition now stared at me with eyes flaming like two meteors. Tears fell fast. It now occurred to me, that, as my father and some other relations were buried there, perhaps they would not permit the spirit to hurt me.

"Go I must some thirty rods further amongst the graves of the dead. 'God bless me,' said I, 'and keep me from all evil spirits.' Tradition had handed it down as matter of fact, that between eleven o'clock at night and daybreak all ghosts and fairies are permitted to go abroad. I may, therefore, have credit for some courage for proceeding in such a place at such an hour. I now began to think, perhaps the ghost might have something to say to me. So, summoning up all my courage, I determined to address it in the name of the Holy Trinity. But, ah! the foul fiend, when I came a little closer, suddenly leaped from its solemn footstool, and I found it to be a huge gray goat, which fed in the church-yard. My blood, which, a moment before, was frozen with terror, now boiled with vexation at the innocent author of my dreadful fright. Doubtless, most of the apparitions which fill with wonder and terror the imaginations of the more ignorant Irish, are similar to the above."

When about eleven years old, William became the subject of deep religious impressions. Young as he was, it

was his practice, frequently, after returning from Church on the Sabbath, to take some religious book, and, repairing to some secluded spot beyond the suburbs of the town, spend some time in reading, meditation, and prayer. The following is his own account of one of those excursions:

"One Sunday afternoon I went out about a mile from the town. In my hand I had a little book of two sermons on Deuteronomy xxxii, 29: 'O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.' Climbing over a gate, I sat down in a ravine to read and pray. Here, while meditating and praying, my mind was in deep distress. Suddenly I thought I heard the sound of most delightful music, like the sound of many sweet voices. I lifted up my heart to God, when, at once, all my distress of mind was gone. I soon forgot all my sorrow—my unbelief had departed—joy and peace filled my little heart. Joyful in soul, time passed unnoticed by; for when I looked behind me, the sun was setting; so I rose and went toward home."

The delightful change which was wrought on his heart, evinced itself in the interest he now felt for others; for he relates that, on his return home, when he came to the brow of the hill which overlooks the city, he became so much affected with the reflection of how many there were there who were strangers to true religion, that he could not restrain his tears; so, turning aside into a field, he knelt down by a hedge, and prayed for the conversion of the whole population.

On his arrival at home, he communicated his happy change to his mother, and proposed to have prayer morning and evening in the family. She listened to his proposal with mingled emotions of doubt, gratitude, and astonishment, and cheerfully gave her consent. This service he continued to perform, regularly, until he went to a trade.

O, what a blessing is a pious mother! Had Mrs. Gurley, in this case, met with a cold, repulsive answer this unexpected offer of her little son, to erect an altar to the Lord—had she reminded him of his youth and incapacity to perform, in a proper manner, so solemn a service, the consequences to him might have been fatal. It would be pouring, not oil, but cold water on the holy flame which God had kindled in his heart.

His mode of conducting worship was to read a portion of the holy Scriptures, then, kneeling, offer up, in his own simple and artless manner, a prayer for such things as he felt or believed desirable and needful, concluding always by solemnly repeating the Lord's prayer. This was the origin of a practice he continued to the close of life. The repetition of the Lord's prayer he was never known, in family worship, to omit. How important that parents nurse, with tender interest, the first serious impressions of their children—giving all needful instruction—striving to fan the promethean spark into a living flame!

It is a serious mistake into which some have fallen, that very early piety is of doubtful character; whereas, it is indisputably true, that many of the brightest ornaments of our holy religion, in both Europe and America, were remarkable for their early consecration to God. The celebrated Robert Hall was decidedly religious at ten years of age; and when but a little past sixteen, was "set apart" to the work of the ministry. Dr. Adam Clarke was early converted to God. The learned and eloquent Mr. John Fletcher was, according to his own account, converted when about seven years old; and his wife, a woman distinguished for her eminent talents and holiness, was intelligently pious at about the same age. The first religious impress of children should be sedulously cherished; and if the flame, kindled in their youthful bosoms, should prove evanescent, they cannot

say it was quenched by a parent's hand; while the examples of Samuel and Timothy, and many other distinguished and illustrious men, afford the highest encouragement to parents to cherish the first budding of piety in the hearts of their beloved and tender offspring.

CHAPTER II.

William becomes an apprentice—Declines in piety—Class formed in Wexford—Is reclaimed under a prayer by Mr. Wesley—Becomes a leader—Sabbath duties—His acquaintance with Mr. Wesley—Defends him from an assault—Wesley licenses him to preach—Reflections on local preachers—Their benefit to the Church—Irish conference invites him to travel—Reasons for declining—Moral and religious state of Ireland—Experience of a mountaineer—Anecdote of Wesleyan preacher and parson—Mr. Gurley visits England—Storm at sea—Joseph Benson—Death of Wesley—Rev. John Miller and a highway robber—Mr. Gurley's encounter with a ruffian at an inn—Commences business in Wexford—Catholic priest in a dilemma—Relieved by Mr. Gurley—His marriage.

At the age of sixteen William became an apprentice to the silversmith and jewelry business. His piety continued with unabated ardor until he was nearly out of his time of service, when, by mingling in jovial company, he, for a season, brought darkness on his mind, and lost his "crown of rejoicing." He describes his state subsequently as very dangerous and deplorable:

"After I was out of my apprenticeship, I was in a very distressed state of mind. I seemed, at times, to be perfectly indifferent as to what God might do with my soul. I remember, at one time, when it was thundering, and the lightning flashing around me in an awful manner, I wished to die, and even dared the Almighty to strike me dead. O, the little worm I was, to dare Omnipotence! How true the words of inspiration: 'The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?'"

In a short time, however, reason and conscience regained their ascendency, and he renewed his covenant with God. But, for some months, he walked in darkness, and had no light. But he abstained from all immoral practices and vain company, attended sacrament at the Established

Church, and sought the society of the religious; and when any of the Wesleyan preachers visited the town to preach, he attended the meeting.

Up to this time, it seems, no society had been organized in Wexford, or, if so, it had ceased to exist; although the local preachers, and occasionally the traveling ministers, had preached there for years. Mr. Gurley always attributed his decline in piety principally to the want of Christian friends to take him by the hand, and encourage, instruct, and comfort him, by their example and advice.

The benefit of Christian society to the young convert is incalculable; without it, few, comparatively, who profess Christ, would endure. It is of the highest importance that the young Christian should cultivate the closest intimacy with the truly pious, and unite with the Church as soon as practicable. The youthful professor who refuses to unite with the people of God, or is unnecessarily delaying that important duty, stands on the brink of a precipice; he is precisely where Satan wishes him to be; he is balancing on the pivot of his destiny, and nothing but prompt and decisive action can save him. He must enter the ark, or the floods of rising temptation will sweep him away.

Soon after Mr. G. renewed his covenant with God, a class was organized. In reference to the state of his mind, and the formation of a society, he gives the following account:

"I now began to revive, but it was to suffer. Truly the arrows of the Almighty were sticking fast in my soul. Remorse of conscience, beyond any thing I can express, weighed down my spirits. From June, 1783, till April, 1785, none but God and myself know what anguish I underwent.

"In September, 1784, a Mr. James Deaves, who had for many years been a member of the Wesleyan society, came

to reside at Wexford. He forwarded a request to the conference to have regular preaching in the city. Accordingly, the Rev. Thomas Tattershall, a traveling preacher, came, and formed the society of ten members. I was the second who rose to join. I well recollect the questions proposed by the preacher, and my answers to them. It may not be uninteresting, at this distant period, to refer to them:

"*Question.* 'What are your motives for uniting with the Methodist society?'

"*Answer.* 'I see myself a poor sinner; I desire salvation, and wish to place myself under their watch-care and instruction.'

"*Q.* 'Do you believe in the present forgiveness of sin, and the witness of the Holy Spirit?'

"*A.* 'I believe the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world, to give the knowledge of salvation and the remission of sin.'

"*Q.* 'Do you believe in a further state of grace, to be attained in this life?'

"*A.* 'I do. The sanctification of soul, body, and spirit.'

"*Q.* 'Do you believe it possible to continue in that state of holiness?'

"*A.* 'I do; for Christ said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee."'

"*Q.* 'Do you believe it is possible to fall from that state?'

"*A.* 'Yes; for the apostle says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."'

"I observed, however, that he questioned me somewhat more particularly than he did some others; but of his reasons for so doing I was not aware.

"He found me in a deplorable state of mind; but he was a loving and tender-hearted man, and gave me such

advice and instruction as my condition and circumstances required."

From September to the ensuing April, Mr. Gurley continued to attend class, and other means of grace. His uncle Gird, though a Whitefieldite, was leader of the class; but his mind was still in gloom and darkness, with occasional glimpses of light and hope. But he knew there was a state of peace, and he resolved to seek till he should once more find his "crown of rejoicing."

It was at this time that he first had the honor of forming an acquaintance with the venerable founder of Methodism. He had seen him and heard him preach when but a boy; but now he was providentially permitted to meet with him, and to find his labors a lasting blessing to his soul. He thus refers to the occasion:

"About this time Mr. Wesley passed through Ireland, and the city of Waterford was one place to which he had forwarded an appointment. Our preacher, Mr. Tattershall, invited me to go with him there, and meet Mr. Wesley.

"We reached Waterford on Friday, and were introduced to him at his lodgings. I remember well that a lady was present in the room, singing 'Wrestling Jacob,' when Mr. Wesley rose to meet us. He received me with the greatest condescension—took me cordially by the hand. I cannot describe what I felt at that time. The hand of George III would not have been a thousandth part as acceptable to me, for I had always been taught to regard him, even from my infancy, as the greatest and holiest man in the world.

"I had heard him preach in the court-house in Wexford when I was but a child; but from that time I had never seen him until the present. But length of years or distance from him could never banish him from my mind, or abate my regard for him; and now, that near eighty years have passed over me, his memory is as dear to me as ever.

"Mr. Wesley gave us his company until tea was over, then I had the pleasure of hearing him preach; but his text is forgotten. He preached again, the next morning, at five o'clock; and at nine o'clock Mr. George Whitefield, who was with him, held forth.

"I dined with Mr. Wesley, on Saturday, at Mr. Deaves'. On Sunday, Mr. Wesley preached at the end of the Mall. He stood on a table, and I sat at one end of it, at his side. His subject was from the whole of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. It was a most able discourse—just the same as is printed.

"We had also a love-feast on Sunday. To me it was a time of great hope and expectation. It was hope believing against hope; but the time of deliverance now drew near. The love-feast was held in an upper room of a private dwelling. It was the first I had ever attended, and I was excited, and greatly wondered at the speaking of the people; but I could only sigh and mourn. A woman now burst into tears, and requested Mr. Wesley to pray for her. She and I kneeled down, and the venerable servant of God prayed most earnestly for us both. I arose happy, full of joy and peace in believing. I was all alive and all love, and thought I should never know trouble or sorrow more; but O, what have I since passed through! but still I stand on the 'Rock of Ages.'

"On Monday morning I went to take leave of Mr. Wesley, as he was to be in Kilkenny that afternoon. He shook me by the hand very affectionately, and bade me 'be faithful.' Beside Mr. Whitefield and a Mr. Jackson, who traveled with him, there were several other traveling and local preachers present, and members from distant societies assembled to bid him adieu, and see him depart. Tears filled my eyes as he drove off, and I could scarce help

crying out, 'My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' "

Soon after this he was appointed leader of the class in his native city. He had now an opportunity to improve his gifts in prayer and exhortation, which he did with great solicitude.

It now devolved on him, in the absence of the preacher, to conduct the public service. This was done by reading one of Mr. Wesley's sermons, together with singing and prayer. The following is his account of the manner in which he employed his Sabbaths, and of his appointments when in charge of the society:

"About two years after I found peace, a Mr. William M'Cormick was appointed to Wexford circuit. He expressed a desire that I should become leader of the class. This I refused, urging that my uncle was so much more experienced than myself. Still he insisted. But God soon settled that question; for an old complaint which my uncle had soon confined him to his bed. So all the business of the society devolved on me. It was now I had to read, pray, watch, and call on God for help. It was the next year, I think, Mr. David Gordon was stationed on the circuit. We then had a class of about thirty members. These were again divided into bands. My Sabbath employment was as follows: meet my band at six, and continue till public meeting or morning preaching was over. At nine o'clock came home to breakfast. I then went to visit those members of the class who were absent on the Sabbath before. I then visited such families as were not opposed to us; conversed with them on the subject of religion, and asked the privilege of uniting with them in prayer. It was rare that any objected. In this way whole families have been won over to our societies. This would occupy me till Church time,

which was eleven o'clock. Here we would be detained until one o'clock. From thence to meet my class. Came home to dinner at three, which was our usual hour. After dinner call on delinquent members whom I could not see in the morning. Then, at five o'clock, go and meet a class of British soldiers. Then come home to tea. After tea was over, go to public meeting at seven o'clock, evening, and stay till between eight and nine o'clock. So home to supper. Thus, for years, have I spent my days with profit and delight. Some days I have bowed my knees in prayer twenty or thirty times—a most pleasing toil, indeed. Then it was that my 'winter nights and summer days glided imperceptibly away.' I had no care of worldly business on my mind. My employers appointed me my work, and I did it, without further thought or solicitude."

The above is indeed a beautiful picture of industry and happiness. Mr. G. was now not far from thirty. He had not yet set up business for himself, and was still unmarried. The method he pursued on the Sabbath affords some light on what was expected of class-leaders, in the days of early Methodism. The practice of making visits to absent or delinquent members on the Sabbath might be imitated to good advantage in many of our stations. The leader of a class is, in fact, the pastor's assistant, appointed to aid in the pastoral work of admonition, instruction, and reproof, in his absence; hence the propriety of their appointment by the pastor in charge, who is held responsible for the faithful performance of that work. Absentees thus visited, if detained by sickness or family affliction, will be comforted by the sympathy and prayer of their leader; while careless or willful delinquents, thus promptly pursued, will either soon reform, or cease to continue a burden and pernicious example to the Church of Christ.

Another visit of Mr. Wesley to Ireland is thus alluded

to by Mr. Gurley: "It was, I think, in the year 1787 that Mr. Wesley came again to Wexford. I had no idea that he would know me, after two years, absence, passing, as he did, among so many thousands of persons; yet, such was his memory, that he knew me in the street—stopped the coach—put out his hand, and shook mine with great cordiality. He preached in a large room of the market-house, and administered the Lord's supper to the society. O, it was a good time, and many were deeply affected. As I was conducting him to his lodging, one evening, a drunken Papist came up to us, with a thorny bush in his hand. I saw it, and guessed his intention. The fellow presented the bush to Mr. Wesley, saying, 'O, sir, see what a fine smell this bush has!' 'Begone, you scoundrel,' said I, 'or I will knock you down.' He drew back and went away. When a short distance off, Mr. Wesley said to me, 'Brother Gurley, why did you speak after that manner to the man?' 'Sir,' said I, 'if I had not prevented him, he would have thrust the thorns into your face and eyes, wounding or perhaps blinding you.' 'Why would he wish to hurt me?' said Mr. Wesley. I replied, 'Sir, you know the devil hates you, and of course so do his children.' "

Up to this time Mr. Gurley had never attempted to preach, but had, before the society, occasionally given an exhortation. His acceptability and promise were such, that Mr. Wesley deemed it safe and expedient to authorize him to expound the Scriptures. He says:

"At one time, during this visit of Mr. Wesley, Harry Moore and myself were sitting together on a sofa, when Mr. W. inquired of me the number and state of the society. I told him, and also that on Sabbath I usually read one of his short sermons, or half of one of the longer ones. Mr. Wesley remarked that he believed his sermons were the best extant for the societies. 'But,' continued

he, 'brother, you will hereafter lay them aside, and speak yourself to the people.' A word from the heart will reach the heart. O, how it made me shed tears, to think that he would prefer my weak babblings to his own elaborate sermons! Thus I had the authority of one of the greatest divines in the world to speak in his Church. I looked on the world as his parish, and felt, as one of his sons in the Gospel, I had a right to speak wherever I had opportunity. I now applied all the time I could spare to the study of the Bible, Wesley's Notes, and Fletcher's Works."

Previous to this time Mr. Gurley had been deeply impressed that it was his duty to preach. The word was as a fire shut up in his bones; and several dreams, of a remarkable character, tended to strengthen this conviction. The request, therefore, by Mr. Wesley, came to him at the very time when his mind was exercised on this subject, and he regarded it as the call of God. Thus was Mr. Gurley authorized to preach. No written license was then given, not even to the traveling preachers. But his name was printed on the "plan." He visited various places in Ireland and England, and God gave him seals to his ministry.

The local ministry is an admirable feature of Methodism. From the beginning local preachers have been powerful auxiliaries in the work of spreading, defending, and sustaining our doctrines, usages, and institutions. Nor are they less valuable to the Church now than formerly. They are, if possible, even more needful, not to say essential, to the cause, as the Church progresses in numbers and influence. A volume would scarce be sufficient to show their consequence to our system. They have been continually the pioneers of the Church, especially in this country. In the village, the city, and the wilderness, they have generally had the honor of preceding the itinerancy, in planting the Rose of Sharon; and, in innumerable instances, have col-

lected the scattered sheep—brought others from sin to the fold, and then, sending for the regular pastors, have given them up to their charge. Through their labors, which are wholly gratuitous, preaching on the Sabbath is kept up in thousands of places where, else, there would be none.

The local ministry is a *nursery for the itinerancy*—a sort of military school, where the youthful warrior is trained for future toil and conquest. Such a state of trial is alike indicated by the dictates of reason and the results of observation. Many, who, had they advanced at once from the ordinary vocations of life into the responsibilities, cares, and toils of the regular ministry, would probably have failed by early discouragements, have, by the trial of their strength and the practice of their weapons in the local ranks, become, at length, the brightest ornaments of our itinerancy, and able leaders of the hosts of our Israel. The young warrior, in the first moments of battle, may lose his self-possession. The interest, and the novelty, and the terror of the surrounding scene may embarrass him. He may fumble awkwardly for his arrows. His hand may tremble as he bends his bow, and his arrow fly wide of the mark. But experience gives firmness to his nerves, and lightning to his eye, and power to his arm, and he is terrible in war.

This arrangement harmonizes our doctrine and our practice. We hold that God calls men to preach the Gospel. But what could we do with those who are satisfied of their call, and give evidence of their qualifications, for whom there is no room in the itinerant ranks? Thousands of such, were it not for the local ministry, would be driven to other Churches, or bury their talents. Moreover, many, whose taste or circumstances would not allow them to become traveling preachers, have, nevertheless, been in labors more abundant, and through a long life, without fee or reward from man, have preached to thousands, in the city and the

wilderness, the unsearchable riches of Christ. In many instances their names may be unknown to history, but their record is on high; and in the day when the great Redeemer shall make up his jewels, they shall be found in the ranks of those who have turned many to righteousness, and "shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

Mr. Gurley, though frequently solicited, never entered the itinerant connection. About the time he was authorized to officiate as a local preacher, he established himself in business in Wexford, and, as it appears, was not willing to relinquish his worldly prospects and give himself wholly to the work. In after years he thought this was an error, as the following extract will show:

"A new pair of preachers came to our circuit from the yearly conference at Dublin. They let me know that conference would find me horse, saddle, etc., and that a circuit was ready for me.

"But no—I could not be persuaded. I had an aged, feeble mother to care for, and a loving class to oversee, several of whom were my own children in the Gospel, with no one suitable for a leader. To abandon them, I could not endure the thought. Besides, I had a good trade commenced, and several hands employed, and did not like to quit all and throw myself for support on the feeble societies.

"Thus, I must confess, though not ignorant of duty, I put it aside, and erroneously chose to be one of those whom Christ accounted not worthy of him—one who would not forsake father, mother, and houses, and lands, for his sake and the Gospel. But were I young again, and had fifty years to live, I would start at the first call."

There was a period when the Irish Church was pure and independent—free alike from the superstitions, corruptions, and dominion of the Roman See. It is true, Pope Adrian IV, in the twelfth century, in his celebrated bull, or letter,

to Henry, claims them as of right belonging to "St. Peter and the Church of Rome." It is true that St. Patrick, who was chiefly instrumental in converting the ancient Irish from their Druidical superstition to the Christian faith, is said to have received ordination from Celestine, a bishop of Rome, in the fourth century. But it does not appear that he considered this as at all binding him to allegiance to the Church at Rome, or as restricting in any degree his free agency as a minister of the Gospel. Nor did Celestine attempt, on this account, to claim dominion or authority over the Church of Ireland. Moreover, the Church of Rome under Celestine in the fourth century, and the Church of Rome under Adrian in the twelfth, may justly be said to have been different Churches.

For nearly a thousand years did the Irish clergy assert and maintain their independence. These were the palmiest days of Ireland; and it was not until Rome and England combined for the purpose, that the yoke of Papal jurisdiction was forced upon her neck. From that hour her glory waned. Her literature declined, and her religion became corrupt.* The clergy now rapidly degenerated; obsequious

*"That the Church founded by St. Patrick in Ireland was truly national, apostolical, and independent, is obvious from the testimony of various writers upon Irish ecclesiastic affairs. To put an end to this Church required the presence of a foreign army and a potent invader, and the address and cunning of a practiced intriguer—the boldness and power of Henry, and the fraud and falsehood of Adrian; to build it up required only the individual zeal and devotedness of Patrick, and the force of truth. The national Church of Ireland fell before the united power of England and Rome. These accomplices afterward quarreled, and have since been contending for the prey, which in those days they succeeded to entrap.

"The ancient Church of Ireland, like the Churches of the apostolic age, exacted no tithe, but was supported by the voluntary offerings of the people. Its bishops, also, like the bishops of that period, had, for the most part, authority over one Church or con-

to the Roman See, they sunk into ignorance and credulity, and a vast mass of superstitious observances characterized the great body of the people. Nor does it appear that the partial success of England, in planting her Protestant colonies there, much improved this state of things.

The state of morals and religion in Ireland, when the Wesleys commenced their evangelical labors there, was deplorable in the extreme. The punch-cup, whisky-bowl, fiddler, bagpipe, and shilala, were universal and indispensable ministers of gratification on all public occasions. From the carousals of St. Patrick's day, or the drunken brawls of a public fair, they crowded to the confessional and to mass; and then, as if borrowing new license to sin at the foot of the cross, they returned with renewed vigor to their intemperance and debauchery. And if, among the higher classes of the Catholic Church, there were some who did not stoop

gregation only. They were called choressis, cossi, or village or parish bishops—or, generally speaking, what we should now call rectors. Of these the number in Ireland exceeded three hundred. These bishops, too, were mostly married men, as was the case in the first Christian Churches. All these are the evidences of the simple and apostolical character of the ancient Church of Ireland—a Church disclaiming human authorities, and acknowledging no superior but *almighty God*.

"She possessed numerous colleges, where learning and religion were cultivated; and with a generosity seldom equaled, she afforded to indigent foreigners the means of support as well as instruction. And when the ravages of the northern barbarians upon the continent, and of the Danes in England, permitted a breathing time, she sent forth, at every opportunity, men eminent for piety and learning, to keep alive some seed of Christianity abroad. The Church of Ireland extended her concern over all the Churches of Europe at this period, but assumed no authority over them. She attended, also, to the interests of learning, and chiefly by her zeal a number of colleges were founded on the continent; and she continued for a long time to supply them with able, pious, and learned professors. In England she was equally active; and Alfred, if not educated in Ireland, as there is some reason to think, knew how to value her acquirements. He invited and

to such degrading and debasing practices, they were the few; while it is incontestibly true that such was the condition of the masses of society.

The Protestant Church, as it regarded experimental religion, was but little better than the Catholic. What could be expected of the flocks whose spiritual shepherds employed their time in drinking wine, playing at cards, dancing, and fox-hunting, which were common amusements with the clergy generally of that day? The Presbyterians and Quakers were, indeed, more reserved and moral; but even among them Scriptural holiness was little understood or enjoyed. Ireland furnished a stony soil for the labors of the Wesleyan preachers. In many places the Gospel seed found no depth of earth, and perished where it fell. Yet, spots of good ground were not wanting; and here an encouraging harvest rewarded the toil and tears of the laborer. In most of the villages and large towns societies sprang up.

encouraged the learned missionaries of Ireland to bring into order the Church and colleges of his kingdom.

"This was the age of Ireland's glory, for it was the age of her political and religious independence.

"The work of putting an end to her monarchy and destroying her independence, was reserved for Henry; and by leaguing with Rome, to her Church also. It is true, the popes had been busy in Ireland before this period; but the little success which had attended their efforts is, perhaps, the true secret of the bull of Adrian IV, of infamous memory. This pontiff most likely conceived that the readiest way to bring the Irish Church into obedience to the Roman See, was to urge Henry to the conquest of the kingdom. He was right; there is a sympathy of slavery as of freedom. When the spirit of a nation bows to a civil yoke, it is predisposed to submit to ecclesiastical dominion. The dominion of Rome was never fully established in Ireland till Henry was declared her liege lord, at the head of a powerful army. The first work of Henry, upon his invasion, was to procure a council of the Irish Church. At this council the national Church of Ireland, which had been free for nearly a thousand years, received the yoke of Rome." (Imperial Magazine, A. D. 1827, page 906.)

Yet there were many counties where Romanism wholly prevailed, and scarce a Protestant could be found. But even into those places, unpropitious as they were, the invincible courage and strong faith of the early Wesleyan missionaries carried the standard of the cross, and won victories. Even the mountain Catholics, deemed inaccessible to truth and light, were sometimes awakened, and brought under the transforming influence of the Gospel of the blessed God.

Mr. Gurley gives the following account of one of those "mountaineers:"

"I heard of an old man who had once been a wicked Papist, but who, as I was informed, had become a Methodist. He lived far up in the mountains; so one day, obtaining a guide who knew him, but who had not seen him for many years, we set out to pay him a visit. It was some eight or ten miles; so up into the mountains we went, and found the old man and his Bible together. We had a good time with him. He related to us his conversion, not only from sin and Satan, but also from Popery.

"He was going, as he said, with his fiddle to a dance, to play for the company. But, having to pass by the door of a dwelling-house where a Methodist meeting had just commenced, he paused opposite the door for a moment to listen to the singing, and was so much interested that, with his fiddle under his arm, he ventured into the house, and took a seat near the door, that he might retire at any moment, if he thought best to do so.

"The prayer, which was warm, tender, and conciliatory, pleased him, and he concluded to remain and hear, at least, a part of the sermon. But, in the midst of the discourse, which was convincing and powerful, he became so much excited that he could no longer keep his seat. He rose up and came forward toward where the preacher was standing,

and cried aloud for mercy. He threw down his fiddle on the floor, stamped on it, and broke it all in pieces, and never went to a dance after.

"But he soon after went to a meeting, where he read his renunciation of Popery, and related what God had done for his soul. His brother, a Roman Catholic priest, did all in his power to bring him back to Popery, and even threatened to have him 'cursed with bell, book, and candle-light.' But he replied to him, that he cared not a pin for all they could do; he had found Christ, and he was content."

To be excommunicated with "bell, book, and candle-light," as it is called, is, in the Roman Catholic Church, a most serious affair.*

* A copy of an excommunication, found among the papers of Philip Dunn, a Roman Catholic bishop, of the county Wicklow, will afford the reader some idea of the terror it is intended to inspire in the breast of Catholics, and gives melancholy evidence of the revengeful spirit with which the authorities of the Church pursue those who honestly differ in opinion with them. It is taken from the British Imperial Magazine, 1823, p. 930:

"By authority of God, the Father almighty, and the blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of all the holy saints, we excommunicate Francis Freeman, late of the city of Dublin, but now of Sackmill, in the county of Wicklow: that, in spite of God and St. Peter, in spite of all the holy saints, and in spite of our Holy Father, the Pope, God's vicar here on earth, and in spite of our Right Rev. Father in God, Philip Dunn, our Diocesan, and the worshipful Canons, etc., who serve God daily, he hath apostatized to a most damnable religion, full of heresy and blasphemy. Excommunicated let him be, and delivered over to the devil as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic.

"Cursed let him be in all cities and in all towns, in fields, in ways, in yards, in houses, and all other places, whether lying or rising, walking or running, leaning or standing, waking or sleeping, eating or drinking, or in whatsoever thing he does besides. We separate him from the threshold, and all good prayers of the Church—from the participation of the holy Jesus—from all sacraments, chapels, and altars—from holy bread, and holy water, and all the merits of God's holy priests, and all holy men, and from all cloisters—from all pardons, privileges, grants, and immu-

Many of the parish clergymen deemed the Wesleyan preachers as fanatical enthusiasts, and intruders on their rightful domain. The same bitter spirit which excluded Wesley from the church at Epworth, and compelled him to preach standing on his father's tombstone, pervaded Ireland also. Ministers of the Established Church frequently encouraged, and in some instances headed mobs to interrupt and abuse Methodist preachers; but they were not always aware of the men they had to deal with, and sometimes come out of the affrays "second best." The following is related as a fact by Mr. Gurley, though he does not give names or date:

"In a town where there had never been Methodist preaching, a mob had been hired by a Church parson to abuse a Wesleyan preacher, who had sent on an appointment. The preacher, who was somewhat eccentric, arrived, and, having no acquaintance, put up at the tavern. The innkeeper, who had been informed of the plot, urged him strongly not to attempt to preach; 'for,' said he, 'our parson has engaged a mob to abuse and injure you; so pray do not attempt it.' 'O,' said the minister, 'I must preach, for my word is out, and the people will expect it; and, sir,' contin-

nities, which all the holy Fathers, the Popes, have granted to them, and we give him over to the power of the fiend; and let him quench his soul, when dead, in the flames of hell-fire, as the candle is now quenched, and put out; and let us pray to God that his eyes may be put out in this world, as this candle is; and let us pray to God, our Lady, St. Peter, St. Paul, that all the senses of his body may fail, as now the light of this candle is gone out, except he come, on sight hereof, and openly confesses his damnable heresy, and blasphemy, and by repentance, as much as in him lies, make satisfaction to God, our Lady, St. Peter, St. Paul, the worshipful company of this Church. And as the staff of this holy cross now falls down, so may he, unless he recants and repents.

"Philip Dunn,
"Bryan Moore, *Register.*"

ued he, 'with your aid, I trust I will not be injured.' A table was placed out in a yard adjoining the house, and the people soon began to collect.

"'Pray, sir,' said the preacher to his host, 'can you borrow for me a gold-laced hat?' 'Yes.' 'Now, can you get me a large gray wig?' It was done. 'Have you a gold-headed cane at hand?' One was found. 'Once more, sir, and I have done: can you get for me a pair of broad ruffles, and a snuff-box?' These were procured. Thus equipped, out went the preacher, wearing the big wig, hat, ruffles, and cane. He strolled down to the church, and walked for awhile leisurely among the tombs. The parsonage was just opposite, and the preacher could see the parson eyeing him through the open window. So, after awhile, he walked slowly over, and knocked at the parsonage door. He was ushered into the parlor, and sat down with the parson.

"The preacher was a fine, portly figure, and a sheer, conversable man, and, as a stranger who had called for company's sake, entered into an agreeable chat with his reverence. In about half an hour, three of the mob came and called to the parson, saying, 'The Methodist preacher has come; will you go with us to the place?' 'By and by,' said the parson; 'there is a strange gentleman with me now; as soon as he is gone, I will be with you.' In half an hour more, three or four others came, saying, 'Parson, the table is out, and the people are collecting.' Again he replied, 'I will be with you as soon as this gentleman is gone.' They went away. It was not long before a third party came. It was now time for preaching. The preacher said, 'Parson, it may be you are engaged.' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'a vagabond Methodist has come to preach, and disturb the parish, and I have employed some fellows to drive him out of the place; and I promised to be with them.' 'O,' re-

plied the preacher, 'if that is the case, I will not detain you; and if you have no objection, I will go with you.' 'Thank you, sir,' replied the parson; so they started together. There was a large concourse of people, but no preacher. 'Where is the preacher?' cried one. 'Ah, he is afraid to come,' said the parson; 'he knows what he would get.' 'Sir,' said the preacher to the parson, 'if you will hold my hat and cane, I will go on the table a moment and tell these good fellows what to do with Methodist preachers if they ever come.'

"The parson charged the mob not to touch or hurt the strange gentleman. It was not long, however, until the parson threw hat and cane on the table, and ran away, crying, 'That's the preacher, boys, that's the preacher; but don't hurt or disturb him, for I have pledged my word to him.' So the preacher finished in peace, and never was he or his brethren disturbed there after."

Authentic accounts show that, at a much more recent date than that of which we are speaking, the Wesleyan preachers and missionaries met with no small persecution in some parts of Ireland.*

* "Gideon Ouseley, Arthur Noble, and William Keys, at three o'clock on Friday, the 21st May, 1819, which was the fair-day of Killeter, a village near Stranorlar, in the county of Tyrone, drew up on horseback before a wall, and the first-mentioned missionary preached in the Irish language, which is chiefly understood by the Roman Catholic inhabitants. In a little time, stones were rolled down to the horses' feet, from the people who sat behind on the wall, and a considerable noise was made to drown the voice of the preacher; and this noise was kept up by a fictitious quarrel among the people in front. Mr. Noble being struck with a stone in the head, a friend took his horse by the bridle, and led him out of the crowd. Both his horse and Mr. Ouseley's were then beaten with sticks, and pelted with stones, so that they ran violently through the people. Mr. Keys, who followed slowly, was surrounded and stopped, and his horse beaten till it became ungovernable. The girt broke—Mr. Keys fell to the ground, when the horse rushed

In 1791 Mr. Gurley went on business to England. It was on this voyage, during a storm, that he found his familiarity with the sea and nautical skill, before-mentioned, valuable to him.

"On my way," says Mr. Gurley, "from Wexford to Liverpool, we had like to be lost; for, on the second day, we had a strong gale of wind rather against us. When out of sight of land, a thick mist enveloped us, and wind and tide drove us some miles down the channel. In a few hours the captain found we were driving on the coast of Wales, but could not tell what part of it. On getting near the shore, it was found we were in what was called 'Carnarvon Bay.' I saw the captain order the cabin-boy to go below, and bring him his best small clothes. 'Captain,' said I, 'what are you going to do? Are we to be lost?' 'Yonder,' replied he, pale and trembling, 'is a smooth place; I will run her ashore there.' 'If you do,' said I, looking him firmly in the face, 'we shall all be dashed to pieces in a few moments. Captain, you must keep off; the sea will be

through the mob, and escaped. A Romanist who had been previously impressed by Divine truth, at a funeral sermon preached by Mr. Keys, threw himself on Mr. Keys' body, to shelter him from the blows aimed at him; and another Romanist, who had occasionally attended the preaching, took up the saddle, to preserve it. These two friends were severely beaten with sticks. The saddle and Mr. Keys' hat were torn by the strokes of cudgels; but owing to the fury of the attack, no effectual blow reached Mr. Keys. Those that were not near enough to beat, threw their sticks at him; and so many endeavored to strike, that they hindered each other. His shoulders, however, were black with the bruises for some days after. A part of the crowd ran after the other two preachers, who were obliged to gallop for a mile to escape, and they rode for miles without hats, till they got to a place of security. Those who remained beating Mr. Keys, after some time quarreled among themselves, and beat each other. This opportunity was seized by some friends to lead Mr. Keys about a mile off, to a place of safety, where his horse had been previously conveyed and sheltered." (Imperial Magazine for 1819, p. 877.)

more propitious than the land. Heave her round, captain, and take courage.' 'O,' said he, despairingly, 'she will not stay.' 'Down, then, with the peak; haul aft the jib sheet, and let her wear round; the storm will not last long, and, as the sloop is strong, we will do well enough. But if you do run ashore, and we escape—mark my word, sir—I will have you tried for not doing your best to save the ship and cargo, and you will be liable to be hung.' This seemed to determine him to follow my direction. The storm subsided, and we reached Liverpool next evening.

"I remember, when the boy went below for the captain's pantaloons, I went down also, soon after, for my money. The poor fellow threw his arms round my knees, crying, 'O, Mr. Gurley, are you come with us to be drowned?' This captain did not know a letter of the alphabet."

In Liverpool he preached in several of the chapels, and formed an interesting acquaintance with several of the earliest associates of the founder of Methodism.

He visited Birmingham, also, and led several classes in both places; a work in which he greatly delighted at that time. The following brief notice of this visit occurs in his writings: "At Birmingham I first heard and saw Joseph Benson. When I first saw him in the pulpit, not knowing who he was, I wondered that conference would send such an inferior-looking man to preach in so important a place: 1,500 people were before him. But Benson soon let me know that he was better than he looked. I heard him three times with great satisfaction. I observed that the hymn-book, Bible, and pulpit, were in deep mourning for Mr. John Wesley."

The death of this venerable man produced a deep sensation throughout the United Kingdom. A star had set, whose rays, for more than half a century, had glowed with unrivaled splendor in the moral firmament. Of all the

distinguished reformers of the Christian era, none, since the days of Luther, has been so extensively known and honored as John Wesley. Thousands, it is true, have affected to treat his name and character with contempt; many others, who had too much sagacity to attempt this, while they dare not deny his superior abilities, have endeavored to impugn his motives, and, by groundless insinuations, to soil his well-earned reputation.

Men of no mean parts have, from various quarters, showered their missiles of wit, sarcasm, and truthless innendos upon him; but, from this mass of rubbish, his name has risen, unwounded and unsoiled, like the sun, emerging in its glory from regions of clouds and vapors. He had outlived many of the calumnies which at first were heaped upon him; and even many who were his enemies while living, at his death acknowledged that an extraordinary man had fallen.

Possessing, as he did in an eminent degree, those qualities of mind and endowments of nature which all mankind admire, superadded to which were the discipline, refinement, and acquisitions conferred by the proudest seat of learning, in the wisest nation of the globe, few, indeed, attempted to assail him who would not have been proud to be his equal. The clergy, some of whom were his most violent opposers, could not but envy him his talents and influence. They beheld in him the learned and accomplished minister of Christ, possessing the intrepidity of Luther, the piety of Baxter, and the tireless zeal and philanthropy of Howard. How truly gratifying, after the lapse of a century, to reflect on the results of the labors of this one man! It is true, he worked as if he expected to move the world; and he did it. To say that he foresaw that he was planting an ecclesiastical establishment which should, within a century, embrace nearly two millions of communicants, extending their

influence to the ends of the earth, would perhaps be to affirm too much; but he worked as if animated by a faith which grasped in prospect these great results. And, if aught transpiring on earth can enhance the raptures of the redeemed on high, what must now be the emotions of his sainted spirit, as he beholds the spreading hosts of Methodism still honored and blessed of God—foremost in the van of all the hosts of Zion, in carrying the triumphs of the cross throughout the habitable globe!

His fame is erected on an enduring foundation, and needs no sculptured marble to transmit his name to posterity. It glows on the page of history; and the works he has written, and the Church raised up by his labors, will remain to future ages, memorials of his fame, more enduring than monuments of brass or marble. His dust reposes in the church-yard of the City-road Chapel, in London, where, during the year celebrated as the centenary of Methodism, his monument was re-edified and enlarged, under the direction of the English conference.*

* The following extract from the Imperial Magazine, edited by the celebrated Dr. Drew, of England, will show the care taken to preserve his mortal remains:

"When this justly-celebrated man died, in 1791, his mortal remains were inclosed in a shell, which was placed in a lead coffin; and this was deposited in one of oak, and committed to a vault close behind the new chapel, City-road, London. Thirty-seven years having elapsed since his interment, it was found, on a recent inspection, that the oak had moldered into complete decay, leaving the lead coffin quite exposed. To preserve this from injury, and to secure the remains of the body lodged within, it was suggested by the treasurer of the trustees of the chapel, that another coffin, made of heart of oak, should be procured, in which the lead coffin should be placed, and that this should be inclosed in a sarcophagus of Portland stone, to be provided at their expense. With a readiness that was at once honorable to their feelings, and expressive of high respect to the memory of the deceased, a resolution was instantly passed to this effect. A

Mr Gurley's manuscript contains several anecdotes of the early preachers. I will add only the following:

"Old John Miller, when a youth, was page to George II. When on Wexford circuit, in charge, he told me that on one occasion, when he was traveling in the north of Ireland, he was going to an appointment on his way to conference, which was to be at Dublin. John was a good smoker, and had a tin case for his tobacco and pipe. He had considerable cash with him in his saddle-bags, taking it to the conference; when, at dusk, he was stopped by a big man, who caught hold of the bridle-reins, saying, in a threatening tone, 'Your money, sir; I want your money.' 'Why, sir,' said John, 'I am a poor Methodist preacher.' 'I know who and what you are well enough,' replied the robber; 'but it is your money I want, and must have it.' 'But,' said John, 'what I have belongs to the conference.' 'I care nothing for you nor your conference; I must have the money; so give it to me instantly.' A queer thought crossed the brain of John. 'Well,' said he, 'if you must

sarcophagus was instantly ordered for the purpose, of Mr. Cusworth, stone-mason, of Stoke Newington; and, on March 27, it received the sacred deposit committed to its trust.

"The sarcophagus is seven feet long, and two feet five inches wide at the breast; its depth is nearly two feet. The sides are two inches and a half thick; but the bottom and lid are three inches each.

"To render this secure, the lid and sides have been perforated, as in common wood coffins, and in the sides metallic nuts have been lodged, secured by molten lead. Into these, when the lid was laid on, long copper screws have been inserted, the heads of which are also protected by molten lead. The sarcophagus, now resting upon two blocks of Portland stone, about six inches from the floor of the vault, weighs about half a ton; and with its inclosure, the whole can be scarcely less than one ton in weight.

"The lead coffin within bears an inscription, that simply records the name and age of the deceased, and the time when

have it, and there is no other way, so be it; but,' said he putting his right hand in his pocket and drawing forth his tobacco-case, and throwing back the lid with a smart click, 'you must first take the contents of this.' Seeing the motion, and hearing the click, which sounded much like the cocking of a pistol, the robber dropped the reins instantly, and fled; no doubt blessing his stars that he escaped without a ball through his head. Miller put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of danger."

Mr. Gurley himself, in traveling, was sometimes in peril, and on several occasions barely escaped from ruffians who

he died. On the oak coffin now crumbled into dust, formerly stood a plate, which is now attached to the new oak coffin, bearing the following inscription:

"'JOHANNES WESLEY, A. M.,
Olim Soc. Coll. Lin. Oxon.,
Ob. 2do die Martii, 1791,
An. Æt. 88.'

"A copy of this inscription is also engraven on a large brass plate, cemented by lead to the lid of the sarcophagus, to which the following memorial is added:

"'THE COFFIN
containing the remains of
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY,
being found in a decayed state,
was deposited herein,
March, 1828,
under the direction of
the Rev. John Stephens,
President of the Conference,
and
the Trustees of this Chapel,
Launcelot Haslope,
Treasurer.'

"The whole being rendered thus secure, the entrance to the vault was closed, about three in the afternoon of Friday, March 28, 1828; in all human probability to be opened no more, until the trumpet of the archangel shall awaken to immortal life the tenants who are lodged within."

assailed him. A letter, which detailed some of these trials of his faith and patience, is lost. I shall, therefore, only refer to one incident of this kind, which he has often been heard to relate:

He was once traveling to Dublin, and put up at a country inn. The night was dark and tempestuous, and he was glad to be seated comfortably by a blazing grate of coals, in a room tolerably pleasant.

During the evening he commenced singing, in rather an under tone, one of Mr. Charles Wesley's hymns. He had not proceeded far with it, when a half-drunken fellow, who had been lounging on a bench, rose up, and, looking fiercely at him, exclaimed, "By the holy Virgin, I believe you are a d—d swaddler." "I presume it is of no consequence to you what I am. I am a traveler and stranger, and do not wish to be insulted in my own house, as I consider this, and every public house at which I stop, to be." "You are all a set of bloody Orange men," replied he, "and, by the powers, if you say another word, I'll blow your soul to the d—l," at the same time drawing a pistol, and cocking it within a few inches of Mr. Gurley's head. At this moment the landlord, who had overheard the last words of the scoundrel, entered the apartment, and, perceiving the attitude of the ruffian, struck his arm a blow which sent the pistol across the room. He then seized the fellow by the collar, led him to the street door, and, giving him a kick and a push, sent him headlong into the gutter, to find a home, as best he could, in the darkness of the night.

Mr. Gurley carried on a brisk and somewhat profitable business in Wexford. He procured, from Birmingham and Liverpool, the different parts of watches and clocks, in their rough state, and had them set up and finished in his own shop. He kept a good assortment of silver-plate and jewelry, and had already acquired several thousand dollars, which

was chiefly invested in stock and wares. There was one branch of his business which he attended to, as a matter of course belonging to his trade, but which, in after years, he severely condemned; namely, the manufacture of silver and gold crucifixes and images for the Roman Catholics. But the thing was common, and expected of all of the trade; so that the error did not strike him at the time; but afterward he has been heard to intimate, that the trouble he had endured by them was, perhaps, but a just punishment, permitted by Providence to come upon him for this error. The crosses, etc., would have been of no value, being defiled with Protestant hands; but, being afterward consecrated by the priest, the defilement was removed, and they were deemed holy.

Mr. Gurley has frequently related the following circumstance, showing how his ingenuity was once taxed to accommodate a Romish priest: A consecrated silver urn had, by the carelessness of the priest, become injured. Unwilling to let the bishop know the fact, in much perplexity he came to Mr. Gurley, to know if the article could be repaired. He was informed that it could. "Bring it to the shop, sir," said Mr. Gurley, "and it shall be done." "But, sir," said the priest, with evident consternation, "there is one thing I forgot. Your hands will defile it. Have you no Catholic workman in your shop?" "None," said Mr. Gurley; "but sure you can get the bishop to consecrate it again." "Yes, but I do not wish him to know that I injured it." Here was a fine quandary. The poor priest was in trouble enough, and nothing less than the wit of an Irishman could relieve him. "Ah, I have it now!" said Mr. Gurley, looking in the face of the priest with an air of triumph. "Do you, sir, give me your kid gloves; they will not defile it. I can wear them while repairing the vessel." It was a lucky thought. It completely relieved

the scrupulous ecclesiastic. The urn was repaired, and Mr. Gurley was well paid for the job.

Mr. Gurley continued to reside with his mother, prosecuting with diligence his business, and preaching generally on the Sabbath, until his thirty-eighth year, when he was united in marriage to Miss Susannah Beatty, daughter of James Beatty, Esq., of Ballycannow. The latter was a gentleman distinguished for enterprise, philanthrophy, and integrity. He possessed a considerable landed estate, was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and had extensive flouring mills. He adhered to the Established Church; but his wife—a very intelligent and active lady—was a Methodist. Mr. Gurley, according to the custom of those good olden times, paid his addresses first to the father and then to the daughter. The courtship was brief, and they were married in the autumn of 1795. A sister of Mrs. Gurley, two years her senior, was wedded, at the same time, to Mr. Ralph Johnson, a worthy and reputable gentleman, who, after passing through various vicissitudes of fortune, emigrated to this country, and closed an exemplary and active life by a peaceful and happy death, near Sandusky City, O.

Mrs. Gurley, at the time of her marriage, was but seventeen years of age. She had been baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, but was not a professor of religion; but she was seriously disposed, and soon became a member of the society. She continued inquiring the way to Zion, with her face thitherward, until she became a happy subject of God's renewing grace, and ever after gave the clearest evidence of being a conscientious disciple of Christ. There were twenty years difference in their ages. So great a disparity is not, it is thought, generally favorable to conjugal felicity. But Mr. Gurley always appeared at least ten years younger than he was. A fair complexion, glowing cheek, with a lively step, and cheerful, facetious air, carried

the index of youth into riper years. Their union was cordial and happy; and the changes and vicissitudes of over half a century contributed only to cement and strengthen mutual love. Soon after their marriage they commenced housekeeping in Wexford, enjoying peace and prosperity, until their tranquility was interrupted by the dreadful events of the Irish insurrection, which threw a dark eclipse over their sky, and was the commencement of years of care, solicitude, and trouble. We have now reached a point in the life of Mr. Gurley, which brings us to contemplate the sanguinary scenes of a civil war, usually termed the "Irish Rebellion." Although in this struggle he was rather a sufferer than an actor, yet, as the events thereof transpired around him, and are inseparably connected with his history, it is the design of this work to present a somewhat detailed account of the melancholy and astonishing transactions of that time. It will, doubtless, be gratifying to the reader to know, that, so far as Mr. Gurley was a participator in the events of the insurrection, and eye-witness to much that will excite sympathy, he has left a record thereof in his own handwriting, from which extracts will be freely introduced as we proceed with the narration.

It will be seen, however, that of the various clubs and parties organized he belonged to none. He kept his mind aloof from political excitement and party spirit. With his Catholic neighbors he lived on terms of peace and friendship. But this peaceful spirit and attitude did not secure him from the malice of the enemies of truth, and the persecuters of the Protestant religion.

CHAPTER III.

Insurrection of 1798—History of Ireland—Cause of its discontent and degradation—Commencement of English sway—Reformation did not reach Ireland—Bad policy of England—Massacre of Protestants in 1641—Avenged by Cromwell—Catholics deprived of political privileges—Confiscation of estates—Tithes—Distinguished men born in Ireland—Irish clubs—White boys—Oak boys—Defenders—Tragic death of Major Valloton—Epitaphs.

Before we proceed to the events of the insurrection of 1798, it may be interesting to take a rapid glance at the civil and political condition of Ireland, and to trace, if possible, the causes which led to its disastrous achievements.

The best writers of Irish history appear to have been greatly perplexed in their efforts to discover and explain the reason or causes of the discontent and degradation of this interesting portion of the British empire.

A careful attention, however, to the *facts* of Irish history, the genius of the people, and the policy of its masters, will show, that in order to be tranquil and contented, Ireland must have been far more elevated, or far more degraded, than she has ever been for the last ten centuries.

According to the ablest historians, the natives of Ireland were of Celtic origin. The language still spoken by a portion of the descendants of the ancient race, confirms this opinion. This country was known to the ancient Romans.

The Danes, during their greatest power, from the ninth to the twelfth century, possessed almost the entire eastern coast of the island, making Dublin their capital. But to dwell on the ancient history of this country, however interesting it might be to the reader, would be inconsistent with the design and limits of this biography.

The English sway commenced in A. D. 1170. Richard Strongbow formed the first settlement. Henry II assumed

the title of "Lord of Ireland." Henry VIII took the title of "King of Ireland." Intent on attaching Ireland firmly to the crown, Great Britain has resorted to various measures to effect this great object; but, with all her efforts, such has been the spirit of domination she has manifested, that to this day she has signally failed to gain the affections of the masses of the Irish people; while, in her struggles for freedom, the soil of Ireland has drank the blood of unnumbered thousands of her patriotic sons.

The memorable Reformation, commenced in Germany by the intrepid and immortal Luther, extended its hallowed leaven over England and Scotland, and in its results established the Protestant religion in connection with the British throne, but did not extend to Ireland. The people were still Catholic. They were ardently attached to their faith, and the priests exercised over them an almost unbounded power. When, therefore, the Protestant religion was established by law in the island, and revenues for its support coerced from the inhabitants generally, it was not hailed as the bright dawning of a welcome morn—the beamings of a more auspicious day—but as an attempt to force on them the galling yoke of what they deemed a heretical priesthood—a worse form than ever of British domination. England, in adopting this course, committed as great an error in political science as in moral principle; for the judgment and conscience of mankind cannot be forced. Had the same policy been pursued toward Ireland, in regard to ecclesiastical matters, that has marked the course of the English government toward her Canadian possessions, it can scarcely be doubted that the result would have been far more favorable both to the British throne and to the cause of true religion. One great source of bitter feuds would have been dried up. The hand of oppression would not have been so sensibly felt, and the light and power of the truth,

which had emancipated England and Scotland from the fetters of Roman domination, might have dispersed the darkness, and won the affections of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle.

The Irish, quick in resentment and fearless of results, instead of demeaning themselves peaceably and seeking by proper measures their just rights, rose in 1641, and in a short time massacred not less than forty thousand English settlers. This outrage, however, was soon retaliated by Cromwell, who, with a heavy force, crossed over to Ireland in 1649, and extinguished the insurrection in an ocean of blood. He stormed Wexford and other places with most horrible slaughter, thus taking terrible vengeance on the murderers of the English. Peace ensued; but the name of Cromwell is mentioned, even to this day, by the Catholic Irish with detestation and horror.

The bitter hatred of the Roman Catholics to the English government, induced Parliament to deprive them of all political power and privileges. "They were rendered incapable of holding any office or employment in the state. They were debarred even from holding land, from devising property, and from exercising other important functions of civil society. . . . And a continual ferment prevailed, which broke out from time to time in partial rebellions." (Encyclopædia of Geography, vol. i, p. 446.)

Another cause of lasting antipathy to the British power, was the confiscation of estates during the various struggles and contests with England. Nearly all the landed property has, from time to time, been wrested from the original owners, and bestowed on the English nobility, or companies and individuals of English origin. More than eight millions of acres were thus lavished on the soldiers and minions of Cromwell, who followed his fortunes in the reduction of Ireland above-mentioned. This immense domain, wrested

from its rightful owners, many of whom were chivalrous chieftains or noble families, left thousands of the descendants of once honorable names to inherit, not the patrimonial possessions of their revered ancestors, but the mortal hatred of England which rankled in the bosoms of their forefathers. How could the poor son of poverty and toil shear the hedges, dress the shrubbery, and till the grounds of noble estates justly his own, without execrating in his heart the power that had unjustly doomed him to his present state of penury and degradation? What but a despotism that should extinguish in his soul the last ray of light, and smother in his bosom the last spark of independence, could ever reconcile him to his hated oppressors?

The payment of tithes has, also, been an occasion of endless contention; and against it the Catholics have justly uttered long and loud complaints. Resistance to this feature of the government, has ever afforded a ground on which many Protestants of Ireland could meet with them in opposition to the crown; for the Protestant population was, to a considerable extent, Presbyterian, being descendants from original Scotch emigrants; and the yoke of the English hierarchy did not sit lightly on their sturdy necks. Other dissenters, though not numerous, were fast accumulating to swell the number of discontented citizens.

Yet, amidst all her suffering and degradation, Ireland produced some men whose names have become illustrious as poets, statesmen, orators, and divines. Burke, Grattan, and Curran, by their talents and eloquence, have acquired enduring fame; while among the divines to which that country has given birth, is the highly distinguished Dr. Adam Clarke, a man who, it is well known, for profound learning, ardent piety, indomitable energy, and extensive labors, has had few equals in modern times.

Such was the condition of Ireland at the commencement

of the American Revolution. She beheld the colossal power of England, towering, in insolent majesty, over sea and land.

When, therefore, the American colonies offered resistance to the usurpations and oppressions of this power, Ireland felt a thrill of sympathy through all her population. Each successive step of independence was watched, with the deepest solicitude, by her noblest spirits; and when, at last, the British lion was humbled, and the American arms triumphed, Ireland awoke as from a long but restless slumber.

George III, humbled at the loss of the American states, and fearful of other calamities, listened to the petitions of his Irish subjects, which were drawn up in a strong and bold style, with more than usual clemency. Concessions were made, the most galling and severe restrictions on Catholics were repealed, and the improvement of Ireland was the order of the day.

While these peaceable efforts were being made for the relief of the country, the restless population associated in secret clubs and companies, and, under different names, greatly disturbed the peaceable inhabitants. "White Boys," "Steel Boys," "Oak Boys," and "Defenders" successively made their appearance. The White Boys appeared as early as 1794. They were all Catholics. Their manner was, to meet late at night, each with a white shirt thrown over his clothes. They would take horses wherever they could find them; then set off full speed for the place of rendezvous, frequently several miles distant. They would destroy pastures, set fire to the houses and barns of Protestants, whom they supposed to be warm friends of the government, and, as related by Rev. George Taylor, drag out of their beds the proctors, cut off their noses and ears, horsewhip them till just ready to expire, and sometimes bury them alive; and all this to prevent their gathering the tithes. These

outrages excited well-grounded alarm among the Protestant population; and, in some instances, they provoked most severe retaliation. The civic magistrates, however, exerted their utmost power to prevent disorder, and to quell lawless proceedings; and, by the assistance of the loyal inhabitants, they were soon subdued, or, at least, quieted for the time. Two of their ringleaders were arrested, and, being found guilty of heinous offenses, were executed, at New town-barry, on the 28th of September, 1775.

To prevent these disorders, and promote the security of the Protestant community, associations of Irish volunteers, or yeomanry, originated, and many corps of them sprang up throughout the kingdom. They were both cavalry and infantry. They appointed their officers, purchased their own uniform, and mustered regularly, in order to acquire a knowledge of military tactics and manual exercise. At their highest point of popularity, in 1781, the Irish volunteers numbered 40,000 men. The Right Hon. George Ogle, member of Parliament, was chosen commander-in-chief.

The disaffected Catholics looked on these military associations as designed to support the tyrranical government they detested, and to intimidate those who might attempt to violate the laws for the collection of tithes. To counteract their influence, therefore, the Defenders were organized throughout the different provinces, and, in the year 1793, committed many and great outrages in the county of Wexford. In July, of that year, one thousand of them assembled near Enniscorthy, in this county. Their unruly and threatening appearance greatly alarmed the inhabitants of the town; but, through the prudence and activity of the neighboring gentlemen and magistrates, they were dispersed, and two of their leaders were made prisoners, and sent, under a strong guard, to Wexford prison.

The Defenders had too much spirit to allow their leaders to lie in jail, without an effort to rescue them. This they determined to attempt by force, if threats should fail to accomplish it. On the morning of the 11th of June a letter was sent to the town, requesting the liberation of the prisoners. It so happened that this letter was handed to Mr. Gurley and another gentleman, who were standing together. In his manuscript he says: "I was standing at my shop door, with a Mr. Hughs, when a ragged, barefooted boy came up to us, and handed us a letter. Mr. Hughs read it, and, handing it to me, said, 'Ah ha! has it come to this?' The letter directed Mr. Hughs to go to the mayor of the town, and request him to release the two Defenders; threatening that, in case of refusal, three thousand men would come and burn the city about his ears. As we were conversing we saw the mayor passing on the opposite side of the street. We went and gave him the letter; and I remember well his remark: 'I will suffer myself to burn with it before I will give them up.' We then proceeded with the mayor to the garrison, and showed the letter to the commander. The threat was, however, treated with contempt; for, as the city was guarded with a detachment of infantry, under the command of Major Valloton, an officer of the garrison, the inhabitants were by no means alarmed, not thinking they would be so bold as to attack the town."

In this, however, they were greatly mistaken; for, by two o clock, the same day, the Defenders, in great force, were within sight of the town. Major Valloton, who had been aid to General Elliott at the siege of Gibraltar, took fifty soldiers, and, with three magistrates, went out to meet the assailants, who were now at the upper end of the city. The Defenders were led on by a farmer of New Ross, a most resolute and daring young man, whose name was Moore.

He was followed by about two thousand men, armed with guns, pikes, sythes, etc. Among them, as if to keep them in countenance, was a Roman Catholic priest.

Actuated by feelings of humanity, Major Valloton would not allow the troops to charge, without first attempting to expostulate with the mob, and, if possible, induce them to disperse peaceably. Accordingly, he advanced alone to the front of the insurgent ranks, and commenced an earnest but conciliatory appeal to their reason and patriotism; but, while in the act of addressing them, a man, who stood near, presented his musket at his breast, which the Major parried with his sword. As the piece went off, instead of falling back on his men for support, the Major seized the fellow who had attempted to shoot him. A struggle ensued; and, while thus engaged, a man, with a sythe fastened to the end of a pole, made a blow at the officer's head, which cleft the skull, and brought him to the ground. The enraged soldiers, as they saw their beloved commander fall, fired without the order of the magistrates, then, boldly rushing forward, made a terrible charge on the insurgents, putting them to flight, after eighty of their number were dead on the spot.

Moore, the insurgent leader, was in front of his men, and, at the first fire of the military, had both of his legs broken; yet, such was his enthusiasm that he fought on his stumps, encouraging his associates, until his men fled, and he was shot down by the soldiers. Several of the leading Defenders were made prisoners, and, being found guilty at the following assizes, were executed. Their unhappy fate appeared, for a time, to produce a salutary effect on the infuriated associates; but, as will be seen hereafter, it was of short duration.

The inhabitants of Wexford, deeply affected at the tragical death of the brave Valloton, out of respect to his

memory, erected a monument in the church, with the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of the late
CHARLES VALLOTON, Esq.,
A Major in the Army, and a Captain in the
56th Regiment of Infantry;
who, in the suburbs, on the 11th of July, 1793,
while zealously co-operating with the civil power in support of the
mild and beneficent laws of his country, received
a mortal wound from a
savage hand.
Thus untimely fell this accomplished gentleman, not less admired
and beloved for every social quality, than he was
eminently distinguished, on every
occasion, by the
enterprise and gallantry of a soldier.
Reader, lament, with every good man, the irreparable loss,
and strive to emulate his many virtues!
The Corporation of Wexford,
with becoming gratitude,
erected
this Monument,
to perpetuate their high respect for his character."

As the above-described monument had been erected in memory of Major Valloton, so the friends of Moore, the rebel leader, raised a stone in the grave-yard near New Ross, on which were engraved the subjoined lines:

"Underneath this stone doth lie
The remains of that noble boy,
Who, by his deeds and actions brave,
In Wexford his body was brought to the grave.
Now each Christian for him should pray,
And to heaven straight direct his way;
As on his oath in trust that day did die,
It's there he fought most manfully.
John Moore, son of James Moore and Margaret White, of Robinstown, who was killed by the army, July 11, 1793.
Lord, have mercy on his soul!"

The foregoing epitaphs afford a pretty good indication of the difference in the refinement, intelligence, and taste of the respective parties.

Thus ended an affray, which, although it preceded the Rebellion nearly five years, originated in the same spirit, and shadowed forth, with prophetic accuracy, the sanguinary scenes which followed.

CHAPTER IV.

Origin of the Society of United Irishmen—Its true character—Alliance with France—Treaty with French Directory—Memorial by Theobald Wolf Tone—Oath of United Irishmen—French expedition a failure—Prospects of a successful revolution and independence.

While these disturbances were taking place, as the outbreaks of the pent-up fires within the bosom of a chivalrous and down-trodden nation, a scheme for the relief and independence of Ireland was originated. This was on a grand scale, and based on the most liberal principles.

The apparently successful issue of the revolution in France, had stimulated the most ardent friends of Irish independence to attempt a revolt from the British crown. The plan of uniting all Ireland in one grand conspiracy, through the formation of clubs or distinct associations of a limited number, was projected by Theobald Wolf Tone, a member of the Irish bar—a man of extraordinary powers of mind, indomitable courage, and rare eloquence.

The first club was formed in 1791 at Belfast. It embraced both Catholics and Dissenters. The latter are said to have been first in the project. Thus originated the far-famed society of "United Irishmen."

There has been a great diversity of opinions in regard to the nature and merits of this association. While some have defended it as a patriotic and worthy organization, others have heaped on it, and on the heads of its friends, the most unmeasured abuse. It is true, this society in its operations is inseparably associated with the horrid acts and sanguinary tragedies of the Rebellion. Yet it is submitted, whether a candid investigation of the facts in the case will not show that it was by no means responsible for them.

It is beyond dispute that the society was composed of persons of all religious persuasions. The principal leaders associated with Tone, were Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Hamilton Rowen, Emmet, Arthur O'Conner, a late member of Parliament, Dr. M'Niven, and Oliver Bond, an opulent merchant of Dublin. Of these chiefs only one, Dr. M'Niven, was a Catholic.

It is true, viewed in the light of English law, the object and design were treasonable and rebellious; and so were the measures of the American colonies, which resulted in the independence of these states. It was a rebellion, which, if it had been successful, would have been proudly chronicled in the annals of the world as a glorious revolution.

An unbiased mind must acknowledge the society to have been an honorable union, founded on resistance to British oppression and the rights of man. It embraced as pure and patriotic hearts, perhaps, as ever beat in human bosoms; and if, in its name, and partly through its organization, deeds of horror were perpetrated, they are traceable directly to the influence of the grand disturbing element of Ireland's union and prosperity—the "*bigotry of Popery.*"

The nature and objects of the union are so well described by Allison, in his History of Europe, that we transfer his remarks to our pages. We quote from vol. iv, page 557:

"The system by which this immense insurrection was organized, was one of the most simple, and at the same time one of the most efficacious, that ever was devised. Persons were sworn into an association in every part of Ireland, called the Society of United Irishmen, the real objects of which were kept a profound secret, while the ostensible ones were those best calculated to allure the populace. No meeting was allowed to consist of more than twelve members; five of these were represented by five members in a committee vested with the management

of all their affairs. From each of these committees a deputy attended in a superior body. One or two deputies from these composed a county committee; two from every county committee a provincial one; and they elected five persons to superintend the whole business of the union. This provisional government was elected by ballot; and the names of its members were only communicated to the secretaries of the provincial committees, who were officially intrusted with the scrutiny of the votes. Thus, though their power was unbounded, their agency was invisible, and many hundred thousand men obeyed the dictates of an unknown authority. Liberation from tithes and dues to the Protestant clergy, and restoration of the Catholic faith, formed the chief boons presented to the lower classes; and, in order to effect these objects, it was speciously pretended that a total change of government was necessary.

"The real objects of the chiefs of the insurrection were the overthrow of the English government, and the formation of a republic in alliance with France.

"Parliamentary reform was the object ostensibly held out to the country, as being the one most calculated to conceal their ultimate designs, and enlist the greatest number of the respectable classes on their side."

An alliance with France was deemed of the utmost importance to the movement, and the government of that country were willing enough to aid in humbling England, their greatest rival and ablest foe. Accordingly, to accomplish the desired object, Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Arthur O'Conner, in 1796 went over to France. The following extract from the memorial presented by Wolf Tone, the originator of the "United Societies," to the French Directory, in February, 1796, will cast some additional light upon the state of Ireland:

"The Catholics of Ireland, 3,150,000, are trained from their infancy in a hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are 500,000 men who would fly to the standard of the republic, if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

"The republic may also rely with confidence on the dissenters, actuated by reason and reflection, as well as the Catholics, impelled by misery and inflamed by detestation of the English name.

"In the year 1791 the dissenters of Belfast first formed the club of United Irishmen—so called, because in that club for the first time dissenters and Catholics were seen together in harmony and union. Corresponding clubs were rapidly formed, the object of which was to subvert the tyranny of England and establish the independence of Ireland, and frame a free republic on the broad basis of liberty and equality. These clubs were rapidly filled, and extended in June last over two-thirds of that province. Their members are all bound by an oath of secrecy, and could, I have not the smallest doubt, on a proper occasion, raise the entire force of the province of Ulster, the most populous, warlike, and best informed in the nation."

The design of the United Irishmen, in these papers is undisguisedly set forth—the independence of Ireland as a republic. The measures taken to carry it out, in some instances, may be questionable, but the great object arrived at was worthy and patriotic.

Nor does the following oath, which was taken by the members of the association, breathe any other than a liberal spirit. The Rev. G. Taylor, in his history, says:

"The rebels now made no secret of their united oaths. The following was printed by order of the council for directing the affairs of the county of Wexford:

"*Test Oath.*—I, A. B., do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection, among Irishmen of every religious persuasion; and that I will also persevere in my endeavors to obtain equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland. I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, nor punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform on, or give evidence against any member, or members, of this, or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made, collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation, so help me God."

Tone, in his autobiography, thus expresses his own views at the time he organized the society:

"For my own part, I think it right to mention, that, at this time, the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations. My object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred of England, so deeply rooted in my nature, that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others, better qualified for the inquiry, the investigation and merits of the different forms of government, and I contented myself with laboring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence as to its operation with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mentioned."

These documents show that the basis and principles of the Irish Union were humane, liberal, and patriotic.

The French Directory received the commissioners, or agents of the Irish confederation with respect, and entered

so heartily into their plans, that in December, 1796, an expedition, consisting of fifteen ships, and carrying twenty-five thousand men, set sail for the coast of Ireland, where they were to be joined by the United Men, and thus strike a noble blow at England, the hated rival of France. This armament, however, was scattered and dispersed by tempestuous weather, which drove the ships from their course, and wrecked some. A portion of the vessels at length reached the Irish coast, but did not effect a landing, and returned to France without accomplishing any thing.

But the Irish were still assured that, by the month of May or June, 1798, France would send a sufficient force to render them efficient aid. Cherishing the brightest anticipations, the leading patriots continued to organize societies, procure arms, appoint officers—thus deliberately preparing for a terrible contest. Two hundred thousand men were sworn and armed, and waiting impatiently the signal to rise and conquer; and, to all appearance, their prospect of success was flattering indeed.

CHAPTER V.

Indications of rebellion in the county of Wexford—Plot of Papists against Protestants—Catholic bigotry the cause of Ireland's ruin—Proof of Catholic plot—Black test, or secret oaths—Catholic priests take the lead—Alarming signs of rebellion—A mark on the children of Catholics—Shrubberies gleaned for pike handles.

Societies of United Men were organized in every part of the densely-populated county of Wexford, in which Mr. G. resided. They embraced some Protestant gentlemen of talent and large fortune. The love of liberty burned in the bosoms of Irishmen, and patriot hearts beat high for freedom; and the songs and ballads of the nation wafted over hill and dale the notes of "Universal Emancipation."

But beneath all this frame-work of systematic organization, liberal principle, and exalted patriotism, there was warmed into being, and nursed to strength, a plot of deep, dark, and malignant character. It was a conspiracy of Popery to extirpate Protestants.

It is the genius of Popery to contaminate whatever it touches. Any cause, however good, would be ruined by its alliance. Its spirit, its essence, is gall and poison; its slightest contact, corruption. The Papal power is a mighty upas, whose roots strike deep, whose branches extend far, but whose breath is mortal; and far around, beneath its gloomy shade, lie the bleaching bones of its deluded victims. *Liberty cannot breathe where Popery reigns.*

What good has the Church of Rome ever done? What great or noble enterprise has she ever aided? Good men and benevolent have occasionally been found in her ranks, but they were so in spite of her errors; they were few and far between, and were exceptions to the general rule. Where has she sought to enlighten the nations with the

pure word of God? Where has she lifted her finger to burst the fetters of political tyranny? And if she has, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, urged her Jesuit missionaries to the ends of the earth, to make proselytes to her creed, may it not be too truly asked, where has she ever found a people under heaven that she has not made worse instead of better?

It was the spirit of Roman bigotry that blasted the hopes of Ireland. Freedom was a word which, to Catholic priests, implied the extirpation of all heretics. Where good men and true sought the rights of man, these minions of the Holy See sought revenge on Protestants. The lamented Emmet said to the court which consigned him to destruction, "What Washington did for America, I would have done for my country;" but Roman priests might justly have said, "What Nero did for Rome, and what Robespierre did for France, we would have done for Ireland." The truth and justice of these observations will appear but too well founded, as we proceed with a narration of the insurrection.

Writers, favorable to the Catholic cause, have, in giving the history of those times, endeavored to mislead the public mind, and to divert resentment from the guilty, by affirming that the savage barbarities committed by the Papists on the Protestants were done in self-defense, or to retaliate equal outrages committed on *them*, by the government authorities or by lawless troops. But it is clearly in evidence that, before there was any outbreak, there was a secret combination, consisting of Roman Catholics only, whose object and design was the extirpation of the Protestant population of Ireland.

In support of this position, so strenuously denied by some, we adduce, first, the following extracts from the memorials of Wolf Tone to the French Directory:

"The Catholics have also an organization, commencing about the same time with the club last mentioned, [the United Irishmen,] but composed of Catholics only. Until within a few months, this organization baffled the utmost vigilance of the Irish government, unsuccessfully applied to discover its principles; and to this hour, I believe, they are unapprised of its extent." "I suppose there is no conspiracy—if a whole people can be said to conspire—which has continued for so many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors are to be found." (Allison's History, page 443.)

Rev. George Taylor, in his History of the Rebellion in the County of Wexford, says, (page 127,) "There was another oath taken by the Papists, which the disaffected Protestants knew nothing of; this was called the '*Black test,*' and was as follows: 'Every loyal Irish Protestant heretic I shall murder; and this I swear.'

"Such as bound themselves by this oath had a pass-word by which they knew each other anywhere they might meet. This pass-word was the initials of the several words in the oath; and no individual knew this but such as were sworn. 'ELIPHISMATIS' was the pass-word."

This project of putting Protestants to death was talked over by priests, and understood in secret clubs of Papists; but not a word on the subject was whispered in the societies of "United Men," where all religious persuasions met. On the contrary, Protestant gentlemen were elected to important offices, and the doctrine of a universal brotherhood of Irishmen maintained.

Profound, however, as was the policy of the priests and their adherents, they could not wholly conceal from the eagle eyes of the watchful their deep-laid schemes. Gloomy foreshadowings began to cross the minds of many Protes-

tants—fears that, if victory and independence should crown the struggle of the "United Men," the great majority being Papists, they might turn their arms against Protestants, for their extirpation.

These considerations, and the depredations of the Defenders, gave rise to the Protestant association of "Orangemen," whom the Catholics considered their bitter and sworn enemies, but who, in reality, were only associations of Loyalists, pledged to the defense of the government and laws, until they could be peacably improved. These apprehensions of Catholic designs were greatly increased, especially in the county of Wexford, by the uncommon activity and devotions of the Roman Church.

In the beginning of the year 1798 a new zeal seemed to inspire the priests. The chapels were crowded, and mass, which had heretofore been attended chiefly on the Sabbath, was now celebrated throughout the country every day. The chapel at Ballycannow had a large congregation every day, at morning and evening prayers. The ground on which it stood was in sight of Mr. Gurley's father-in-law's, who had given it to the Catholics some years before. The officiating priest was Rev. Michael Murphy, one who took an active part in the Rebellion. He was a man of profound policy, had not been long in holy orders, and pursued such a course to conceal his deep-laid schemes, that he was hardly suspected as being favorable to the insurrection until the cloud broke; and then he took a decided stand as the champion of the Rebellion. We shall hereafter see his fate.

Another circumstance which increased the alarm was this: it was given out that a certain holy father had, by a dream or revelation, been notified that a great plague was to break out among Catholic children, of fifteen years and under. The nature of the plague was also revealed: their brains were to boil out at the back of the head. The only

charm to prevent so deplorable a result, was to tie round the neck of each child a piece of red tape, it having been first brought to the priest, to be sprinkled with holy water. This was early in the spring, and was to be worn till the month of June, when the danger would be over. (Taylor.)

Immediately the country shops were drained of this article, and large quantities were ordered from Dublin to supply the immense demand, although half a yard was the amount usually called for at a time; and soon a scarlet thread or tape distinguished every Catholic child.

It was impossible to resist the conviction that this was a sign or mark, to distinguish the wearer from others, like that on the door-posts of the Israelites, when the destroying angel passed over the land of Egypt.

The month of May had been designated as the time when French troops would arrive, when it was expected a general outbreak would occur. If, then, the indiscriminate murder of Protestants should become the order of the day, as some may have expected, this peculiar sign would indicate the children of the true faith from those of the heretics. Some of the priests were closely questioned on the subject: they pretended to be ignorant of the matter, and, probably alarmed at the too great boldness of the movement, spoke against the practice.

These, with many other circumstances, such as the constant manufacture of pikes by the Papist smiths, and the gleaning of gentlemen's nurseries for handles or staffs thereof, with various nightly depredations, gave a gloomy aspect to the country. A storm seemed to be gathering, and none could tell where it would burst forth.

CHAPTER VI.

Dublin headquarters of Conspirators—Arrest of Leaders by Government—Capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—His death—Plan of attack on Dublin—Its defeat—Cause—Prospects of revolution at the capital blasted—County of Wexford the centre and vortex of Insurrection—Hypocritical conduct of Priests to blind Government—Catholics take oath of allegiance—Their Memorial—The Rebellion not a struggle for liberty—Arrest of B. B. Harvy—Rising of Papists under priest John Murphy—Signal fires seen by Mr. Gurley—Murphy's men defeat cavalry—Death of officers—Bookey's house attacked and burned.

The city of Dublin was the headquarters of the conspirators, and was designed to be the theatre of their first grand achievements. In this city the Irish Parliament still held its sittings. The imminent danger which seemed impending, induced Lord Moria, on the 19th of February, 1798, to make an eloquent speech in favor of some measures of conciliation; but it was too late; for on the same day the Committee of United Irishmen came to the conclusion to agree to no terms but a total separation from Great Britain.

Hitherto the committee and leaders had succeeded in concealing their names and persons, though their plans and designs were to a great extent known. At length, however, government was made acquainted with the names of the principal committee; and on the 12th day of March, while this committee, with other distinguished leaders, were in secret session at the house of Oliver Bond, fourteen of them were arrested by order of the Lord Lieutenant. These arrests included the most active and influential members of the Union: Emmet, M'Niven, and Bond being of the number.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped at this time; but on the 19th of May he was discovered in an obscure street of the town, where he resorted for concealment, and from whence he still kept up correspondence with the various leaders and

committees of the United Men. Fitzgerald was in bed when Captain Ryan, accompanied by Justice Swan, entered his room and demanded him to surrender as prisoner to his Majesty. The sleeping chieftain awoke, and finding he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, a most desperate struggle ensued, in which he gave Captain Ryan a mortal blow and dangerously wounded Justice Swan. In the meantime he received a ball in his shoulder, which disabled him; and, other officers of the police coming in, he gave himself up and was taken into custody. He languished under his wounds, and died in prison on the 3d of the following month.

Lord Fitzgerald was a young nobleman of the most respectable connections. He was brother to the Duke of Leinster, and married to a daughter of the Duke of Orleans. A man of daring courage, great powers of mind, and admirably adapted to the perilous work of revolutionary excitement and commotion, his tragical end threw a gloom over the minds and hopes of his associates. The vacancies created by these misfortunes, in the committees, were filled with men inferior to those who had taken the lead, but still men of commendable abilities. Arrangements were now made to attack the garrison and take the city of Dublin, on the 23d of May. Thousands of United Men on that day entered the city, for the purpose of joining in the work of destruction, and great numbers were advancing toward the place by all the roads from the surrounding country.

At this critical moment Neilson, the commander-in-chief, was arrested in the street, after a desperate struggle: hearing that their leader was committed to prison, several thousand insurgents, who were waiting impatiently for the signal of attack, dispersed. The plan was to assemble by beat of drum: and it is well known, says Sir Richard Musgrove, in his History of the Rebellion, "that in an hour more the

fate of the city and of its loyal inhabitants would have been decided."

The prompt and energetic measures of the government prevented, for the time being, the plans on the city. Some skirmishes, however, took place in the vicinity of the capital. The remaining chiefs put themselves at the head of such forces as assembled. In the neighborhood of Carlow, forty miles from Dublin, some fifteen hundred insurgents encountered a detachment of several hundred regular troops, but were routed with great loss. But there were still within two days' march of Dublin more than two hundred thousand United Irishmen, one-half of whom would have been sufficient to have completed the revolution in the capital. Allison says, in his History of Europe, in regard to this particular, that "Ulster, in which province alone one hundred and fifty thousand United Irishmen are said to have been enrolled and mustered, declined the contest." The province of Ulster declined the contest! Why did they decline? They were banded and sworn, and armed, and trained. The truth is, the "mystery of iniquity" had already began to work; the *ulterior* designs of the Catholic combination was beginning to be apparent. The inhabitants of Ulster were chiefly Protestants, the descendants of a colony of Scotchmen, introduced by King James I. These were Protestant dissenters, and were enrolled as United Men to obtain a release from tithes, or perhaps independence. The chief reliance of the leaders of the revolution was placed on these men, and many of them were officers under their organizations. When, therefore, the impression became strong that the extirpation of Protestantism was to be the watchword with the Papist community, these men naturally "declined the contest." They detested the English heirarchy much; but they dreaded Papal domination more; and such was their number and influence, that they deterred even the

Catholics among them from a general rising. Thus it appears evident that the success of the scheme for Irish liberty, in its progress, was paralyzed by the bigotry of the Roman Church.

The prospects of the insurgents at the capital being blasted, the plan now was to muster their forces and gather strength in other quarters, and then, after subduing the inferior places, unite their different divisions, and make the conquest of Dublin the end and triumph of their labors. Accordingly, Wexford became the great centre and vortex of insurrection. Here the great united army was assembled, the National Committee instituted, the great battles fought, and the result reached. We shall, therefore, endeavor to give the proceedings of the insurgents in this part of the country.

Early in the year of the insurrection, a hypocritical effort was made by the Catholic priests to deceive the government and blind the eyes of the Protestants to the impending danger.

To effect this they induced their flocks, assembled in their chapels, to listen with apparent candor and interest to proposals made by the magistrates and authorities of the crown, to take an oath of allegiance, and thus dispel all doubts of their true loyalty. The Earl of Mount Norris prepared appropriate oaths, and administered them to such as were willing to take them.

On the 19th of January, 1798, priest Murphy, of Ballycannow, assembled his men at the chapel and marched them to the authorities, where they took the following oath:

"I do hereby declare upon the Holy Evangelists, and as I hope to be saved through the merits of my blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, that I will be true and faithful to his Majesty, King George III, and to the succession of his family to the throne; that I will support and main-

tain the constitution as by law established; that I am not a United Irishman, and that I will never take the United Irishmen's oath; that I am bound by every obligation, human and divine, to give all information in my power to prevent tumult and disorder; that I will neither aid nor assist the enemies of my King or my country, and that I will give up all sorts of arms in my possession. All the above I voluntarily swear, so help me God."

A printed copy of this oath was given to each person that was sworn—on the bottom of which was written the following certificate:

"The above oath was taken before me, this 19th day of January, 1798, by A. B., of Ballycannow parish.

"Mount Norris."

The different parishes were now perfectly secure, having taken so strict an oath, and were wrapped as in a mantle from all suspicion.

But it soon became evident that they were busy in making every preparation for an outbreak.

The appointing of officers, the manufacture of pikes, the procuring and concealing of fire-arms, the gleaning of woods and shrubberies for pike handles, still went on with increased activity. This again alarmed the magistrates. The county wore so serious an aspect that, on application to government, eighteen parishes were declared to be in a state of insurrection, and the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council issued a proclamation, declaring the entire county to be under martial law.

Several persons were apprehended and imprisoned, and the whole county was in a state of evident and great excitement.

The expected help not yet having arrived from France, the Roman clergy again formed another cloak to conceal their dark designs. Voluntary addresses were signed by

the leading members of the Catholic Church and forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, reaffirming their loyalty. We subjoin one of these addresses, as a specimen of the whole:

"At a general meeting of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballycannow, in the chapel, on Sunday, the 1st of April, 1798, the following declarations of loyalty were unanimously agreed to, and ordered to be forwarded to his Excellency, Earl Camden, Lord Lieutenant, General, and General Governor of Ireland:

"May it please your Excellency—We, the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballycannow, in the county of Wexford, this day assembled at the chapel of Ballycannow, holding in abhorrence the barbarous outrages lately committed, and seditious conspiracies now existing in this kingdom by traitors and rebels, styling themselves United Irishmen, think it incumbent on us thus publicly to vow and declare our unalterable attachment and loyalty to our most revered and beloved sovereign, King George III, and our determined resolution to support and maintain his rights, and our happy constitution. And we do further pledge ourselves to co-operate with our Protestant brethren of this kingdom, in opposing to the utmost in our power any foreign or domestic enemy who may dare to invade his Majesty's dominions, or disturb the peace and tranquility of this country. . . Resolved, That the above declaration be signed by our pastor, the Rev. Michael Murphy, and a few of the principal parishioners; and that the same be forwarded to the Right Hon. Earl Mount Norris, with a request that his Lordship will transmit it to his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant. Rev. Michael Murphy,

"*Coadjutor Priest.*"

This address was signed by fourteen of the principal citizens of the parish: and it is worthy of note, that they and

the priest at their head were among the most zealous and active of the insurgents during the Rebellion; thus demonstrating their deep hypocrisy and perjury. While, then, we trace the rash and cruel progress of the insurgents with a faithful adherence to truth and facts, let it be distinctly understood that we can no longer regard it as the struggle of freedom with tyranny—the effort of the true Irish brotherhood to throw off the shackles of political despotism—but the worst of all despotisms—ecclesiastical bigotry enlisted to extirpate Protestants, a fierce crusade against the rights of conscience and the word of God.

If the spirit of the oath of the United Irishmen had been regarded, and all denominations moved steadily forward, sacrificing their prejudices on the altar of a pure patriotism, the independence of Ireland might have been secured—or at least honorable terms have been obtained—and all true patriots would have rejoiced; but, alas! Ireland, long oppressed by England, was now to become her own oppressor. Priests from the altars of the Roman Catholic Church were to be the first to break this brotherhood, divide the strength of the party, revive the feuds of former ages, and extinguish in the blood of the innocent the last hope of freedom.

All through the months of April and May an awful suspense, like a gloomy cloud, hung over the country—every thing gave indications of a gathering storm.

At length, on Saturday, the 26th of May, Beauchamp Bagnel Harvy, a gentleman of large fortune and a Protestant, was arrested by an order from government. He was a United Irishman—a man of amiable disposition and extensive influence. He, with Edward Fitzgerald and John Colclough, was lodged in the city prison of Wexford.

The arrest of so distinguished a member of the cause brought matters to a crisis; the news spread like lightning through the surrounding country, and before the next sun

rose the long-gathering clouds burst in desolating fury on the ill-fated land.

John Murphy, parish priest of Bolavogue, who but a few weeks before had led his parishioners forth to take the oath of allegiance, was the first to sound the trump of war, and to proclaim that "the hour of liberty had arrived."

In his chapel, he had often inculcated the doctrine that the extirpation of heretics was right and praiseworthy, and pleasing to God—and now he was to give his faithful flock some practical lessons in the work. Early that night he assembled his deluded followers, informed them of the arrest of B. B. Harvy, represented in glowing colors the oppressive acts of the government, told them they were a persecuted and down-trodden people, painted in inspiring strains the blessing of freedom, and bid them strike for liberty.

Mr. Gurley had watched, with deep solicitude and anxious heart, the gradual developments of the times. He saw Harvy and his associates, as they were conducted to prison. He observed clusters of his Catholic neighbors at the corners of the streets, conversing together, with agitated countenances and menacing gestures; and he informed his wife, and some Protestant neighbors who came in, that he believed trying times were at hand.

At ten o'clock, that night, a fire gleamed through the darkness, on a neighboring hill. It was soon answered by the blazing up of another, in an opposite direction—then a third and fourth, till almost every hill-top glowed with the preconcerted signal. Mr. Gurley looked forth from his chamber window on these alarming indications. "It has come at last," said he to his pale and trembling wife. "We shall have hot work now, my love. But God will be our refuge. We must trust in him alone." His young companion, shuddering, folded her babe closer to

her bosom, as if it were in danger. They then descended to the parlor, and communicated the intelligence to two sisters of Mrs. Gurley, who had that evening arrived to spend the Whitsuntide holydays with her. They united in prayer for the protection of almighty God, and committed their cause to his hands.

While the signal fires were gleaming from the hills, Murphy's men came flocking round him, armed with guns, pikes, and stones. While they were assembling, a Lieutenant Bookey, who, with eighteen cavalry, was patrolling, to prevent disturbances, rode that way, in order to disperse them. As the tramp of the horsemen was heard, Murphy ordered a part of his men to conceal themselves behind a hedge which lined one side of the road. The cavalry passed on, undisturbed by the ambush, until they had nearly reached the main body, who were drawn up in order, awaiting, in silence, their arrival. Bookey was a brave officer, but as humane as brave. Anxious to prevent a conflict and effusion of blood, he called on the rebels to cease from their hostile movement, and retire to their homes. While he was talking, priest Murphy coolly ordered his men to fire, which was instantly obeyed. The fire was promptly returned by the troops. The men in ambush now, from behind the hedges, poured a shower of balls and stones upon the cavalry. At this moment the Lieutenant was struck in the face by a stone, which so disabled him, that he fell from his horse, and was soon miserably butchered. Some others were shot; and the remainder, seeing their imminent danger, retreated in haste, leaving eight of the insurgents dead on the spot.

The flight of the horsemen gave fresh courage to the insurgents; and, animated by their holy commander, they now, being in considerable numbers, rushed forward to the house of the fallen Lieutenant, which was some miles dis-

ant, in order to wreak their vengeance on its inmates. Fortunately, the family had been removed to a place of safety. The premises were left in care of two Protestants—Hawkins and Ward, by name—together with five Catholic domestics of the late Lieutenant.

It was one o'clock, in the morning, when the rebels, four hundred in number, reached the residence of Bookey. The Catholic domestics stole out of the house, and joined the insurgents; but the two Protestants, having four guns, resolved on defending the house to the last extremity. The insurgents surrounded the dwelling, and fired in at the windows, which was returned by the men within, with true Spartan courage. Every shot from them brought some one of the assailants to the earth. It was a desperate and most unequal conflict—four hundred against two men. At length the door was broken in with a sledge-hammer, and candles lighted in the hall.

Hawkins and Ward were in the second story, where, from the windows, they had kept up a steady fire on the crowd below. Priest Murphy entered the hall, and ordered some men, who had lights in their hands, to go up stairs, and see who were in the house. Aware of the perilous enterprise, the men refused to obey; on which he drew his sword, and commanded them to go up instantly, declaring that, if they refused, he would cut off their heads. Intimidated by this threat, they immediately ran up; but, on reaching the top of the steps, th y were shot, and tumbled down at the feet of their inhuman commander, in the agonies of death. At this the rage of the assailants knew no bounds. They rushed into the kitchen, and, taking fire from the hearth, communicated it to various parts of the house, determined that Ward and his companion should not escape. The brave defenders of the house heard the floor crack beneath them; and, almost suffocated with smoke,

they escaped to an upper story, and closed the door, to keep out, as much as possible, the smoke. Here, with amazing fortitude, they continued to fire on the maddened crowd; and the groans and execrations, from below, told that they were not firing in vain. As the floor under them grew hot, and the flames burst from the windows beneath, it became evident to the Protestants that they must either venture out through the windows and be piked by the rebels, or be devoured by the flames.

Ward now called to Hawkins to come to him, that they might die together rather than fall into the hands of the wretches who thirsted for their blood. Having ceased firing, Murphy concluded they were dead; and, apprehending the report of fire-arms and the blaze of the building might bring troops from Wexford to attack them, he withdrew his men from the place, taking their dead and wounded with them. Finding that the rebels had retired, Ward and Hawkins succeeded in getting out of the gable window on to a building which was not yet on fire, and so mercifully escaped a dreadful death. The rebels were astonished beyond measure afterward, when they learned that they were not dead.

The insurgent force now moved toward Oulard, a place a few miles from Wexford. They set fire to all the Protestant houses on their way, whistling and yelling to attract their associates from their homes. Their howlings, borne on the dewy air, echoed from the surrounding hills, the flames of the burning buildings threw a lurid glare on the gloomy sky, and, as the morning dawned, a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the whole country.

CHAPTER VII.

Sabbath morn—Murder of Rev. Robert Burrows and parishioners—Death of Rev. Francis Turner and nine others—Wexford in consternation—Mr. Gurley attended preaching at five o'clock in the morning—Saw smoke of burning houses on his return—Soldiers cut off—Battle of Enniscorthy—Troops fly to Wexford—Situation of Protestants—Mr. Gurley's house open to refugees—His advice to them—Attack on Wexford expected—High spirits of Murphy and the insurgents.

It was Sabbath morning, with its holy light and rest Consecrated time, it was naturally associated with the temples, the worship, and the ministers of God. Nor was the association lost to the rebel crowd—recollecting that near their route was the beautiful residence of a most worthy and devoted clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Robert Burrows, of Kyle. He was accompanied by five of his parishioners, who had, in their alarm, come to his house. Presuming that this minister was not likely to become a convert to their creed, they fiercely attacked his house and forced their way in. His entreaties for mercy and tears of despair were in vain. The minister soon fell mangled with pikes; and in a moment's time his five parishioners, who had come to him for counsel in their extremity, were weltering in their blood on his floor. His son was wounded, but not killed. The torch was now applied to his dwelling; and while the columns of mingled smoke and flame ascended, as if for a witness to heaven against them, they proceeded on their way. Parties of cavalry and yeomanry, in hope of arresting the course of the insurgents by retaliation, now fired the buildings of the Papists. This, however, was bad policy, and wholly lost on them, for they raged like mad men, and, with shouts, screams, and imprecations, continued their dreadful work.

In the course of the morning the rebel force was strengthened by some desertions from the Irish volunteers or yeomanry. Sergeant Edward Roach deserted from a company of cavalry, and with twenty of his men, who were Catholics, went over to the insurgents.

The force now amounted to several thousands: they were separated into two grand divisions. Roach was placed at the head of one, and Murphy continued to lead and animate the other. Their number was hourly increasing. As from each hamlet the hardy peasantry issued forth, they were hailed by the swelling crowd with deafening shouts of "Erin go Bragh!"

Rev. Francis Turner, rector of Edermine, was a clergyman of most unblemished character. Several of his parishioners had come to his house for counsel and safety, a part of whom requested the baptism of a child. As the lips of the minister pronounced the last words of the solemn service, the shouts of the advancing rebels broke on his ears. Despairing, from his knowledge of their character, of any hope from their clemency, he communicated his views to his neighbors; and the little band, relying on God, resolved to defend themselves to the last, as their only hope. The windows were fastened down and the doors bolted. They surrounded the house with horrid yells, set the out-buildings on fire, and demanded admittance to the mansion. The clergyman looked out of a window and asked what they wanted. They replied, "Surrender, and give up your arms." He told them he would never yield to their demand but with his life. The men who had muskets were now called to the front and ordered to fire into all the windows. The leaden hail whistled through the shivered glass and rattled against the walls and furniture of the parsonage. Well provided with fire-arms, Turner and his friends made a gallant resistance by firing incessantly

from the chamber windows on the thick ranks of the assailants, some of whom at every discharge of the pieces bit the earth. During this unequal conflict, four of the insurgents, with loaded pieces, crept cautiously to a close and favorable position, and coolly waited till Mr. Turner came to the window to discharge his piece, when all four fired together and blew off one side of his face. Paralyzed with terror as they saw their beloved pastor fall, the parishioners ceased firing, and, in the excess of their grief, deeming further resistance useless, gave themselves up into the hands of their cruel enemies. Bursting through a window, the assailants, frenzied with rage, now set fire to the library. Then rushing up stairs, they found the body of the unfortunate clergyman weltering in blood, and around him his terrified brethren.

In spite of their entreaties for mercy, these were all, nine in number, murdered on the spot, and their mangled bodies and blood covered the floor of the apartment; one of these was the father of the child just baptized, and two others the sponsors. The flames bursting through the roof of the edifice, mounted high in air, and in a short time the beautiful parsonage of Edermine was laid in ashes, and the bones of its worthy rector were mingled with the smoldering ruins.

The assembled forces, now several thousand in number, halted within six miles of Wexford. While here a detachment of cavalry, consisting of about two hundred, went out to meet them. When the insurgents saw the horsemen approaching, they opened to the right and left to receive them, with such deafening shouts and yells as defy description. The troops perceiving their vast numbers and strength of position, did not deem it prudent to risk an engagement. and therefore immediately retreated to Gorey, a place several miles distant, to await reinforcements.

The retirement of the troops gave fresh encouragement to the rebels. But instead of a manly pursuit of the flying cavalry, or directly marching to the rescue of Harvy and his associates from prison, they, coward-like, went to the house of a fine old gentleman, a Mr. Samuel Maud, a Protestant and a most peaceable man. After robbing the house of every thing valuable, it was to be hoped they would have spared the life of its owner, who was ninety-six years old; but his thinned and whitened locks were no security. They led him into the hall, and one thrust a barbed pike through his neck, and another darted a pike into his breast; others joined in piking him in various parts of the body, until death ended his agony.

Such were some of the first-fruits of liberty—deeds enacted under the special direction of the Roman Catholic clergy—acts of cold-blooded atrocity, seldom exceeded even by savages themselves; and all performed on the sacred Sabbath.

Most of the Protestants in the country now gathered to the garrison towns. Such were Ross, Wexford, Enniscorthy, and Gorey. Anguish and terror were depicted on every loyal face. In Gorey alone there were not less than two thousand refugees, who had left their burning dwellings and property behind them to seek shelter there, besides the inhabitants of the place. The streets were thronged with soldiers and yeomanry, and persons with fire-arms were stationed in the houses, and at the windows, every moment expecting an attack. Trumpets were sounding, and the drums beat to arms every half hour—and all was melancholy and confusion.

The city of Wexford was full of consternation. Death and destruction seemed to be hovering, with dark and outspread wings, over the country. Towering high in air were seen columns of smoke in various directions, from the

burning dwellings of the poor and the flaming palaces of the rich.

Every exertion was made to defend the city; barriers of wood and stone were erected in all the leading avenues, and most of the Loyalists volunteered to defend the place; and there was strong hope that they would be able to accomplish it.

Amid all the commotion of the city on that fearful day, Mr. Gurley repaired as usual to Wesleyan preaching. How sweet and consoling was the word of God to the little flock, several of whom were never to meet again on earth. While the minister, the Rev. Andrew Taylor, proclaimed to them the words of the Psalmist, "Beneath the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities shall be over-passed," a sacred power rested on the congregation. Every face was bedewed with tears; but that perfect love which casteth out all fear caused them to triumph, and they left the solemn place of association ready to go, if it were God's will, to prison or to death for Christ's sake and for his cause. Referring to this time, Mr. Gurley in one of his letters says: "On my return from meeting, as I was passing through the street, several persons stopped me and said that the Papists had risen in great numbers, and were murdering the Protestants in the country, and burning their houses. I looked around and saw the smoke ascending over our heads. 'Now,' said I, 'the long-expected time has come.' On reaching home I found my wife and her two sisters in the greatest alarm." The preaching was at five o'clock in the morning, and the news of the depredations had not been circulated in the city until after that hour.

The garrison at Wexford was weak, but a detachment of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of Major Lombard and Col. Foote, were sent out to attack the

insurgents. The rebel force, on the approach of the military, lay in ambush in the ditches, and the soldiers, after firing a few rounds at the main body who were on the side of a hill, charged on them. The concealed ranks arose and completely surrounded the party, and cut them in pieces, the lieutenant and two privates only escaping. Many of the soldiers who were slain had wives and families residing in the city. Their feelings and condition are thus alluded to by Taylor:

"How shall I attempt to describe the situation of Wexford, when the news arrived that the party was cut off? The general distress and anguish—the screeching of the soldiers' wives and children, tearing their hair and beating their bosoms, incapable of consolation—was melancholy beyond description. In every part was weeping and wailing; so that a friend of mine went up into her garret to avoid the crying in the street; but still the dismal groans of the widow and the fatherless assailed her. Nor did she know the moment she would fall by the hands of her own servants, who were Papists. A kind-hearted lady, compassionating the condition of a poor woman, whose husband had fallen in the engagement, gave her some money, and ordered her a bottle of wine. The poor creature gave a mournful look at her benefactor, but her heart was bursting—she lay down and instantly expired."

Enniscorthy was a considerable town at the foot of Vinegar Hill, which rose high above it, and was a strong and advantageous military position.

The place was not overlooked by the rebel officers as an important post; and it was resolved to secure it, if possible, as a general rallying point. It was defended by several companies of infantry and cavalry, under the command of Captain Snow.

Early on Monday, the 28th, the insurgents, over seven

thousand strong, marched within one mile of Enniscorthy and halted, waiting some time, expecting the military commander and magistrates would offer to surrender the town and garrison.

No proposals of the kind being made, they began to prepare for taking the place by storm.

The whole body of insurgents were drawn up on a rising ground to hear mass from the celebrated priest Murphy, of Bolavoge. As soon as the service was concluded, Murphy laid aside his sacerdotal vestments, and, drawing his sword, placed himself at the head of his men and marched toward the town.

Captain Snow drew his men up at one end of the town and waited the arrival of the insurgents. The latter advanced in vast numbers, rushing impetuously forward, discharging their fire-arms and brandishing their pikes. Their fierce onset was met by the infantry with a heavy and well-directed fire, which caused the front ranks of the assailants to recoil; and for a few moments a severe conflict ensued. The insurgents now artfully feigned a retreat, and retired toward the river, which ran through the centre of the town. Supposing they were really routed, Captain Snow pursued them until they reached the middle of the town. This was all that was wanted by the insurgents. They now poured into the streets; took possession of the houses, firing from the windows; then they set fire to the dwellings, and, taking advantage of the smoke, fired on the troops from the corners of houses and from behind garden walls. For three hours the battle raged with great fury; but, at length, wearied with exertion and overcome by such a vast superiority of numbers, Captain Snow retreated to Wexford, leaving three hundred and fifty of the insurgents dead on the field. The loss of the loyal troops was forty killed and wounded.

Most of the Protestant inhabitants of the place followed the retiring army to Wexford, in great distress and disorder. The flight of the troops was the signal for indiscriminate slaughter and rapine.

The wounded Loyalists were cruelly piked; many who would not leave their sick or wounded friends shared a similar fate. Many, induced by affection, remained with their wives and children—hoping to find protection from some one Catholic neighbor or other; but, alas! there was no mercy for any man who bore the name of Protestant; and even youth of fifteen years and under were put to death. Taylor thus describes the scene:

"Now parents deserted their children, and children their parents, never to meet more. The Rev. Samuel Haydon, rector of Ferns, a very old man, was murdered and thrown out to be devoured by swine. Richard Wheatly, a locksmith, near one hundred years old, also fell a victim to their cruelty. The massacre became general, as soon as they got possession of the town. Some were murdered in the act of giving them freely of their own liquor; witness, Edward Slye was shot by his neighbor, William Lee, while handing him a quart of beer. Many were torn out of the arms of their wives, and murdered before them in the most barbarous manner—nor would those women be even permitted to bury their husbands. Here, now, were hearts torn with sorrow of the deepest kind; many a widow and fatherless orphan wept sore, while smoke and flames, blood and slaughter, shouting and blasphemy, triumphed in the desolation of this town."

Amongst those who had taken refuge in Wexford, were several who were Wesleyan Methodists. With some of these Mr. Gurley was well acquainted. His house was open to receive them. Obliged to leave their wives and tender children to the mercy of their relentless foes, and

not knowing what might be their fate, they were in great distress of mind. Mr. Gurley encouraged them to trust in God. He reminded them that their persecutors had power to kill the body only, but could not harm the soul. He bade them recollect the martyrs of old, and how they had shouted victory in the flames. He exhorted them to refuse all offers of Papists to baptize or proselyte them; and, if called to die, to stand steadfast in the faith, and humbly trust in a faithful God. They worshiped together, and their interviews were solemn and bedewed with many tears.

An immediate attack on Wexford was now hourly expected. The authorities of the corporation now liberated two of the United Irishmen, who had been imprisoned with B. B. Harvy, on the day the insurrection broke out, on condition that they should go to Enniscorthy and endeavor to persuade the rebels to cease from murdering their Protestant neighbors. Accordingly, Fitzgerald and Colclough proceeded to the rebel camp.

Great was the joy in the insurgent army, when Fitzgerald arrived. He was styled by them, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," the title which belonged to the distinguished champion of this insurrection in Dublin, but who had fallen by the hands of the government. Whether the liberated rebels kept their promise is not known; but they themselves were honored with commands in the "United army."

CHAPTER VIII.

Camp on Vinegar Hill—Wexford surrendered to twenty thousand Insurgents—Mr. Gurley and family on ship—Rebels enter town—Murders—National Council established—Harvy appointed President and Commander-in-Chief—Citizens imprisoned—Mr. Gurley seized and taken from ship—Set at liberty—His account of a visit to priest Corrin—Rebels attempt to shoot him.

Priest Murphy, who had first sounded the tocsin of war in the county, was now in the highest spirits. He marshaled his victorious men, and led them up to the top of Vinegar Hill, which rises in the form of a cone, its summit being plainly visible for miles around. Here he unfurled the standard of liberty, and in the presence of the immense concourse celebrated mass. He also addressed his men in a warm, inflammatory speech. The glorious epoch had arrived, he said, to retrieve their ancient rights and freedom, and to shake off the intolerable yoke of heresy and heretical government under which they had groaned so long. The speech was received with loud and long cheering by the excited crowd.

Murphy now established his camp on the summit of the hill, and chose Fitzgerald and Edward Roach to be associate commanders with himself.

Thus it appears evident that this body of insurgents were under the sole direction of the Catholic clergy, and that Murphy might easily have restrained his men from those deeds of unprovoked barbarity which had so far marked their course. Regular officers appointed by the systematic arrangements of the United Irishmen, would have consented, it is believed, to no such proceedings; but it is notorious, that when Protestant United Irishmen attempted to arrest such atrocities, the Papists, and especially the priests, as will hereafter appear, sought imme-

diately to diminish their influence, and to depose them from authority, that the reins might be wholly in their own guilty hands.

On Wednesday morning, the 30th of May, and the fourth day of the insurrection, the insurgent army, consisting of twenty thousand armed men, took position within three miles of Wexford, at a place called the Three Rocks.

While in this position they were attacked by two different detachments of troops. The first, ninety-six men from Waterford, who were on their way to Wexford, to join the garrison, with two howitzers. They were compelled to retreat, leaving their guns in the hands of the insurgents, and one-half their number dead on the field. The other was a body of soldiers sent out from Wexford, several hundred strong.

These marched boldly toward the rebel ranks, and opened a brisk fire on their outposts; but when, to their surprise, the insurgents opened on them with the howitzers they had just taken, and poured a volley from their muskets, they deemed all hope of resisting such a force vain, and therefore returned, but in good order, to the town.

Although Wexford was strongly barricaded with a garrison of several hundred troops and yeomanry, yet the hearts of the city authorities quailed before the everywhere victorious assailants. A council was held by the magistrates and some of the leading citizens and military commanders, who, after anxious deliberation, decided it to be most prudent for the military to evacuate the town and let the rebels have peaceable possession. This was deemed at the time a step of very doubtful propriety; and could the council have foreseen the atrocities afterward committed in the city, during the "Reign of Terror," they would sooner have defended the city to the last extremity.

But having decided to surrender the town, a counselor

Richards and his brother were deputed to go with a flag of truce to the United forces, at the Three Rocks, proposing to surrender the city, providing the enemy would be honorable and not molest the persons or destroy the property of the inhabitants.

The Richards, on delivering their message, found themselves in a most alarming situation: some proposed to put them to immediate death and march directly to the town; and their lives were spared only on their promising that all the cannon, arms, and munitions of war pertaining to the garrison should be delivered up with the town.

Edward Fitzgerald was sent with counselor Richards to conclude the terms of capitulation with the city authorities, the other Richards being detained as a hostage for the safety of Fitzgerald.

But before they reached the city the army had withdrawn, taking with them all the military stores. This greatly enraged the insurgent leaders, and brought into imminent peril the lives of the Richards; but prudent counsels prevailed, and they were only detained in custody.

The army on leaving Wexford marched toward Gorey, where they would await reinforcements from other parts of the kingdom, when they hoped to return and take possession of the place again.

As soon as the determination to surrender the city to the rebel army was made known to the citizens, many were greatly enraged, and the utmost consternation prevailed among the Protestant inhabitants.

Some who could do so immediately followed the retreating army; while others crowded to the quay or dock, and engaged passage in different ships in the harbor, intending to sail for Dublin, England, or Wales. In this a few happily succeeded; but the most of the ships having hypocritical, or cowardly, or perfidious commanders, took the passage

money from hundreds, spread canvas, and sailed a little round the harbor, and anchored, or returned to the dock; so that the unfortunate passengers were surrendered to the mercy of their foes, after the rebels had taken possession of the town.

Mr. Gurley waited with deep solicitude the determination of the council; as soon as he heard it, he hastened home, and communicated the sad intelligence to his wife. They immediately concluded that the only hope of saving their property, and perhaps their lives, would be to take passage in a vessel for Dublin, where the eldest brother of Mrs. Gurley, a merchant, resided. Accordingly, while Mrs. Gurley and the servant girl hastened to prepare some food for the voyage, her husband, with the apprentice boy, entered the shop, which was well supplied with a good stock of watches, silver plate, and jewelry, amounting in value to several thousand dollars. The watches, jewelry, and most costly articles were hastily thrown into a sheet, and tied at the corners. This was borne on a pole between them to the ship, and placed in as secluded a place as possible. The clocks and larger articles were left on the shelves, and the furniture of the house, with a few exceptions, was not removed. The door was locked, the window-shutters fastened, and Mrs. Gurley, the servant girl, and the two sisters of Mrs. Gurley were conducted by Mr. Gurley to the ship.

Mrs. Gurley sat down on the deck of the vessel, folded her babe to her throbbing bosom, and reclining her head on her husband's shoulder, gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. Still it was some comfort to trust they would soon be out of reach of their persecutors; that, though driven from their home, and much of their goods left behind, yet their lives were probably safe from the merciless hands of the rebels.

Mr. G. comforted his companion with the hope of soon

being with her brother in Dublin, and encouraged her to be cheerful, and trust in the wise dispensations of an overruling Providence: "Satan," said he, "can only go the length of his chain."

As the sloop moved slowly out into the harbor, the green banners of the triumphant insurgents were seen waving over the hills that environ the city; and, in a few moments, twenty thousand rebels filled the streets and lanes of the place. The little order that had been preserved in their march to the town, was lost as soon as they entered it. With shouts and screams they rushed through the streets, spread over the city, and commenced, in a thousand places at once, the work of plunder and desolation.

A portion of the rebel force marched immediately to the city prison, and demanding the keys, which were given up, released B. B. Harvy, who was continued in confinement when Fitzgerald and Colclough were released. A number of persons known to be friends to the government were now murdered; not by any regular course of procedure, but by small gangs of rebels inflamed with drink: and Papists who resided in the city took advantage of the moment to shoot those whom their interest or prejudice wished out of their way. Mr. John Boyd, Esq., of Wexford, a gentleman highly esteemed for every public virtue and social quality, being a brother to one of the officers of the loyal army, which had just retreated, was murdered in the most savage manner. They would not kill him at once, but suffered him to lie all night on the bridge, in the agonies of death. His sufferings were brought to a close in the morning, by a Papist neighbor, who boasted that "out of compassion he knocked his brains out with a hatchet." (Taylor's History.)

Wexford county had now become the centre and vortex of the insurrection; the eyes of the whole kingdom were

turned toward it with intense interest. In a revolutionary movement, it was in importance second only to Dublin, and, in fact, a much better point for headquarters, because of the absence of the numerous and eagle-eyed officers of government, which abound at the capital. The possession of the fine harbor opened a direct communication with France, and threw at once into the hands of the revolutionists a number of sloops and other vessels then in the port, and those daily arriving. The surrender of the place without resistance was flattering to the pride of the party, who now concluded that the rest of the kingdom would follow the example of this city, and so become an easy conquest. Animated with success, the triumphant leaders proceeded to take preliminary measures to organize a government for the new-born republic. A grand national committee was immediately formed, and also the "Council of five hundred." B. B. Harvy, just liberated, was honored with the appointment of "President of the Council," and Commander-in-chief of the United forces.

Harvy was a Protestant, the grandson of a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England; he was a humane and benevolent man, and was much esteemed by all parties before the Rebellion. He possessed an ample fortune, which increased his influence, and doubtless induced the Catholic leaders to favor his elevation. He was charitable himself, and unsuspicious of others; and though, from pure patriotism, a "United Irishman," he by no means gave credit to the rumor of the sanguinary designs of the Papists. He accepted the offices conferred on him with evident reluctance. He saw the controlling influence of the Catholic clergy; but, confined as he had been in the jail, most probably he was not aware of the merciless butcheries of defenseless Protestants which had occurred; and hoping, by moderation, to avert misrule and carnage, he accepted the appointment,

trusting to the patriotic principles of the United Association to restrain the victorious hosts from rapine and murder How much he was mistaken future events will show. Suffice it here to remark, the priests knew *him*, but he did not know *them*. They appointed him because he was a popular man, and for the time being could advance their cause. If they failed, it could be said it was a Protestant, not a Catholic, who was at their head, and thus diminish the odium which might attach to Popery; or, if they were successful, and he did not come up to their views and wishes, they had the power in their own hands, and could dispose of him. But it was an unfortunate day for him when he accepted the perilous post.

The city was now swarming with armed ruffians; and Harvy perceived at once that if they were permitted to remain long there, the utmost disorder would be the consequence, and all subordination be at an end. Accordingly, early next day, the drums beat a call; and after great exertion, seconded by the authority of the priests, whom the masses still regarded as their chief commanders, he succeeded in leading back the most of the insurgents to the Three Rocks. A considerable force, however, was left to keep the garrison, and protect the new senate. The insurgent army was now separated into three grand divisions: the first, under Harvy; the second, under the famous priest Murphy; and the third, under a priest Kearns. These bodies were to repair to different points, and await reinforcements—discipline and train their men, and prepare to march against Gorey, Ross, Newtown-barry, and finally, against Dublin.

In the meantime the National Council was so far under the control of Popery, as to order the arrest of all the Protestant gentlemen, of any standing or influence, who had not left Wexford. Some of these were liberated, on

condition of joining their ranks, others favored with protection from the authorities, and others imprisoned; while such as were specially objectionable were piked or shot, without ceremony. Boats were also manned, and dispatched to search the ships in the harbor, and to bring all men, arms, and goods on board them, to be disposed of by the authorities. The vessel containing Mr. Gurley and family, instead of sailing directly out of the harbor, as might have been done, as the wind was fair, dropped anchor half a mile from the shore, and there remained.

Night at length threw its misty curtain over the city; but the lights of the illuminated dwellings gleamed over the tranquil waters of the harbor; and the shouts and random shots of the intoxicated rebels reached the ears of the refugees in the ships, who had already learned that they were prisoners of war.

A dim light, which hung above the deck of a sloop, revealed a confused mixture of merchandise, bedding, trunks, and provisions, thrown together in promiscuous heaps. On a low box sat Mr. Gurley, listening to the sounds which came from the city. By his side sat his young wife of twenty. She rested her elbow on his knee, listening, as if apprehensive of some dread calamity. At length a sound of confused voices was heard approaching the ship; and soon mingled curses and imprecations on heretics were heard. Mrs. Gurley started suddenly, and, clasping her husband by the arm, exclaimed, in an under tone of anguish, "O, they are coming for you! Where will you hide?" "It is useless to hide anywhere, my love," replied he, tenderly. "We are in their power, and God alone can deliver us." In a few brief moments a band of armed men, with a leader in military uniform, were on deck. Perceiving Mr. Gurley, who still retained his seat, they came up to him and demanded his name. This was

no sooner pronounced than the leader of the band, who, it seems, knew him, exclaimed, "Here, boys, we have him—the swaddler. Away with him!" Four men handed him to the boat, and several other men were put in with him. Mrs. G. would gladly have accompanied him, but they refused to admit her. She parted with him with an aching heart, and, with her female friends, passed the night in sleepless sorrow.

When Mr. Gurley reached the dock he was met by Captain Keugh, afterward rebel governor of the city. They were intimately acquainted with each other. Keugh offered Mr. Gurley a printed protection, signed by himself, and gave him also the pass-word for the night. These were given to such Protestants as had not rendered themselves obnoxious to the jealousy or wrath of the insurgents. Such a protection, though it would be a security in passing any officer, was yet of no value in defending him from the malicious or half-intoxicated Papists who, in great numbers, still remained in town, bent on plunder and blood. Although the leaders in the sanguinary scenes of the day were Roman priests, yet it is but justice to say, that there were some who did not approve of their transactions. Among these was father Corrin, parish priest of Wexford. He was a man of great simplicity of character, naturally humane and benevolent. He doubtless disliked the British government, and felt a deep interest in the present struggle; yet he assumed rather a neutral position in regard to the Rebellion, and, at different times, interposed his influence and authority, to prevent his merciless brethren from shedding innocent blood. Father Corrin kept a fine house in the city, the domestic affairs of which were superintended by a maiden sister. Father C. and Mr. Gurley had been for years on the most friendly terms. Dreading the lawless rebels, who were continually shooting or piking some one

or other in the streets, Mr. Gurley, conceiving that at priest Corrin's he would be safe from them, resolved at least to venture on his hospitality, and spend the night under his roof, if possible.

Sentinels were placed, in different places, to preserve order; yet the streets were thronged with a prowling rabble. Barrels of spirits were rolled up from the cellars of shops—their heads knocked in; and hundreds lay drunk in the lanes and streets. Protestant families were obliged to keep open doors; and free ingress and egress were expected; and the goods of such were taken, before their eyes, with unblushing effrontery.

It was some time after dark when Mr. Gurley set out for father Corrin's. His visit is thus related by his own pen:

"To go to father Corrin's I must pass through a long, narrow lane, which had a flight of eight steps. So I set off, it being very dark. As soon as I entered the lane, two armed rebels cried, 'Who comes there?' I gave the password, 'F. G.' A little further—'Who comes there?' 'F. G.;' and so on, until I had passed eight guards, and one at the door of the house. As I entered the parlor I found it was covered entirely with beds. Soon a Protestant lady, of my acquaintance, came in, and told me the beds were prepared for the women. She inquired where I was to stay. I replied, 'I do not know.' She then proposed that she and her daughter would come there and stay, if I would occupy their room; and, as the house was owned by Catholics, I would not be molested during the night. To this I agreed, and accompanied her to her house, which was next door. She placed some cold refreshment before me, and then, it being late, she and her daughter left me. You may easily guess what an appetite I had. I asked a blessing on the food; but O, what were my thoughts upon!—time and eternity—now on my wife and child—then on my mother

and sister—my two brothers—and then on all our society of Methodists. 'Good God,' said I, 'shall we all be butchered by the Papists?' I took off my coat and shoes; and, having cast my all on Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, I laid me down to rest. But balmy sleep fled; for horrid was the noise in the street—the firing of guns, etc But I found the promises of God, at this time, indeed, my staff and my stay. I could, and did, sweetly cast my soul on Him who had safely brought me through so many dangers, toils, and deaths."

The next morning he went, at an early hour, again to the house of the priest. Miss Corrin kindly offered him a bowl of tea, with bread and butter, for which he expressed his gratitude. Soon after he had an interview with father Corrin, of which he thus speaks:

"Father Corrin came to me, and said it was not in his power to protect me in his house, as, by an edict of the rebel authorities, all Catholics were forbidden to harbor Protestants in their houses, under penalty of being themselves punished with imprisonment or death. 'But,' said he, 'go down to the quay, and no one will molest you.' So down to the quay I went; but, when I got there, I found it crowded with armed ruffians. I was not long there until I saw a man level his gun at me. I stepped aside, behind another man, which prevented him from firing at me that time. When a movement of that man exposed me to view, he leveled at me again; but this time, also, I escaped in a like manner. The third time he aimed his gun at me, I stepped to the commanding officer. 'Captain Keugh,' said I, 'will you suffer that fellow there to shoot me?' He looked at the fellow—ordered him to fall into the ranks; at the same time making a sham kick at me, lest he should appear too friendly to a heretic, and bade me go about my business. Thus very providentially I escaped.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Gurley put in prison—His description of it—Jail crowded—Imprisonment of Rev. George Taylor, a Wesleyan minister—Mr. Gurley's brother and brother-in-law brought to the prison—He establishes prayer meetings in his cell—Extracts from his journal—Mrs. Gurley returns from ship—Her sufferings—Comes to see him in prison—Fare of prisoners—Prisoners compelled to execute Catholic traitors—Dreadful alarm of prisoners—Remarkable prayer meeting—His own account of his feelings—Hymns sung in prison.

The time was now at hand when Mr. Gurley was to be arrested and thrown into prison. This, it is true, he might have escaped, by a compliance with the demands of the Papists. Such Protestants as professedly turned Papists were generally required to give proof of their conversion, by going into the rebel ranks, and aiding in the destruction of their brethren. Others were required to construct pikes, or make cartridges for the insurgent army. His principles were too well fixed, and his conscience too enlightened, to permit him to aid in or consent to the destruction of his unoffending neighbors, even to save his own life.

"Soon after my narrow escape from being shot," says Mr. Gurley, "a party of rebels came and requested me to go to a certain place in the city, and make some ball-cartridges for them; but I promptly refused, as I would on no account be accessory to the murder of my friends. In about an hour four armed men came and seized me. Two of them grasped my arms with great violence. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'what are you going to do with me?' 'Take you to jail,' said one of them, in a gruff, insolent tone. 'Very well,' said I; 'I shall not attempt to escape; so, pray, do not grasp my arm with so much violence.' But, instead of relaxing their hold, they only uttered a curse, and dragged me on with increased force. As they were

conducting me along to the prison, some of my old neighbors, who were Papists, saw me, and cried out, as I passed them, 'Ah, Gurley, the heretic! Pike him; pike him.' "

His conductors paused at the great gate, which opened into the prison yard. He turned round and gave a farewell glance over the city, where he had spent so many peaceful days. In his boyhood he had often seen the chained and fettered criminal pass there; but little did he think the day would ever come, when, charged with no violation of the laws of his country, he should be led by armed men through its gloomy portals. As the iron gate swung back on its grating hinges, he lifted his eyes to the gloomy prison before him. It was a massive building, of solid masonry. The long rows of grated windows gave it a gloomy aspect; but, lifting his heart to heaven, he breathed a prayer for resignation; and the sentiment expressed by the poet, in one of our beautiful hymns, came over his soul with a tranquilizing influence:

"Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down.
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

A soldier in uniform stepped aside to admit them into a wide hall, or aisle, which extended along in front of the long rows of cells. The emotions of Mr. Gurley were indescribable as he entered a narrow cell, and the door was locked on him. How long he would be doomed to that abode, it was impossible to calculate; or how soon he might be led forth to torture or death, none could tell. If the revolutionists were to be defeated, it was to be expected that, in the frenzy of their disappointment, they would avenge themselves, by murdering the prisoners in their power; and if they should be victorious, it was generally understood that

no Protestant should be left to "*defile the soil of Ireland.*" Nor could Mr. Gurley tell what would be the fate of his wife and child. Should she return to the city, she would have a desolate mansion to enter, as all the Protestant houses, from which the inmates had fled, were robbed of every thing valuable.

There was one consoling reflection. He was now free from the wanton abuse, and lawless wretches, in the street, and safe from the random shots of the intoxicated soldiers. The place of his confinement is thus described in one of his letters:

"The prison in which I was confined was a large, stone building, with two wings. A yard, with a stone wall, surrounded the whole. The building was twenty-four feet in height. Each cell had a glass window, with, I think, nine panes of eight by ten glass. Outside of each sash were iron bars, about two and a half inches apart, so that I could only slide my hand between them. I often took the sash down, to let in the fresh air. My cell was eleven and a half feet long, and ten feet wide; and in this, at one time, there were eighteen of us confined. Between the cells and the front wall of the prison, which looked toward the court and main street, was a wide hall, reaching the whole length of the cells. In this hall was a large stone stair-case, leading to the hall and cells above. These rooms, in general, and the hall, had floors several feet thick, and covered with blue limestone flags, of one foot depth. Each cell was arched overhead with cut stone. The one I was in had a small fireplace. The south side of the prison and yard were washed by an ever-running stream of pure water. The yard included the jailer's house, a fine garden, pump, etc.; and the wall which surrounded the whole was some twenty feet high. Guards were placed at the door of the hall; and most of the prisoners, during my confinement, were

permitted, at times, to walk, and take exercise in the open air."

Mr. G. is even more minute in the description of the place; but the foregoing extract is sufficient to give a fair idea of his new home.

Few words convey a more gloomy impression to the mind than the term *prison*. It is associated with crime and suffering, despair and death—the place which justice provides for the safe-keeping and punishment of the violators of law, social order, and the rights of man. We reflect on the prison cell as the abode of the worst of our race—the hardy felon, the daring robber, the stealthy, midnight assassin, whose hands are red with blood. But it were a doubtful question, whether they have been tenanted most by the innocent or the guilty. It is not improbable that the former would bear off the palm, in point of numbers. From the days of Joseph in the prison of Pharaoh to the present time, these gloomy palaces have been honored with the most illustrious names—philosophers, heroes, statesmen, and divines. The apostle Paul and his companions were familiar with chains and stocks. The dungeon of Olmutz is rendered immortal by the illustrious Lafayette—the patriot of France and the companion of Washington. Huss, and Luther, and Baxter, and Bunyan were here schooled to heroic deeds and moral greatness; and the dripping walls of the Spanish inquisition have been sprinkled with the blood of as innocent and noble hearts as ever beat in human bosoms. Hosts of martyrs have here had their souls strengthened for suffering, and girded for death. In short, in all ages the prisons of the old world have been the chosen places of confinement and torment for the innocent, the virtuous, and the benefactors of mankind.

Generally, however, the same roof has sheltered both the innocent and the criminal together, as Jesus and Barabbas

were in custody at the same time; but it was reserved for the prison of Wexford, under misrule, treason, and bigotry, to exhibit the rare instance of a large prison, with every cell crowded with only innocent and unoffending men—men who had not only violated no law, but against whom there had been no accusation, except that they were Protestants, many of whom were among the most intelligent and worthy citizens of the county. Mr. Gurley was the first put in the cell assigned him; but he was soon joined by others, who were arrested during the day; for they were brought in both from the city and country, until every cell in the prison was full. So crowded, indeed, did it become, that the "committee of public safety," fearing the consequence on the health of the place, ordered over fifty of them to be removed to the market-house hall, where they were placed under guard. This was the same room in which Mr. Gurley heard Mr. Wesley preach, on his last visit to Ireland.

Among those confined in this apartment was a Wesleyan Methodist preacher, Rev. George Taylor, author of a "History of the Irish Rebellion in the County of Wexford," to which there are frequent references in this work. Of his sufferings and merciful escape, there will be given some account, in the progress of this narrative. Mr. Gurley had a brother, (Jonas,) and a brother-in-law, (John Smith,) who resided in the city. They were hatters, by trade, and carried on a successful business. They were sober, worthy men, and belonged to the Established Church. They were both arrested, and placed in an opposite wing of the prison; but they had frequent interviews with Mr. Gurley during their confinement.

It was some satisfaction to Mr. G. that nearly all in his cell were his old acquaintance, and some his most intimate friends. One of them was an aged man—Mr. Atkins—eighty-two years old. He was one of the first converts to

Methodism in Ireland. A young clergyman of the Church of England, was also one of the inmates a part of the time. The cell-door was opened during the day, so that the prisoners could go out into the hall, and, by permission of the guard, into the open air. But at night each cell was carefully locked or bolted.

It is characteristic of pure religion, that it enables its possessor to rejoice where others weep, and to triumph where others despair. Paul and Silas set the precedent of converting a gloomy prison into a place of prayer and praise, and thousands since have followed their example.

Several in the cell with Mr. G. were religious, but others were not; and many in the prison had not the faith and love requisite for the trials which awaited them. He therefore proposed to have daily prayer at stated seasons for all who were disposed to meet at his cell for the purpose; hoping not only to strengthen the faith and animate the courage of believers, but, also, to be instrumental in bringing others to the cross. In his manuscript he thus alludes to their first night in jail:

"During the afternoon I was favored with five fellow-prisoners, all of them as great heretics as myself.

"Kearney, the rebel ordinary, ordered us some straw to lie on; so when night came we spread it on the floor, as is done in stables for horses. Some of my companions were Methodists, whom I knew well. 'Here, then,' thought I, 'is the time and place for prayer.' When about to lie down on the straw, I observed to them that most likely we had but a short time to live, and that we ought to prepare for death, by improving the time in imploring the Lord of heaven to give us his divine aid, to enable us to meet the fate which probably awaited us, with faith, resignation, and fortitude. They all thought as I did; so to prayer we went; and, though in a prison, we did entreat God to make

it as the gate of heaven." These seasons of worship were continued in the cell till the last day of their imprisonment.

The reader, perhaps, may by this time be interested to know what became of Mrs. Gurley, whom we left, unprotected and at night, with her babe and two sisters, on board the sloop. The anxiety of her husband on her account may be easily conceived. A week passed without hearing a word from her, when one day he was called to the hall door, where to his great surprise and joy he met with the servant girl, who had been admitted into the prison yard. Mrs. G. had learned where he was, and came to see him. She brought with her some clean linen, and some toast and tea. Their emotions on meeting we must leave for the reader to imagine.

Mrs. Gurley remained on board the ship two days; the captain was kind and gentlemanly toward her, and, at her request, put her and her company on shore. She had the precaution to secure a portion of the jewelry before it was taken by the piratical crews, ordered by the rebel authorities to search the ships for goods; but the greater part of the silver plate and watches fell into their hands, and were never heard of more.

When Mrs. G. reached the wharf with her sisters and servant girl, she repaired to her forsaken abode. Of the front windows every pane of glass was broken; most of the light furniture and articles were taken away. Some beds remained in an upper room. Closing the doors and windows as best they could, they lodged together in the chamber, but not without constant alarm from the noisy rabble without. Mrs. G. related that, on passing from the dock to her house, she saw a man shot down on the opposite side of the street. No article of food remained in the house, and where to obtain any to subsist on was a question. The insurgent army, like a cloud of locusts, had devoured every

thing; and the numbers in from the surrounding country had made it impossible to find a particle of provision for sale.

Finding it impossible to obtain food from the shops, Mrs. G. and one of her sisters called on a wealthy lady, a Mrs. Tyghe, who resided in the suburbs of the town. She was a member of the class of which Mr. G. was the leader, and a most devoted and excellent lady. To her they represented their destitute condition. She wept with them, and, with true sisterly affection, said that she would share with them what little she had. She told them that her premises had been searched over and over for food, and that all she had was what she had been able to secrete from the rebels. She then took them into her kitchen garden, and, removing a slight covering of earth and weeds, took from a basket which had been buried a fine smoked ham, which she gave them; and, also, a loaf of bread which she had in the house she shared with them.

Thus were their immediate wants supplied; and, in a few days, provision was tolerably plenty and cheap, having been brought in from the surrounding country by the friends of the insurgents, who were, perhaps, fearful that they might be obliged to *give* it to the rebel army, whose military chest was empty.

Mrs. Gurley was allowed to bring or send clothes and food to the prison, but she was permitted to see her husband but once more during his confinement.

The fare of the prisoners, as furnished by the authorities, is thus described by Mr. Gurley: "The rebels gave us nothing to live on but potatoes and water; but these were good. Some of us, who had cash, would get friends to buy for us bread, meat, and butter, and we united and bought half a barrel of table beer; and my wife, when she could get it, would send or bring me tea, bread, and butter."

Another place where Protestants were confined in Wexford was the barracks. The rebel senate were strict in arresting Catholics whom they deemed traitors to their cause. On Sunday, the 3d of June, one of their number, who had been a witness against one Dixon, a priest, was taken out and shot. To render his death more ignominious in the eyes of his brethren, they compelled Protestant prisoners to be his executioners. Taylor gives the following account of the tragic scene: "After mass by a priest, and receiving instructions, Thomas Dixon, a near relative of the priest, was appointed to conduct the awful business. He was one of the most barbarous men to the defenseless that ever existed, but a greater coward in battle could not be. He had the prisoner brought to the bull-ring, and a Mr. Robison, one of the executioners, being ordered to fire, the unfortunate man fell dead; when Dixon ran up and thrust his sword through his neck; then drawing it forth, he held it up to the view of the mob, desiring them to 'behold the blood of a TRAITOR!' His body was dragged to the river and thrown in. Two of his executioners were massacred on the bridge on the 20th of June; the other escaped."

For several days Mr. G. and his comrades were undisturbed in prison, except that occasionally large mobs of rebel sailors and others, half intoxicated, would assemble outside the jail-yard gate, shouting, cursing, and striving to force their way in, to put the heretics, as they called them, all to death.

"As I was sitting," says Mr. Gurley, "on some straw on the floor, on the 6th or 7th of June, reading in a little Testament, Messrs. Danniels, Piggot, and Julian, all gentlemen in the service of the government, and fellow-prisoners, came to the door of our cell, and some twenty others with them. As they came near, several cried, 'O, Mr. Gurley, pray for us!' 'Pray for yourselves,' said I. 'O, we can't,'

replied they. 'What,' said I, 'is the matter now?' 'Don't you hear,' said they, 'the shouting? Five or six hundred sailors are trying to get in to murder us all!' I then called on one of the prisoners, who was religious, to pray, but he was so terrified he could not. So I bade them kneel down. But O, the situation we were in! Such weeping I never saw before. The cell was full, and the entrance full; and, as they leaned on one another weeping, I prayed till I was quite fatigued, and was about to stop, when they cried, 'O, don't stop!' So I leaned my back against the wall and continued for some time longer, until I was quite exhausted."

Mr. G. often spoke of this as one of the most affecting scenes he ever witnessed under prayer. Men who had never prayed before, were melted into tenderness, and sobbed like children. The fear of death for the time seemed to be forgotten, or dissipated by the expulsive power of deeper and stronger emotions.

Mr. G. continues: "When I stopped praying, I rose up and said, 'Friends, the effects you now feel and witness do not ascribe to any virtue or holiness in me or my poor prayers, but to the Spirit of God, who is operating on your hearts. Many of you, I presume, never prayed before; and now that death, and judgment, and an awful eternity are before you, and a strict account to be rendered, O continue to call on God, through Christ, while you exist. It may be our guards will give us up to the mob to be butchered this very night. Call, then, on the Lord while he may be found; he is now at work in your hearts. Cease not, then, to pray for mercy while you breathe, for I do believe some of us will never leave this place but for eternity.' This was, in fact, the case with some of these very men. Poor Danniels was one. I observed that he prayed very fervently. He was murdered on the bridge the 20th of June. I found his body

afterward, on a place called the Cat's Strand, without a particle of raiment, except a black velvet stock about his neck. I had him put in a coffin which I took for my brother Jonas, who was murdered the same day."

Mr. Gurley has left but little on record in regard to his own personal feelings and religious enjoyment during the three weeks he was in the hands of his enemies. He seems to have been more anxious for others than himself; and resigned to the will of God, he improved every opportunity to lead others, who were in like peril with himself, to that grace which was now his chief support.

But the following brief paragraph shows that he was not without the "*consolations of God:*" "Here, in prison, we had time to read and pray; and, for my own part, my soul was full of joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. O, at such a time to have peace with God—peace with one's own soul! Such was the state of mind with me at this time; I could still call God my Father."

He found consolation himself, and cheered the gloom of others, by singing frequently such hymns of Mr. Wesley's as were familiar to his memory. His voice, even at a later period, was surpassingly sweet, musical, and of great compass.

Among others, the following lines, from the composition of Mr. Charles Wesley, were sung, to cheer their solitary hours:

"Come, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long:
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And, when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

The following, from another hymn, were also favorite lines with him, having been frequently sung by him at that time:

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, and feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the *prisoner sweet release.*"

These, with some other portions of the hymns of our Church, were, in after life, sung by him with peculiar effect and feeling. He seemed attached to them from the very fact that they had been his companions in the hours of his greatest tribulation; as one becomes the enduring friend of those who have ministered comfort to him in the time of necessity or distress.

CHAPTER X.

Progress of the insurgents—Division of the army—Battle of Newtown-barry—Insurgents defeated—Battle of Gorey—King's troops cut off, and Gorey taken—Harvy's camp—Sculaooge House—Troops march to attack Ross—Proceedings in Wexford—Cruel treatment of Protestants—Rev. Mr. Owen—his sufferings—Jonas Gurley required to shoot a prisoner—Baptizing heretics—Mr. Gurley's mother—Martyrdom of Protestants on Vinegar Hill—Narrative of a prisoner—Murders in cold blood sanctioned by priests.

Having thus accompanied the subject of this biography to his prison, and marked in what manner his time was there spent, we may now leave him for a season, and trace the progress of the insurgents; and see in what manner, as if led by some fatality, they conducted their boasted struggles for freedom.

While the rebel senate was rapidly filling the prisons, the hitherto victorious army was by no means idle. The separation of the body into three divisions, after they left Wexford, has been mentioned. One of these divisions, under father Kearns, a Catholic priest, encamped on Vinegar Hill, and on the next day after their retirement from the city, numbered fifteen thousand men; most of whom were well armed, and impatient for conquest and plunder. Early that morning the drums beat to arms; and, led by their sacred commander and under officers, they marched several miles, to a place called Newtown-barry. This was a beautiful village, on the line between the counties of Wexford and Carlow. Embosomed in the hills which rise in emerald loveliness around it, and washed by the river Slaney, which curves partly round it, few places in Ireland could present a more delightful abode, or more charming scenery.

This place was garrisoned by about four hundred men,

commanded by Colonel L'Estrange. At twelve o'clock intelligence reached the village of the approach of the insurgents. The Colonel and his troops took a strong position in the town, and awaited the onset. The assailants first took possession of a hill that commanded the town, and opened a brisk fire on the troops, with a six-pounder and some ship swivels. Perceiving, however, that these did little effect, they poured down the hill like a torrent, confident of success from their numbers. The troops did not wait their arrival, but instantly withdrew to a position one mile from the place, on the high road. The assailants, delighted with their easy victory, entered the town with deafening shouts, set the suburbs on fire, and plundered the baggage of the retreating army. They then burst open the cellars, and drank spirits in such abundance that they became generally intoxicated, and ranged through the town with great disorder and noise.

While in this condition, Colonel L'Estrange suddenly returned to the town, and, with his cannon, opened a most destructive fire on their disordered ranks.

The storm of grape shot which swept through the street threw the insurgents into such confusion, that, before they could form, the streets were full of the dead and wounded. A fierce charge now decided the day; the insurgents fled in all directions, leaving two hundred and fifty slain, while the troops suffered the loss of only one killed, and one wounded.

The flying party repaired to the camp at Vinegar Hill, greatly enraged at their defeat. To avenge themselves, in some degree, they burned all the Protestant houses they found on their way.

On the same day the division under priest Murphy marched to Ballycannow, intending, with others, to attack Gorey, which was garrisoned by a part of the forces which

had left Wexford, and others; but, before the insurgents were ready to make the attempt, a detachment of troops attacked them, and after an hour's severe conflict, in which a number of them fell, they were completely routed, and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Murphy, who had just been defeated, had not with him the whole division of insurgents assigned him, but had divided the body with Anthony Perry, an associate commander, who was to join him with his division the next day, and, with their united forces, storm the garrison at Gorey, and take the town.

As soon as Perry heard of Murphy's defeat, he was greatly chagrined, and instantly resolved to retrieve the fortunes of the day, by a determined assault on the place, as soon as he could bring sufficient aid for the purpose. He succeeded in getting father Kearns, with his division, from Vinegar Hill, and some troops under Captain Doyle, from Wexford. Their forces were united on Sunday, the 3d of June; messengers were sent through the surrounding country, to summon all to camp.

On the same day, General Loftus, with one thousand king's troops, arrived for the relief of Gorey. This force, together with the garrison, it was hoped, would be sufficient to repel any number of undisciplined men the rebel commanders might bring to the assault. On Monday, the 4th, the insurgents amounted to twenty thousand men. These were drawn up in order, early in the morning, at their camp, a few miles from the place of assault. The priests celebrated mass amongst them, and after distributing ball cartridge in abundance, at ten o'clock they proceeded to Gorey. Intelligence of the design of the insurgents to attack the town on that day was communicated in the morning, at an early hour; the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, and every preparation was made to receive the enemy.

A large hill rose between the town and the expected assailants. It was determined to go out of town to engage them; and, for this purpose, the loyal troops divided. General Loftus, with his division of one thousand foot and some artillery, kept to the left of the hill; while Colonel Walpole, with several hundred men and three battalion guns, took the road which wound round the ascent to the right. It was not known, it appears, by which of the two routes the insurgents would approach.

Colonel Walpole, by an oversight wholly unaccountable and inexcusable, proceeded without the caution of an advanced guard, so essential to prevent surprise. This fatal neglect of the officer, as will be seen, cost him his life, and decided the fortunes of the day. The rebel scouts in advance of the main body, saw Walpole and his division approaching, and hastened back with the information to the commanders. Priest John Murphy, of Bolavogue, who was at the head of the assailants, called a halt, and ordered the gunsmen inside of the ditches; he then drew up his cannon in the centre of the road, masking them by a platoon of men in front, and thus awaited the arrival of the loyal troops.

The rebel army extended for miles along the road in the rear of their artillery, and presented a formidable appearance, as the windings of the road revealed their immense numbers.

Walpole, at the head of his men, advanced firmly to the attack, and when within almost a pistol-shot of the head of the column, and about to fire and charge, to their amazement, a thousand men, from behind the hedges and in the ditches, opened a most deadly fire of musketry on their extended columns; while, at the same moment, the masked battery in the centre of the road now opened its thunder, and poured a tempest of iron hail into their exposed

platoons. Edward Fitzgerald, who, with some men, had joined in the action, was a mile in the rear when the firing began; but turning his horse to the ditch, he leaped into the field, and rode to the front of the battle, waving his sword as he passed along, crying, "Now, my boys, surround them! surround them!"

The loyal troops gallantly returned the fire of the enemy, and, over the dead bodies of their comrades, with a cool daring and bravery rarely excelled, held at bay the vast force of the assailants.

Colonel Walpole fell beneath the first deadly fire from the ditches, a ball passing through his thigh, and another through his head. The troops, seeing the enemy fast surrounding them, fought retreating into Gorey, leaving behind them their cannon; from Gorey they retreated immediately to Arklow, followed by many of the Protestants of the place.

General Loftus heard the firing, and having no doubt but Colonel Walpole would defeat them, proceeded on his route nine miles round, intending to intercept their retreat. When he reached the battle-field and saw the mangled body of Walpole and his fallen soldiers, he could scarce credit his senses. Not deeming it prudent to attack the victorious insurgents, who were now fully in possession of the town, he marched his troops toward Carlow. Flushed with conquest, the rebels now plundered the town, and indulged in all manner of excesses; and a large proportion became intoxicated. Had General Loftus now returned with one-half his men, the rebels would doubtless have been easily routed; this, however, he did not do, and the insurgents kept possession. Thus the carelessness of an officer blasted the bright hopes of that morning, and the flames of a terrible rebellion blazed higher than ever.

The reader by this time may wish to know something of

the divison commanded by B. B. Harvy, Commander-in-chief, and President of the Council. His detachment was designated to take the garrisoned town of Ross; but, as thousands were flocking daily to his camp, he delayed the attack until the fifth. Harvy, however, marched his division to a place a few miles from Ross, and formed his camp, where they remained until the fourth.

During this time many Protestants were brought to camp, together with some disaffected Catholics, who were either shot immediately or put in confinement.

The house and barn of a Mr. King, of Scalaboge, which was in the vicinity of the camp, were now selected by Harvy and his men as a place of confinement for such persons, and it was soon filled with prisoners—men, women, and children—whose melancholy fate will be hereafter detailed.

The camp of Harvy was but a few miles from Wexford; so that he could be present frequently at the meetings of the Grand Council and still superintend the movements of his men. No influence, however, that he could exert, could prevent his Papist rebels from burning all the Protestants' houses in the country around.

On the fourth of June, Harvy, at the head of thirty-seven thousand men, reached Corbet Hill, and encamped for the night at a beautiful country seat, the residence of Edward Murphy, Esq., within half a mile of Ross, intending to attack the place next morning.

Here we will leave them for the present, and return to Mr. Gurley and the city of Wexford.

The rebel senate continued in session in Wexford, and continued to look with deep solicitude for the promised aid from France. The French Directory did not succeed in dispatching troops to their assistance, as was promised in April or May.

If, instead of waging an expensive and perilous war in Egypt, leading thousands of French soldiers to perish in the desert, Bonaparte had been sent to Ireland, he would have pierced England, his mortal foe and hated rival, in a vital part, and perhaps in the end have escaped the miserable fate which he afterward incurred from her power.

As war was then existing with England, it is wonderful that France was so blind to her own interests as not to embrace the occasion to humble, on the soil of Ireland, her hated rival. The Directory awoke at last to the importance of the measure, but struck a blow when it was too late to be available. The troops she promised landed after the Rebellion was over. The absence of the main body of the insurgents restored only comparative tranquility to Wexford. Many of the Protestant families, through fear, appeared to favor the seeming revolution. The shops and stores were reopened, and LIBERTY, in large capitals, was written on most of the doors and windows. Many of the houses were decorated with green branches, while from the public buildings the banners of independence waved in the breeze. In the meantime, the cell in which Mr. Gurley was placed continued to receive fresh inmates, some of whom were brought several miles from the country. Some of them had narrowly escaped death; others had been tormented in various ways.

The following, as an instance, is given: "One day the Rev. Mr. Owen, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, was brought into our cell. He looked wildly; his hair was shorn off, and his head daubed over with a coat of tar or pitch. When he came near me he said, 'O! Mr. Gurley, I want you to make me a pair of gold boot buckles, as I am to go a hunting in a day or two, perhaps to-morrow.' I replied, 'Very well, sir, furnish me the gold, and if I have time you shall have them.' Poor man! he was deranged;

and no wonder. He was torn from the bosom of his family; taken to the rebel camp at Gorey; his head shaved, and covered with melted pitch; he was then taken to an upper window in the market-house, and hung from it by his feet, his head being nearly half way to the ground; directly under him were a number of pikes placed, with their handles sunk in the earth, their barbed points ready to pierce him in his fall. A man was standing with a knife, ready to cut the rope. In this horrid situation he was kept some time, but the order to execute him was not given, and he was brought to our prison stark mad."

Rev. Andrew Taylor, preacher on Wexford circuit, was also imprisoned, but he was finally liberated. For awhile he was much dejected, but subsequently revived, and joined in the prayers of the company. His escape is thus referred to in the Life of Gideon Ouseley, Irish missionary, (page 176:)

"During the reign of anarchy, (1798,) he was made a prisoner by the rebel forces, in the garrison of Wexford. While hundreds of Protestants were sacrificed at the shrine of intolerance, and victim after victim, from the points of the enemy's pikes, swelled the tide of the blood-stained Slaney, Andrew Taylor was brought before the Inquisitorial court. The usual interrogatories were put: 'What are you?' 'I knew,' said Mr. Taylor, 'if I had said, "I am a Protestant," that would have been bad enough; to have said, "I am a Methodist," would have been worse; but to have said, "I am a Methodist preacher," would have been worst of all.' Raising himself up in calm defiance of the ruffian host, he boldly exclaimed, 'I am a Methodist preacher,' not knowing but the next hour would have been his last. Strange to say, they seemed, by his intrepid avowal, impressed with awe; one of them interposed, and he escaped unhurt."

An event now occurred which gave great pain to Mr.

Gurley: A Roman Catholic, who had in some way displeased the authorities, was condemned to die; and, as usual, Protestant prisoners were required to shoot him. His brother Jonas, and two others, were commanded to be his executioners. Had the principles of Jonas been fixed, enlightened, and elevated, as those of his brother, he would have declined the task, at all hazards. As it was, he performed it with great reluctance, and doubtless considered the guilt not his, but theirs, who, having him in their power, demanded it at his hands. In the manuscript is the following:

"When my brother was passing out with the Papist who was condemned, I asked him where he was going; he replied, 'I don't know.' I supposed they were taking my brother out to be flogged or murdered. I burst into tears. O how my soul was torn with a hundred conflicting feelings! I wept and prayed for him and myself, that the Lord would give us strengthening grace for suffering times. When Jonas returned, I went to him, and inquired where he had been, and for what he was called out. He then told me what he had been required to do. He was greatly affected, and wept much. He remarked to me, 'William, if the Papists get the day, the Bible is all a lie.' I replied, 'No, no, Jonas; the Bible is true, whatever may happen. "Let God be true, though every man should be a liar."' Jonas generally attended our noon meetings, and at other times when he could."

The following incident, recorded by Mr. Gurley, affords a fine illustration of the triumph of Christian principle and feeling over human nature, and shows what grace can do for the fallen spirit of man. It was a literal fulfillment of the Savior's command, "Bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you."

"As the rebels gave us no food but potatoes, my wife,

when she could get it, would send or bring me bread, butter, and tea, even when she had scarcely enough for herself and child. I remember one day she sent me a bowl of tea, with bread and butter. I had taken my dinner; so I reserved it for another time. Soon after, while walking in the prison-yard, I saw at the foot of the stairs a rebel sailor, whom I knew, keeping guard. When I came near him, I said, 'John, how are you getting along?' 'Bad enough,' said he. 'What's the matter?' 'I have been standing here since nine o'clock yesterday morning, and have had neither bit nor sup.' He had an awful-looking pike in his hand. I pitied the poor fellow, and went up to my cell, took the food my wife had sent me, and brought it to him. Tears of gratitude came in his eyes as he took it. I held his pike while he was eating. 'John,' said I, as I passed my hand over the rough barbs of the weapon, 'you will, I suppose, in a day or two, be pulling out my bowels with this?' 'I hope not, sir,' said he; 'I wonder what keeps your English friends from coming to your assistance!'

"As I took the bowl to the cell again, some of the men asked me what I had done with my victuals. 'I gave it,' said I, 'to that poor fellow standing guard at the foot of the stairs.' One replied, 'I would rather give him a rope to hang himself with.' Another said, 'I would sooner give him poison.' I replied, '"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."'

"I never saw a more grateful creature than he showed himself to be toward me afterward. Being a sailor, he was at Liverpool several times when I resided there, and he would always call to inquire if I had any commands for Ireland."

Mr. Gurley's mother found refuge with some Catholic acquaintance during the worst part of the Rebellion. He relates that, while he was in prison, "some Papists went to

her and asked if she would have a priest to baptize her? She replied that, though her parents were Quakers, she was already baptized. 'For,' said she, 'when I was an infant, I was put out to a Catholic nurse, who got the priest to baptize me, because, as she said, she did not want to nurse a "little devil."' She told them they would not hold the town a month; nor did they but only twenty-three days."

The priests, during the rebel sway, were very busy in baptizing heretics, especially women and children, although the number of men who submitted to it was not small. To this they were constrained by a hope of safety; but it was, however, only a temporary protection; "for," says Taylor in his history, "it was well understood that even these persons would have been put to death if the rebels had prevailed. Such as were baptized received the following protection:

"'I hereby certify that A. B., of C., in the parish of D., has done his duty and proved himself a Catholic.

JOHN BROE.'"

Each division of the insurgents had some place which they appropriated for the imprisonment of Protestants where they were subjected to tortures, and from whence they were led forth to suffer for the gratification of their blood-thirsty enemies. About the same time that Mr. Gurley was imprisoned in Wexford jail, the insurgent camp, under priest Kearns, on Vinegar Hill, selected an old windmill on its summit for this purpose. Here, for twenty-three days, they perpetrated in cold blood deeds of cruelty which make the heart shudder even to think of; but to detail them all would require many volumes. Martyrs worthy of the days of Luther here suffered with patience, and died in the faith, "not accepting deliverance."

A man, entitled to the fullest credit, who escaped from their hands, relates that, being in the old windmill, he saw a man sitting on the ground, with only a piece of ragged

blanket to cover him. His eyes were put out of their sockets, his tongue cut out of his head, his body swelled to an enormous degree, and covered with ulcers. Not thinking he was alive, till the poor sufferer gave a heart-piercing groan, when the man started and exclaimed, "Good God, what miserable object is that?" He was answered by one of the guard, that the man was under slow punishment! This was verified on oath.

"It has been remarked that none of their number were so blood-thirsty as those who were the most religious, and constant attendants on the Popish ordinances. The drunken and careless sort had the greatest share of good-nature. It is a certain truth that they never had so many masses, nor ever prayed so much, as during their month of usurpation, especially on their battle-days; then all the old men, women, and children betook themselves to the 'Ave Marias,' etc. And when parties of two or three hundred would go round the country burning the Protestant houses, they generally fell on their knees as soon as they had set them on fire." (George Taylor's History, page 147.)

Another Protestant, who was prisoner on the same hill, whose narration is entitled to full credit, gives the following account of his captivity, etc.:

"When I came to the prison door I was seized by the breast and thrown in among the rest of the prisoners, where I remained in the deepest sorrow and affliction, believing death inevitable, as I was among the condemned. Seeing a man, who had been piked the evening before, with signs of life [it seems from this that he was left for dead] in the prison, I asked him what had happened to him. He told me he had been piked the evening before, and had crept in from among the dead, which lay before the door, to avoid the heat of the sun. His coat was off, his shirt covered with a cake of blood, and his cheeks full of holes, which

they had made with their abominable pikes. Looking out of the door I saw the rebels leading up a prisoner, whom they soon after shot. Looking out of the other door I saw, as nearly as I could judge, between thirty and forty lying dead, about three yards from the building. Some of them I knew, being in confinement with me; and one of them was my brother-in-law. Shortly after a man coming in, under pretense of searching for arms, robbed us of what money we had, and went away.

"Then came that sanguinary monster, Luke Byrne, and inquired how many prisoners had been condemned. He was told twenty-seven. He answered, 'If any one can vouch for any of the prisoners not being Orange men, I have no objection that they should be discharged.' No one returning an answer, he said, 'Is there no one to speak?' No answer. He then ordered six guns to be brought to each door, intending to destroy us at once, and not spend the night in watching over us. The guards, knowing they would be in danger of shooting each other, obtained permission to bring us out and shoot us one by one. We were then ordered to kneel down, and each of us to be brought out in our turn.

"Three rebels stood at the door with pistols in their hands; and still, as the prisoners were brought out and placed on their knees, they were shot and thrown among the dead. Three of them, expecting they should escape death by renouncing the Protestant religion, called for a priest. John Murphy immediately arrived, and laying his hands on their heads, repeated some prayers in Latin. Scarce were his hands off their heads, when one of the executioners, who had a grudge to one of the prisoners, fired at him; the ball entered the unfortunate man's ear and killed him. He was carried off and let fall among the dead. I, being the next, was brought to the door; a rebel calling me by my name,

caught the attention of one of the captains, whose namesake I happened to be. This was fortunate for me, as by this circumstance my life was providentially spared.

"A man, named Thornton, from Wexford, was shot at this instant. But the next man that was brought out broke through the crowd and ran about seventeen perches, when he was met by a rebel, who, with a sythe, severed his head from his body, so that it hung down on his breast; in an instant several pikes were fastened in him, and I saw him no more. The priest walked away as unconcerned as if no murder had taken place. Out of the twenty-seven prisoners only three escaped; namely, Kendrick, William Bennet, and myself."

Many were the persons who were martyred on this bloody hill. Some, before they were piked, were tormented with whips, the lashes of which were made of brass wire twisted into cord. Mr. George Stacy, an intimate friend of Mr. Gurley's, received no less than two hundred and fifty lashes with one of them. Some were piked, but so as to leave them in slow torment; and, most horrid to relate, sometimes the prisoner was bound and laid on his back on the ground, when a stone, pointed at one end but large at the other, was put in his mouth; on this a monster in human form would stand and stamp with his heel, dislocating the jaws and suffocating the victim. This was done to a Mr. Henry Hatton.

Mr. Edward Hawkins was another victim of their cruelty. He resided in a comfortable house, a short distance from the camp. He was far advanced in years, and was in the house when the rebels entered it. He made no resistance. They first demanded something to eat; they were furnished with the best the house afforded. After having eaten and drank at his house, he would have been respected even by the laws of Turks, Arabs, or savages; but, alas! what will

not bigotry and depravity do? He was led into the hall, and there his throat was cut, and a pike thrust through his body. His wife was sixty years old, and was totally blind; she uttered the most melancholy screams while they were leading away and killing her husband. They then set fire to the house, leaving the blind old lady to find her way out and to seek a place of safety as best she could. He had five sons; one of them had fallen in battle, the other four they now killed, and the mother was left a widow, childless and sightless.

They also set fire to another house, owned by a Mr. Croshea. He hoping to escape by it, run some distance, but was shot in the attempt. His three sons lay concealed in a bog for three days. They were young men. At length they were found, and taken by the rebels to the side of a gravel-pit, and threatened with instant death unless they would disclose where some fire-arms were deposited, and promised life if they would comply. The love of life prevailed, and they gave the desired intelligence; when, with hearts false as fiends, the rebels compelled them to stand arm in arm until, by word of command, they were fired at, and all fell, with screams and groans, on the grass. They were now dragged to a gravel-pit and thrown in, wounded as they were, but still alive, and covered with earth, and thus suffocated in their own graves. The distracted mother came, in the anguish of her heart, to seek her sons. The murderers pointed coolly to the spot where they lay together, saying that she might make herself easy, as they had already buried them for her, and so saved her the trouble.

Thus did the infatuated priests and their deluded adherents and followers continue the work of extirpation, until, according to the most reliable information, four hundred Protestants were, within a few days, massacred on Vinegar Hill and its vicinity. Their mangled bodies were left

frequently unburied for several days; and such was their cruelty that they would not suffer the wives or mothers of the slain to perform for them the last sacred acts of humanity, or even to take a farewell look at their cold remains. Even the swine were permitted to prey upon many of them. This is the more astonishing, since it is universally admitted that generosity, humanity, and sympathy, are distinctive and prominent features of Irish character.

How evident, then, must it be, that Popery is not the religion of the blessed Jesus, since it can thus extinguish, in bosoms naturally noble and generous, the last spark of sympathy and compassion toward suffering humanity!

Indeed, the priests, fearing lest the people should begin to revolt at these bloody deeds, appear to have taken special pains to throw over the whole the sanctity of a religious proceeding, and to induce them to believe it was even the work of Divine goodness; for Taylor, who was in their hands during these scenes, declares that "after they had finished murdering the lot or party destined for the day, they were assembled by a crier, through the camp and town, who proclaimed the following harangue:

"'To prayers: Three paters and three aves, to be offered to God and the blessed Virgin Mary, for our glorious cause; for the further dispersion and extirpation of all heretics; for our glorious Church militant on earth and triumphant in heaven.'

"A large tub of water was then brought, which one of the priests immediately blessed; ordering the crowd to kneel round about, he, with a wisp of heath, or broom, sprinkled them with the water, repeating the words of the Psalmist over and over, 'Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

These efforts of the priests were but too successful; a

dreadful thirst for human blood seemed to seize the people, and the mere pleasure of tormenting them induced them to send several miles for prisoners, when those they had taken were all dispatched. Still, while our indignation is roused against the inhuman conduct of the Roman clergy, Christian charity teaches us to throw the mantle of charity over the deceived and deluded multitude, who were obsequious to their biddings.

CHAPTER XI.

Battle of Ross—7,000 insurgents slain—Oath found in the pocket of a Catholic.

Turning from these scenes, at which humanity shudders let us direct our attention to the more manly, though equally deplorable movements of their accumulating army.

During these transactions, expresses had been sent by the Loyalists to Dublin for aid, and troops began to arrive and concentrate at Ross, in the neighborhood of which we left the division of insurgents under B. B. Harvy, reveling and banqueting, on the eve of an eventful battle.

Ross was a place of considerable importance: it was situated on the eastern bank of a fine river, over which, at this place, there was an elegant bridge, seven hundred and thirty feet long, and forty feet wide. The town lay at the foot of a steep hill, down which most of the roads leading into the town were constructed: on this hill the "*look-out*" guard of the garrison was placed. It has already been remarked that, on the evening of the 4th of June, the rebel army, 37,000 strong, encamped on Corbet Hill, half a mile from Ross. The picket guard on the hill above the town saw the rebels take position, and fired a gun at them. Notice of their approach was communicated to the garrison, which was drawn up at the evening parade. General Johnson immediately marched out his men to meet them; but deeming it rather too late to commence hostilities, he posted his men advantageously, where they stood under arms till morning, observing the most profound silence. Fortunately for the Loyalists, that evening Lord Mountjoy, colonel of a regiment of loyal troops, from Dublin, arrived, and united his force with that under General Johnson, for the defense of the place. This increased the number of troops to over

1,700 men. Mountjoy's men were weary and enfeebled by a forced march, and had suffered from hunger; but, without time or means of refreshment, marched out to meet the enemy. The conflict, however, did not commence till morning.

Early on the morning of the 4th, B. B. Harvy put his men in order. He then held a council of war, where it was determined to summon the town to surrender, supposing that, like Wexford, it would become an easy prey. Harvy therefore dispatched the following summons to General Johnson:

"Sir,—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of New Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled against it. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder, to the ruin of the innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now insurmountable and irresistible, will not be controlled if they meet with resistance.

"To prevent the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender—a surrender which you will be forced to in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is requested in a few hours.

"Citizen Furlong comes with this letter, and will bring the answer. I am, sir, etc.,

"B. B. Harvy, M. G."

"*Camp, Corbet Hill, half-past three o'clock,*
Tuesday, 5th June, 1798."

When Furlong approached the advanced guard, they shot him down. This was an unwarrantable and injudicious act, and, it is but just to say, it was not authorized by the commander of the garrison.

The summons, which was found in the pocket of the unfortunate messenger, was forwarded to headquarters, but

no answer was returned. At four o'clock in the morning the insurgent army advanced to the attack, confident of success from their numbers—37,000 against scarce 1,800 men. The advanced posts of the loyal army were soon driven in, though they kept up, in their movement, a smart fire on the assailants. The insurgents approached in tolerable order. They drove before them all the cattle they could collect, for the purpose of disordering the ranks of the loyal army: a few discharges of grape and canister, however, soon sent them scampering over the plains and fields.

As the dense columns of the insurgents approached, they were met with a cool, but well-directed fire, from a portion of the troops under General Johnson. The fire was returned with great spirit by the insurgents, who now entered the town with enthusiastic shouts. But their advancing columns were mowed down by a deadly fire of musketry. Artillery was now brought to bear on the vast masses crowding to the scene of destruction. At every fire of the cannon a storm of grape-shot opened wide gaps in the insurgent body; these, however, were soon filled with others, who, in turn, were mowed down like grass. But thousands still behind, many half intoxicated and void of fear, rushed on, like tigers, to the onset. The artillery being in imminent danger of being taken, it was now withdrawn a short distance.

Encouraged by this movement, the insurgents shouted, and rushed down the street. Here they were met by a division of cavalry, who were ordered to charge through them. The horsemen could only cut their way into the solid masses, and now a terrible carnage ensued; heaps of dead lay piled up in confusion. The sabres of the desperate cavalry glittered in the sunbeams; and waving high over their heads, they fell on the maddened ranks below: frightened and wounded horses, riderless, rushed madly

through the field, trampling beneath their iron hoofs the crowded and terrified rebels.

To save their comrades, who were being cut to pieces by the horsemen, Harvy directed a body of pikemen to advance in front; and, as the retiring rebels gave way, these, with their long-handled weapons, stood firmly before the advancing cavalry. The latter, finding their swords too short to contend against such arms, were in turn obliged to retreat. For four hours had the action now been raging, and the streams from human bosoms rolled down the streets in torrents. Numbers, enthusiasm, and native valor, contended with military discipline, cool daring, and the tactics of war, and as yet victory hung in an even balance over the unequal hosts.

Steadily, however, the assailants pushed their raging masses onward to the centre of the town, climbing over heaps of the dead and dying; they threw themselves, like furies, on the wearied columns of the loyal troops; the ground trembled amid the shock and roar of battle, and the sound of clashing steel rang on the air. The Dublin troops, which had partly given way, were rallied by the brave Mountjoy, and led afresh to the charge; and the action was revived again in every part of the town, and raged with redoubled fury. At this moment the intrepid Colonel Mountjoy fell, pierced with a fatal ball; for a few moments his regiment fought like veterans round their fallen commander, but soon their thinned ranks were seen to waver; and, as there seemed no end to the torrent of assailants which poured in upon them, they retreated hastily from the town, across the bridge, and victory now perched on the insurgent banners.

As the retreating troops halted beyond the bridge, General Johnson came galloping up, crying, as he waved his sword over his head, "Soldiers! I will lay my bones this

day in Ross; will you let me lie alone?" The exhausted, but not subdued soldiers, gazed with tearful eyes on their determined commander, cheered him heartily, and instantly forming, followed him back to the bloody field. Major Vesey, next in command to Mountjoy, led his men over the bridge again, exclaiming, "Now, my brave fellows, revenge for your murdered Colonel!" We finish the description of the battle by quoting the account of an officer of artillery, who shared in the conflict of the day:

"The whole brigade, except some who fled to Waterford, being led on by General Johnson, as brave a commander as ever drew a sword, were determined to take the town—to conquer or to die.

"Again we opened a tremendous fire on the rebels, which was as fiercely returned. We retook the cannon which were taken from the king's forces in a former engagement, and turned them on the enemy; the gun I had the honor to command being called to the main guard. Shocking was it to see the dreadful carnage that was there! it continued for half an hour; it was obstinate and bloody: the thundering of cannon shook the town; the windows were shivered in pieces with the dreadful concussion. I believe there were six hundred lying in the main street. They would often come within a few yards of the guns. One fellow ran up, and taking off his hat and wig, thrust them up the cannon's mouth the length of his arm, calling to the rest, 'Blood-an'-ounds, my boys, come and take her now; she's stopped; she's stopped.' The action was doubtful and bloody, from four in the morning till four in the evening, when they began to give way in all quarters, and shortly after, fled with speed in every direction, leaving behind them all their cannon, baggage, provision, and several hogsheads of whisky, brandy, etc., which we spilled, lest they should have been poisoned.

"During the action General Johnson was still in the hottest part of the fire: he had three horses shot under him. If he saw any of the men too forward, he would ride up and say, 'Brother soldier, stay till we all go together.' He would encourage them that were behind. Being once in a hot fire, one of the soldiers called to him to remove out of that, or he would be slain; he waved his hand and replied. 'That ball was never made by a rebel that is to kill General Johnson.'

"The computation of their dead was, as near as I can furnish you, 3,400 buried; sixty-two carsfull thrown into the river; sixty carsfull taken away by the rebels. Of the loyal troops, 250 fell."

Thus ended the battle of Ross, by far the most destructive and obstinate of any during the Rebellion. Seven thousand insurgents who saw the rising sun of that morning, ere it set, were cold in the embrace of death. Their spirits had passed away to that world where contending armies and bloody battles are unknown; but their bodies still lay in heaps in the streets, mangled and bloody; while many were strewed on the surrounding fields, whither they had crawled, during the action, to die. When the engagement ended, it was too late to bury the dead, or even take care of all the wounded.

The groans of the dying broke on the ears of the returning citizens, who had fled chiefly in the morning, when the battle began. Night at length drew her dark curtain over these scenes of horror. The flames of the houses burned by the defeated rebels in their flight, threw a lurid radiance on the reflecting clouds; and, long after the glowing tints of evening had faded from the western sky, the commingling light of various conflagrations continued to illumine the summits of the surrounding hills.

That there was a solemn league among Catholics to

destroy Protestants was confirmed by the following oath, which was found in the pockets of some of those who were slain in this battle:

Oath.—"I, A. B., do solemnly swear, by our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for us on the cross, and by the blessed Virgin Mary, that I will burn, destroy, and murder, all heretics, up to my knees in blood, so help me God." (Taylor's History.)

The result of the battle of Ross revived greatly the dejected spirits of the Protestants. It was a salutary lesson to some who were halting as to which party they should espouse; while, on the other hand, it created immense excitement among the insurgents. So many of their comrades had fallen in one battle, and the day lost. It now became evident to themselves that numbers merely would not secure them victory.

Of the thousands of insurgents who found that day a bloody bed, not one in a hundred, perhaps, could give a rational account of what they were fighting for. Deluded by their priests, excited by harangues on liberty and independence, they had left their peaceful homes, their fields and families, to wade through the blood of their Protestant countrymen to freedom.

How terrible was their destiny! how desolate their bereaved families! and how fearful an account will those professed ministers of the Church of Christ have to render at the judgment, who, instead of leading their flocks into "green pastures" and "beside still waters," led them on to fields of blood and carnage!

CHAPTER XII.

Sculaboge house and barn—Thirty-seven prisoners shot, one hundred and eighty-four burned—Their skeletons, an awful sight—Remorse of B. B. Harvy at the sight—He predicts their defeat—Catholics burned—Miss Ryan—A bagpipe player—Harvy disgusted with the priests—Attempts to prevent murder—Is deposed, and a priest elected in his place—Speech of priest Murphy—Priest Roach Commander-in-chief—His character and hypocrisy—Priest Roach's gospels or protections—Letter.

Of all the deeds of cruelty perpetrated during the Rebellion, no one was spoken of by Mr. Gurley with so much severity and indignation, as the one we are now to relate. He would detail the murder of his own brother, dreadful as it was, with comparative calmness. But the martyrdom at "*Sculaboge*" he never related without excitement. "The cowardly wretches," he would say, "why, if they wanted blood, did they not go to Ross?"

It was indeed a transaction, which, for atrocity, scarce finds a parallel in the annals of even savage barbarity—a deed becoming a Nero or Caligula, and worthy of the palmiest days of Papal domination.

We have already mentioned that the residence of a Mr. King, of Sculaboge, was made a depot, or place of confinement, for persons arrested by the insurgent army. His house and barn were both so occupied. The prisoners were of all ages and both sexes; they were guarded by three hundred rebels, who were posted there for the purpose. It was several miles from Ross. The battle of Ross had been raging about two hours, when the stern resistance they met with from the loyal troops so enraged priest Philip Roach, who was associated with Harvy in command, that, out of pure revenge, it was determined to murder the prisoner at Sculaboge.

About six o'clock in the morning a rebel, direct from the

battle of Ross, galloped up toward the place, and when within hearing of the guard shouted aloud, "Destroy the prisoners! destroy the prisoners! Our friends are all cut off at Ross." But the captain of the guard replied that it should not be done without written orders from the Commander-in-chief. One hour after another express arrived, proclaiming, "Our friends are all destroyed. Murder all the prisoners!" But the same answer was returned. At ten o'clock a third messenger came running on foot, crying, "The PRIEST has sent orders to put all the prisoners to death!"

The dwelling-house contained thirty-seven men. The barn was of brick, covered with a thatch roof, with small windows. There were in the barn one hundred and eighty-four persons. Some few were Roman Catholics, who were suspected of being "*informers*," but had not been tried or proved guilty; but the most were Protestants. The doors of the building were strongly barricaded, and guards without kept watch. Here were the gray-haired sire and the blooming girl of seventeen—the husband, the wife, and the infant at the breast. And now, not the National Council, not the Commander-in-chief, but the "*priest*" sends word to "destroy the prisoners." This was sufficient; it must be right, for their holy spiritual father had ordered it; and the infallibility of their Church was not to be doubted. It was only the extirpation of heretics, and this, in the eyes of the whole Church and the Pope himself, would be regarded as a meritorious act.

Deliberately, as if preparing for their daily work, the rebel guards now strip off their coats, tie bundles of straw, bring ladders, and light torches, while half their number stand under loaded arms. An oblation is now to be made to the spirit of Popery—an offering of peculiar merit. It was not sufficient that the mangled forms of brave men, cloven down in battle, should be laid in heaps at her

shrine; the sacrifice is not perfect, till the blood, and bones, and ashes of unresisting men, tender women, and sinless babes, are laid on her altar. Falling upon their knees, a short and hurried prayer is offered to the holy Virgin; a fresh unction, but not from heaven, is poured into their craven hearts, to prepare them for deeds which "dare not seek repentance."

Now, husbands, take your last fond embrace, and, with your fainting wives, look to heaven, your only refuge. Now, mothers, press for the last time to your throbbing bosoms your cherub babes; they will soon be angels.

From the door of the cottage now issue, under a strong guard, thirty-seven men; their hands are tied behind them. Slowly they march out to the skirts of a beautiful orchard; and placed in a row, they kneel down on the grass to await the word of command which shall seal their fate. But no word is given. A wave of the officer's sword is seen; a hundred muskets ring on the air and echo from the distant hills. Slowly the cloud of smoke rises from the earth, and there, stretched on the green turf, quivering in death or writhing in anguish, lay the unfortunate martyrs; from their heaving bosoms the last torrent was streaming. The ready pikes finished the tragic work, and the spirits of thirty-seven mortals are on their flight together to that world where there is no more death.

Scarcely had the last groan from without died away on the ear, when the command was given to "fire the barn." Instantly the ready torches were applied to the thatch of the building—bundles of blazing straw were thrust into the windows, which instantly communicated the fire to the combustibles within. The desperate victims now rushed to the door, and made a powerful effort to escape, but, alas! in vain. At this moment a woman, trusting to the humanity of the rebels, wrapped a garment around her infant and

threw it out of a window, in hope that some one would pity it; but a rebel darted his pike through its tender body, and bearing it aloft on his dreadful weapon, thrust it back into the flames, with a most fearful and horrid oath. In two minutes the barn was one dense mass of smoke and flame. And now there rose to heaven one loud, long, piercing shriek of utter despair, succeeded by dismal groans and stifled cries of mercy! mercy! Slowly died away the wailings of the martyrs, till no voice within broke the dread roaring of the flames, which now, bursting through the combustible roof, towered high in air mid volumes of ascending smoke. No tears of pity filled the eyes of the murderers—no sigh of compassion burst from their stony bosoms—but, through apertures of the barn, they thrust their pikes into the burning bodies, and gloried in their dreadful crimes.

Among the most sanguinary actors in this bloody scene, the pen of the historian has recorded the names of Fardy, Redmond, Sinnott, and Misskella. These treated with revolting indignities the very bodies of the dead, and "behaved otherwise so cruel as to obtain from their comrades the title of the 'True born Romans.'" (Taylor's History.)

The bodies of the sufferers were left undisturbed for four days, when one hundred and eighty-four skeletons were cleared out of the barn, thrown into one promiscuous heap in a ditch, and slightly covered with clay.

B. B. Harvy escaped from the battle of Ross, and on the next morning came to see the result of the tragedy at Scalaboge. When he beheld the interior of the smoldering building, he was filled with the greatest distress and anguish of mind. This spectacle was too revolting to behold, and too horrid for description. The crisp bodies of the dead were in every attitude: some standing against the blackened walls, others laying in heaps in each other's arms—some were buried beneath the ashes of the timber

of the building, and many burnt to a cinder. Harvy turned from the scene with horror, wrung his hands, and said to some around him, that "there were as innocent persons burnt there as ever were born," and "your conquests for liberty are at an end." To a Protestant friend he said, "I now see my folly in embarking with this people. If they succeed I shall be murdered by them, and if they are defeated I shall be hanged."

Besides the Protestants who were burned, there were a few well-disposed Papists. Some of these were servants who would not consent to the massacre of their Protestant masters. Among the Catholics who suffered was one young lady, a Miss Elizabeth Ryan, a beautiful and blooming girl of seventeen. Her sister, though a Catholic, was receiving the special attentions of a Protestant gentleman in a neighboring town. Presuming she would communicate to her lover all she could learn of their plans and designs, the insurgents went to her father's in search of her; but not finding *her*, they took her younger *sister* Elizabeth, alledging that she might be equally dangerous. The terrified girl begged in vain for mercy; she was borne off in their savage arms. Her father soon after followed to entreat them to liberate her; but, instead of respecting the sorrows of age, they thrust him into the barn. His wife, a feeble old lady, uneasy at the long delay of her husband and daughter, followed them to see what was the matter, when the cruel wretches put her in with them, and all three perished together.

Another who suffered was a Mr. William Johnson. He was an old man, and obtained a scanty living by playing the bagpipes, a favorite instrument of a large portion of the Irish. But, unfortunately, while amusing the rebels with various tunes, he unthinkingly played the popular one, "*Croppies, lie down.*" Croppies was an old nickname for

disaffected Catholics, and the tune, though common in ordinary times, and its origin unknown to many, was now a mortal sin. The old man protested his innocence in vain—and his feeble frame sunk down amid the devouring flames.

Thus ended the massacre at Sculaboge. The breathless forms of more than two hundred fellow-mortals, so recently intrusted to their care, no longer needed their attention; and, exulting in the glorious achievement, the rebel guard marched to reinforce their brethren at the battle of Ross. But the destroying angel had gone before them, and that huge army were slain and dispersed.

They were soon met by multitudes of the wounded retreating from the field; some borne in cars, some on foot, crawling on as best they could, with broken arms, bleeding heads, and mangled faces, begrimed with smoke and covered with dust and blood. Further on they met the main body of insurgents, retreating with the utmost confusion and haste—with curses, execrations, and noise of every kind. Many of them stole home and joined the rebel standard no more. The destruction of the prisoners in cold blood, with the more thoughtful Catholics, was a poor consolation for the defeat of an army of thirty-seven thousand men, seven thousand of whom lay stretched on the field.

B. B. Harvy, though still retaining his official relations, was in great distress of mind. He now penetrated fully the design of the Catholic clergy; he now saw that they had appointed him to office chiefly because he was rich and otherwise available. All the next day after the battle he was in a state of great agitation. He now set himself to the humane, but hopeless task, of interposing his authority to prevent the further shedding of Protestant blood. Accordingly, the day after, he issued an order, or proclamation, of which the following is an extract:

"All men refusing to obey their superior officers, to be tried by court martial, and punished according to their sentence. Any person or persons who shall take upon themselves to kill or murder any person or persons, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the Commander-in-chief, shall suffer death.

"By order of

"B. B. Harvy, *Commander-in-chief.*

"F. Brien, *Secretary and Adjutant.*

"*Headquarters, June* 6, 1798."

The priests in the army had not failed to observe Harvy's disgust at their inhumanity, and that the proclamation was a severe reflection on their whole course, and calculated to interfere with their future designs. This humane policy, therefore, of the Commander-in-chief they resented, and resolved on his downfall. Nor were they at a loss for means to revenge the affront. They soon called around them their different flocks, and, after depicting, in glowing language, the holy work in which they were engaged, pointed out, in the strongest terms, the impropriety of having a heretic for their commander; intimating that the battle of Ross was lost on this account; that Heaven would not prosper them under such a leader. Through these measures, in a few days, they succeeded in getting Harvy deposed of his generalship, and a priest, Philip Roach, was elected in his stead.

Harvy being now out of the way, the Catholic clergy, who had feared the loss of their influence with the people, now once more strenuously exhorted them to go on in the glorious work of extirpating all enemies to their Church. Father Murphy, of Ballycannow, was among the most zealous. To encourage the insurgents, after the defeat of Ross, he addressed them, in a speech, as follows:

"Brethren, you see you are victorious everywhere; that

the balls of the heretics fly about you without hurting you; that few of your number have fallen, whilst thousands of the heretics are dead; and the few that have fallen was from deviating from our cause, and want of faith; that this visibly is the work of God, who is determined that the heretics, who have reigned upward of one hundred years, shall now be extirpated, and the true Catholic religion be established."

General Priest Roach is reported to have been a large, corpulent person, of commanding appearance and authoritative air. To these qualities chiefly he must have been indebted for his promotion; for he was utterly destitute of the judgment, sagacity, and comprehensive intellect essential to a successful military leader. His first efforts to distinguish himself were barefaced appeals to the ignorance and superstition of his followers; for, having collected several bullets, he held them up to the gaze of his astonished men, assuring them, in the most solemn manner, that he caught them as they were flying in the battle of Ross; that many more, which he caught, he gave to his men, during the heat of the battle, who loaded their pieces with them; "and this," said he, "is what no other army can boast." The credulous multitude listened to his statement with amazement; and, as was exceedingly natural, were anxious to know if this invulnerability to the shafts of death could be transferred or communicated to them; and great was their delight, when the holy father assured them that it could. Accordingly, he published that he had prepared a sort of charm, or "gospel," which, if hung on the neck, would make the wearer proof against all weapons of death; but that, notwithstanding their extraordinary utility, they would be of no avail, unless they were *purchased*. The price, to the more wealthy, was half a crown; but the poor, who were zealous in their glorious cause, could obtain them

for "sixpence a-piece." Thousands of them were made, and sent round the country for sale. They were printed on paper or muslin, and hung, by a bit of tape, on the neck. The following will give the reader a correct idea of General Priest Roach's protection, or gospel:

IN THE NAME OF GOD,

AND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AMEN.

No pistol, gun, sword, or any other offensive weapon can hurt, or otherwise injure, the person who has this paper in his possession.

This effort to deceive and rob his people, not only shows the absence of essential requisites of mind, in a commander-in-chief, but clearly stamps his character as a hypocrite, deceiver, and notorious impostor. The letters in the scroll, it will be observed, are the initials of the inscription placed on the cross of the Savior, at his crucifixion. How a professed minister of the Church of Christ could connect that solemn writing, and the cross itself, with a palpable and known lie, for the express purpose of deceiving and robbing, I must leave for the holy fathers of the infallible Church of Rome to explain.

Harvy did not much regret the loss of his command.

He was, as we have seen, heartily tired of his situation. He continued, however, for some time, to act as President of the Council. The following reply to a letter from an acquaintance of Mr. Gurley's, who had, happily, so far, escaped arrest, will throw further light on his feelings:

"Dear Sir,—I received your letter; but what to do for you I know not. I, from my heart, wish to protect all property. I can scarce protect myself; and, indeed, my situation is much to be pitied, and distressing to myself. I took my present situation, in hopes of doing good, and preventing mischief. My trust is in Providence. I acted always an honest and disinterested part; and had the advice I gave, some time since, been taken, the present mischief could never have arisen. If I can retire to a private station again, I will immediately. Mr. Tottingham's refusing to speak to the gentleman I sent to Ross, who was madly shot by the soldiers, was very unfortunate. It has set the people mad with rage, and there is no restraining them.

"The person I sent in had private instructions to propose a reconciliation: but God knows where this business will end; but, end how it may, the good men of both parties will be inevitably ruined.

"I am, with respect, dear sir, yours, etc.,

"B. B. Harvy."

CHAPTER XIII.

Battle of Arklow—Sergeant Shepherd—Death of priest Murphy—Insurgents routed—End and Character of Murphy—Desecration of a church—Abuse of Bibles—Persecution of Protestants—Murder of the Hornicks—Conscious guilt of Papists—Singular circumstance—Rowsom shot by priest Kearns—Reflections.

During the transactions at Ross and Sculaboge, so unfavorable to the rebel cause, a surprisingly large force had rallied round the insurgent banner at Gorey. Here they had remained, increasing in number from the 4th, on which they took possession, until the 9th.

During this time the usual work—hunting Protestants and murdering them—was pursued with their accustomed industry and cruelty; while, in the camp, all kinds of abomination were committed. Abandoned women flocked there, and gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery were the order of the day.

The news of the defeat at Ross roused them once more, and they began to think they had been too long inactive. The town of Arklow was still in possession of the loyal troops and yeomanry. The conquest of this place was of vital importance to the revolutionists; for it would open a communication with the county of Wicklow and Killdare rebels, and thus, by increasing their forces, prepare the way for an immediate attack on Dublin. But, knowing that the place was garrisoned by a strong body of yeomanry and other troops, and dreading the consequences of a defeat, they sent to Vinegar Hill and Wexford for reinforcement; and all persons in the surrounding counties were ordered to repair to camp without delay. The Gorey camp now contained thirty-four thousand men and three pieces of artillery. It was from this camp priest Murphy wrote the

following letter to Mr. Thomas Houston, Dublin, dated Gorey, June 6, 1798:

"Friend Houston,—Great events are ripening. In a few days we shall meet. The first-fruits of your regeneration must be a tincture of poison and pike, in the metropolis, against the heretics. This is a tribunal for such opinions. Your talents must not be buried as a judge. Your soul must be steeled with fortitude against heresy. Then we shall do, and you shall shine in a higher sphere. We shall have an army of brave republicans—one hundred thousand, with fourteen pieces of cannon—on Tuesday, before Dublin. Your heart will beat high at the news. You will rise with a proportionable force.

"Yours, as ever, M. Murphy."

On the morning of the 9th of June mass was celebrated; and, at 2 o'clock, this heavy force halted within two miles of Arklow. The town was a beautiful place, situated on a fine stream, over which was a bridge of eighteen arches. It was on the borders of Wexford and Wicklow counties, and only thirty-five miles from the capital. General Needham, with fifteen hundred troops, defended the town. These were led out a short distance from the village, and—several hundred being placed behind the hedges and in the ditches—extended along the road by which the insurgents were advancing. The rebel force made an imposing appearance, as they came, with their green flags waving in the air. Needham pushed forward a detachment of men, somewhat beyond the men in ambush, and in the high road. On these the rebels advanced, and, at a respectful distance, opened a brisk fire, which was returned with spirit by the troops. This was continued a few minutes, the rebels still advancing, and men began to fall on both sides; when, according to previous arrangement, the troops gave way, and retreated, with seeming confusion, toward the town.

The assailants, perceiving this, instantly pursued, with loud shouts of victory. The officers waved their caps, crying out, "Come on, my boys, the town's our own!" But suddenly, from behind the hedges, there blazed a sheet of fire, and hundreds dropped, as if struck with thunderbolts from heaven. A field-piece, which was in readiness, was now placed in the centre of the road, and opened on them with a deadly storm of grape, which swept the road, hundreds falling at every discharge, until the insurgent force in that direction made a retreat.

In the meantime the rebel artillery, under Captain Esmond Kyan, had gained an elevation that commanded the town, expecting from thence to do much execution. The management of the cannon, however, was under the immediate direction of Sergeant Shepherd, of the Royal Irish Artillery, who had been taken prisoner some time before, and whom they foolishly compelled to serve in their ranks. Shepherd was a brave and shrewd man; he resolved that they should profit as little as possible by the game. He elevated the guns so high that the balls flew over the town; and, at one time, he turned his gun a little on one side, and loading with grape, swept away about thirty of their own men.

Dick Monk, a rebel officer, perceiving this transaction, galloped up, and would have killed him on the spot, had not Esmond Kyan interposed, declaring it was the cannon of the army that did the mischief. Kyan then ordered Shepherd to load with ball, and demolish the town, and then rode elsewhere. As soon as he was gone, Shepherd again loaded with grape, which he knew could do no injury.

Monk and Ryan, satisfied that all was not right, went to watch the execution of their cannon. Perceiving that the balls flew a mile beyond the town, Kyan leveled the piece

himself, and with such precision, that the first ball shivered in pieces the carriage of one of the Needham guns, and a second struck the top of the inn.

The insurgents had already begun to give way below the hill, being repulsed in all quarters, in their efforts to enter the town; but while some of them were retreating, they were met by priest John Murphy, of Ballycannow, with a reinforcement. He drove the flying rebels back, telling them he would "beat them with the dust of the road." The wavering ranks hailed the approach of Murphy with deafening shouts, for they were just ready to yield. A field-piece, planted by the loyal troops in an advantageous position, was sweeping them down at every fire.

Murphy perceived this, and, cheered by the shouts of his men, boldly advanced with his party to take it; but when within a few yards of the gun, his bowels were torn out by a discharge of canister, while his followers fell in heaps around him. The cry, "the priest is down," now spread through the ranks, and at once decided the fortunes of the day, scarcely doubtful before.

A deep conviction that Sergeant Shepherd had betrayed his trust seized the defeated rebels, and it was with the utmost difficulty Captain Kyan succeeded in saving his life.

This was a hard-fought battle. One who saw the field after it was over, describes it as dreadful to behold. Men and horses lay dead in heaps; mangled trunks, heads, and limbs, were scattered over the plains, while the streets leading into the town were red with gore. The loss on the part of the Loyalists was but small; while the insurgents lost a thousand men.*

* The following quotation, from a late traveler in Ireland, will show that the battles and blood which have soiled and stained the beautiful fields of Arklow, are not yet forgotten:

"The next day we visited Arklow. The only object of curiosity was the decayed castle, of which but one tower is left; this the

Priest Murphy, who fell in this action, was the same who resided in Ballycannow, the village in which Mr. Beatty lived, the father-in-law of Mr. Gurley, who had presented the Catholics the ground on which their chapel was built. Murphy was foremost, with his followers, to deceive Lord Mount Norris, by taking the oath of allegiance, as mentioned in the former part of this work. He now met the end of his career, and the just reward of his perfidy, ingratitude, and hypocrisy.

The insurgents retreated to their camp at Gorey, where they continued to commit all kinds of excesses. They took two Protestants, who had fallen into their hands, into the Protestant church, and piked them just before the altar, in order to show their contempt for the established religion. They tore in pieces the large pulpit Bible, and carrying the leaves on the top of the pikes, exclaimed, "Behold the French colors!" Others placed Bibles on their horses, and used them for saddles. In short, they reveled in all kinds of iniquity until the 19th, when they marched for Vinegar Hill.

sergeant of the barracks, who had the care of it, kindly offered to show us. It was built in the year 1200.

"Our guide conducted us to the top, by winding stairs, to look out upon the adjacent country, and see where the great battles had been fought, which had deluged that part of the country in blood. The battle of Arklow, 'while seed-time and harvest remain,' will live in the memory of all who saw it or shall read of it.

"The prospect was both grand and awful. The river Avoca was at our feet, winding gracefully through the rich vale called by its name. At our right hand lay the sea; at our left, the mountains of Wicklow; behind us, the town of Arklow; and near where I stood was once the skull of Hacket, which had been fixed to the top of the castle in the days of the Rebellion. This man had killed many a Protestant, and in return they shot him, took off his head, and placed it on the top of the castle, where it remained till a few years since, when a wren made her nest in his mouth, and it finally tumbled down, and received a burial by the side of the tower." (Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger, page 58.)

While the camp continued in the latter place, the following cruelties occurred: A Mr. Hornick, a gentleman of property, was supposed to have arms in his possession. Priest Roach headed a body of men, and went in pursuit of him. Not finding him, they burned his house, and plundered his goods. He had two sons; one a clergyman in Enniscorthy, and the other an apprentice to an apothecary, in the same place: these they took and murdered.

The latter, a fine young man, was promised his life if he would write to his father for the arms in his possession, stating that he was a hostage till they were delivered. This he did; but as soon as the letter was sent, without waiting for an answer, they piked him, shot him, stripped him naked, and threw him among the dead. Life, however, still remained, and during the night he made out to creep away from the hill, and went home to his father's place, in hopes of meeting a friendly shelter, and, at least, to die in the bosom of friends. But, alas! the parents had fled, and the dwelling was in ashes! He was soon found by some of his Papist neighbors, from whom he hoped for compassion; but perceiving him naked and covered with blood, they led him to a gravel-pit, and there thrust him in, and covered him with earth.

The question will doubtless occur to the reader, Is it possible that the perpetrators of these atrocious deeds could be so blinded as to believe that they were doing right? Doubtless, some of them were so profoundly ignorant as fully to believe that whatever their priests sanctioned must be right. But to suppose that the majority of them, though led on by their ghostly fathers, felt wholly innocent, with their hands red in the blood of their neighbors, would be to undervalue the teachings of conscience, and to overlook the dictates of our common humanity. Doubtless, after the season of excitement was over, calm reflection

took the place of frenzied bigotry. Many a guilty wretch carried in his aching bosom an intolerable load of remorse. The following singular case, related by Taylor, is confirmatory of this opinion:

"During the Rebellion a man named Patrick Darcy went into the house of James Sherlock, of Enniscorthy, dragged out his father, William Sherlock, a man over sixty years old, and murdered him in the street. After the Rebellion, Darcy was apprehended for the murder, and committed to Wexford jail. On the night of the 9th of November following, his wife, who was permitted to sleep with him in his cell, saw, in the middle of the night, the *appearance* of an old man coming in. She was so much alarmed that she awoke her husband, who, when he beheld the apparition, gave a violent screech, and immediately took ill; from which time he labored under a very burdened mind until he died, which happened a few days after. This account I had from the jailer, while Darcy was in his coffin." A guilty conscience produces an excited imagination.

Not only were such cruelties as have been narrated committed by the people under the direction of their clergy, but the priests themselves, it would seem, delighted to have their sacerdotal vestments dyed in Protestant blood. This will fully appear from the following case, which occurred while Mr. Gurley was in prison:

When the Protestants were flying from Gorey to Arklow, priest Kearns, with a party of rebels, overtook some of them; among others was a Mr. Rowsom. Father Kearns asked him his name. On hearing it, he told him that he must die, and ordered him to kneel down till he would shoot him. Some of the rebels, shocked, perhaps, to see their holy father about to murder in cold blood with his own hands, drew their pikes, and were about to kill him in their own way; but father Kearns prevented them, saying,

"I will do him the honor to dispatch him myself;" then placing his pistol to his head he drew the trigger, but it missed fire. Again the men were for relieving the priest on the virtue of such an act, but he deliberately put fresh powder in the pan, telling his trembling victim not to stir. His pistol, now faithful, rang on the air. The ball passed through the man's chin and neck, tearing him most frightfully. Here he left him weltering in his own blood. The priest passed on as unconcerned as if nothing had occurred.

Merciful God, how are thy creatures fallen! What hidden depths of depravity lie buried in the human heart! Alas for the Church that can sanction such unparalleled violation of every principle of justice and humanity! Surely, if there is a God on the throne of the universe, his righteous retributions and judgment will fall on such a people. In ordinary cases of condemnation for willful murder, the judge weeps as he pronounces the sentence of the law on the guilty culprit. But here, the judge, jury, and executioner are united in the person of the priest, who chooses the work and performs the dreadful deed, with an evident gratification, worthy of a demon in human form.

CHAPTER XIV.

State of Wexford—Imprisonment of Rev. George Taylor, traveling preacher—Extract from his narrative—Furnished with food by Mr. Gurley—His narrow escape from death at Gorey—His dress, sufferings, and persecutions—He is prevented from praying in prison—Prayer meeting in Mr. Gurley's cell well attended—Happy result therefrom—Conversion of a prisoner—His triumphant death—Found afterward by Mr. Gurley on his knees in the water—Arrival of King's troops—Insurgents concentrate on Vinegar Hill—Troops under General Lake surround the hill—State of things in Wexford—The death of all the prisoners announced, to take place next day.

During the sanguinary scenes we have related, Wexford still remained in the hands of the rebels, and Mr. Gurley and his associates still remained in prison.

On the 14th of June, the Rev. George Taylor, a Wesleyan minister on an adjoining circuit, was brought to the jail in a woful plight. He was clothed in a soldier's old garments, which were dirty and ragged; without hat, neckcloth, or comfortable shoes. A few extracts from his narrative of his captivity and sufferings, may be interesting to the reader:

"On our entering the prison the jailer took down our names, and we were conducted to the back yard. Here I washed my feet at the pump, which afforded me some relief; after which I lay down before the sun to take a little rest. I had not been long thus, when a gentleman who knew me, and was also a prisoner, brought me to his cell and gave me a part of his dinner, which I thought was the sweetest I had ever tasted."

This was Mr. Gurley, who found him with blistered feet, weary, exhausted, and emaciated with hunger. They were well acquainted with each other, for Mr. Taylor was a townsman of Mrs. Gurley's, and also an itinerant preacher.

Mr. Gurley embraced him with affection, and they wept in each other's arms. Finding he was extremely hungry, he took him to his cell, as before related, and shared with him some food which Mrs. Gurley had that morning sent to the prison.

The day before he was arrested he was out at an appointment, on his way home. His feelings are thus described:

"On my return, being twelve miles from home, as I passed by 'Hinch church,' between Coolgreny and Gorey, I entered it to view the deserted tabernacle of the Lord; and was much affected to think, that both minister and people were obliged to fly from it. The desolation likewise which I now saw holding its melancholy reign through the country as I passed along, and the destruction which seemed to be brooding over the land in general, had such a powerful effect on me that I could not refrain from weeping, and that abundantly. I entreated the Lord not to desert his Church and people for ever, but to turn their captivity as the streams of the south, and not to give us over into the hands of cruel and deceitful men.

"While reading the psalms for the day—5th of June—my soul was much comforted; and I found, also, the first book of Samuel, 2d chapter, very precious, particularly the ninth and tenth verses: 'He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall be thunder upon them; the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and he shall give strength unto his king and exalt the horn of his anointed.'"

On his way home he was arrested by some armed rebels, and taken to the camp at Gorey, where he was confined in the market-house. He says:

"My Papist neighbors, hearing I was in confinement,

came to see me, and wished me a speedy deliverance, and told me how to procure it; namely, to be baptized by a priest and embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and join them in arms to fight for the cause of liberty; but that I would be shot if I did *not* turn Papist. I told them I was obliged to them, and doubted not it was good-nature which induced them to speak as they did; but I was baptized *already*, and had no reason to condemn the Church of England. A few days after my being taken to Gorey, they stripped me of a suit of black and gave me a soldier's old jacket, waistcoat, and small clothes; they also took from me my hat, neckcloth, and shoes, and, having thus plundered me, left me to meditate on what was likely to follow. Nor was it I alone that was thus robbed, for all the prisoners were served in the same way. Having thus stripped us, they led us forth to the camp to be shot. Providentially, two days prior to this, B. B. Harvy, Commander-in-chief, issued a proclamation, one article of which was, 'Any person who shall take upon him to kill or murder any person, without special written orders from the Commander-in-chief, shall be put to death.' Just as we were ranged on our knees, and our executioners in their appointed place, with guns and pikes to put us all to death, a man came into the camp with the above proclamation, which was immediately read, and proved the means of saving our lives. Nevertheless, we were near being sacrificed by these blood-thirsty men; being so enraged with disappointment, they would hardly let us return to our prison alive. Some they stabbed, at others they fired; one man received five wounds from a pike, and had three ribs broken; another was shot through the shoulders, and I, being arrayed with a *soldier's* coat, was struck several times and received a stab in the back. After being thus abused, we were ordered to the guard-house. Blessed be God! I can say, through the whole of

this trying scene my mind was given up to him, and at peace with all mankind."

His unaffected piety and meek deportment seem to have moved even the hearts of his cruel enemies, as appears from the following:

"At night, when the prisoners were about to lie down, I asked the guards if they would give me leave to pray with them, as people of every persuasion should pray, if they expected to be saved. They complied. I then prayed. The guards, though Papists, were much affected, and seemed much attached to me; nor would they permit me to sit among the prisoners any more, but made me go among themselves, and sent in a good character of me to their officers. God was indeed very kind to me here; for the next morning they cut the hair off all the prisoners' heads, and put pitched caps on them, but they meddled not with me; yea, even a minister of the Church of England, a fellow-prisoner, they served in the same way.*

"In the midst of all I was constantly engaged with God to support me, and enable me to adorn the Gospel of our Lord Jesus; to bless our gracious sovereign, and all his forces, by land and sea; to establish his throne for ever, that his children and children's children might sway the British sceptre till time should be no more, and be nursing fathers to the Protestant religion."

A good Briton he, nor less a Christian. The kindness of his masters soon changed; for, after having had a trial, he was acquitted of any special blame, and required to go to the camp and take arms in their cause. This he refused to do. He says:

"Me appointed to fight against that King who always gave us liberty! I could not do it; and, therefore, resolved

*This was the Mr. Danniels referred to by Mr. Gurley who, from his extreme suffering, became insane.

to choose imprisonment, or death itself, rather than be guilty of such a crime." His refusal enraged the rebel officers, and he was ordered to be pinioned—that is, to have his wrists tied together, and his arms tied down to his sides—and, with others, sent to Wexford prison. Speaking of his appearance on the way, he says: "It may not be amiss, perhaps, to describe my dress and situation. I had on a soldier's worn-out coat, a vest and breeches by much too little, torn and ragged, a boot-slipper on one foot, and a brogue-slipper on the other. My feet, of course, were weary to the last degree." In this condition he reached the prison, as above related—a sad plight, indeed, for a minister of the Gospel.

How trifling are the trials of itinerant ministers, now, in comparison with those endured by those who have been gathered to their fathers! And how diligent should we be, as Protestants and as patriots, to resist and counteract the mighty efforts of Romanism in our country—that deadliest foe of liberty of conscience and free government!

Rev. Mr. Taylor was not kept long in the city prison, but, owing to its crowded state, was, with others, taken to the market-house, and confined there, in an upper room. His guards were not so indulgent to him as those at Gorey. "At night," says he, "when my fellow-prisoners were preparing for sleep, I asked them to kneel down, that I might pray with them. The guards, on hearing this, were so enraged, that they swore they would send a brace of balls through me if I attempted it again. This menace so intimidated the prisoners, that they could scarcely be prevailed on to join in prayer for some time. Nevertheless, they had my silent breathings. In the morning one man said to me, 'If your tongue had been between my teeth, last night, I would have bit it off.' I asked him, 'Why?' He replied, 'You are going the way to have us all mur-

dered.' 'No,' said I; 'but I am going the way to have you all preserved; for now is the time to call on the Strong for strength.'"

In Mr. Gurley's cell, however, they had better times. The stated meetings for prayer were kept up, though, almost every day, some were taken out and put to death. Referring to these seasons of devotion, in his papers, Mr. Gurley remarks:

"The number of Protestants taken out, from time to time, to be put to death, caused my prayer meetings, morning, noon, and evening, to be thronged; but, after we were locked up at night, we had prayers by ourselves, in the cell."

Mr. Gurley often remarked, that a Divine power attended these meetings, such as he never saw before; and several were enabled to believe with the heart, and to trust in a present Savior, and were happy in their bonds. Some who, hitherto, had been lukewarm, were now quickened, and made alive in Christ, rejoicing in their Redeemer. These results were cordials to the heart of Mr. Gurley, so that he realized the sentiment of the poet,

> "And prisons would palaces prove,
> If Jesus would dwell with me there."

Mr. Gurley records the following case as one of deep interest to himself:

"William Clarke was, several years before the Rebellion, a member of my class. I do not know that I ever knew one so long and so earnestly seeking for pardon and the witness of the Spirit, without finding peace. He was constantly at class, and very prudent and sober in his conduct, both at home and abroad. Poor William! from the time he was put in the prison he attended regularly our public prayer meetings, and especially our noon intercessions. On the 20th of June, while at our mid-day meeting, God

spoke peace to his longing soul. O, how happy he was! Indeed, our prison was a paradise, for Jesus was there. He found Him whom he had long sought after; and O, at how important a time! I do believe it was not two hours from the time he found pardon till he was, I hope and trust, admitted into glory. The rebels took him out; and I was positively assured, that he acted as a noble martyr, evincing the most calm and steadfast state of mind, as he was led to a tormenting death. As he passed along toward the bridge where he was to be murdered, he joyfully commenced singing praises to God. The guards ordered him to stop, but he calmly replied, that he would praise God while he had breath, and sang on. They barbarously thrust their pikes through his body, calling him a swaddling heretic, and then threw him over the bridge into the river. I believe he had his senses to the last; for, when I went down to the bridge, the day after we were liberated, there I saw William Clarke, on his knees, at the bottom of the river, with both his arms clasped round one of the pillars, or trestles, of the bridge. Being thrown over the north side of the bridge, and the tide setting to the south, on the way he met with the pillar, and took a death-hold of it, and doubtless there kept praying as long as he had life, and after death kept his grasp, until the people brought him up. I saw him after he was taken home. His knees could not be straightened; his face was but little distorted, and nearly as he used to look. Poor man, how soon, after he found peace in Christ, did he find a happy asylum, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!' "

British officers, with king's troops and Irish volunteers, were now daily arriving in the county; and the sore defeats which they had met with in different places, created great alarm in the rebel ranks.

On the morning of the 20th of June General Moore

engaged a body of the insurgents, eighteen hundred strong, near the Three Rocks, and routed them, after a severe conflict, with great slaughter. On the same day the different divisions of the insurgent army concentrated at Vinegar Hill, a very strong position, which they had held from the beginning of the insurrection, and where they deemed themselves safe from the attack of any force which could be brought against them. This confidence was soon to be put to the test; for, on the evening of the 20th, his Majesty's forces, consisting of fifteen thousand men, under Lieutenant General Lake, were seen advancing in two directions, and taking position in four divisions, at some distance from the hill. The first division was commanded by General Johnson, the second by General Dundas, the third by Sir James Duff, and the fourth by General Needham. The march of so formidable an army, so well dressed and armed, and with so extensive a train of artillery and baggage, carried terror and consternation to the hearts of the insurgents, throughout the country. On the 19th the people of Wexford learned that the English forces were arriving, and marching for Vinegar Hill. The intelligence created the greatest consternation. Women were seen running through the streets, pale and trembling. Groups of rebels were seen collected in various parts of the town, cursing, and stamping the ground with rage.

Word was circulated, the same evening, that every prisoner in their power was to be executed the next day. This heart-rending intelligence threw a deeper gloom over the whole city. Even Catholics, now fearful of the issue, shuddered at the thought, lest a terrible vengeance might be taken on them; while many a wife, daughter, parent, or sister of the prisoners, sat in silent sorrow, through the dreadful night; or bewailing, in tearful anguish, the approaching fate of their dearest friends.

CHAPTER XV.

Morning of the 20th of June—Murdering band assembled by Dixon—Black flag—Massacre on the bridge—Inhumanity of Popish bishop—Murder of Mr. Gurley's brother and brother-in-law—Mr. Gurley led out to be piked—He comes to murdering band—His feelings—How rescued from death—He returns to prison—Narrowly escapes again—Rebukes a rebel officer—Affecting scene in cell—Close of murders on bridge.

On the morning of the memorable 20th of June, in Wexford, all was terror and consternation. The town bell rang an alarm, and the drums beat to arms. This was to assemble the rebel forces to go out and attack the approaching army.

Thomas Dixon, rebel captain, rode to the jail door, and swore that not a prisoner should be alive at sunset. He then rode into the street, repeating the same, with horrid imprecations, saying that not a soul should be left to tell the tale!

The place selected for the tragic scene was the bridge of Wexford. This was erected three years previous, and was a noble specimen of architecture. It crossed the Slaney on a road leading northward from the city. It was remarkable for its length and beauty, being fifteen hundred and fifty-nine feet long, with a portcullis, and thirty feet wide, with a toll house at each end. On each side were footways, ornamented with Chinese railing, supported by strong bars. It was not covered; but there were two recesses, with roofs, as places of rest and shelter from sudden showers. It was a place admirably adapted to the purpose: the populace could be kept at a distance; the blood, instead of flowing through the streets, as in Paris, on "St. Bartholomew's day," could drip through the slippery planks; while the stream below would bear away on its crimson tide the

expiring bodies of the martyrs, and thus save their executioners the trouble of a burial.

In the afternoon Dixon made all arrangements to execute his threat. He assembled the murdering band, and hoisted the black flag, the choice ensign for their black atrocities. The flag had painted on one side a bloody cross; on the other, in large capitals, were "M. W. S.," the initials of "murder without sin," signifying that it was no sin to murder Protestants. What a sad sight it must have been to such prisoners as knew the import of the letters. After parading some time, to attract attention and give more solemnity to the scene, they entered the jail yard, and ordered out a parcel of prisoners. The poor fellows came trembling from their cells; some pale and weeping. Some fell on their knees, and implored mercy at their hands; but all in vain. They were conducted, under a strong guard, to the bridge, and piked to death in the most cruel manner, and their bodies thrown, some only half dead, into the river.

Rev. George Taylor says, "While this was going on, a rebel captain, being shocked at the cries of the victims, ran to the Popish bishop, who was then drinking wine with the utmost composure, after his dinner, and, knowing that he could stop the massacre sooner than any other person, entreated of him, 'for the mercy of Jesus,' to come and save the prisoners. He, in a very unconcerned manner, replied that it was no affair of his, and requested that the captain would sit down and take a glass with him, adding that the people should be gratified. The captain refused the bishop's invitation, and, filled with abhorrence and distress of mind, walked silently away."

In a printed circular this prelate stoutly denied the above charge brought against him. He alledged that no such man called for his interference, and that, consequently, he did not make the inhuman and ungracious reply above-mentioned.

A denial of the charge, if true, would not be strange, when to have confessed to it would perhaps have endangered his head; but as the report seems not to be fully supported by evidence, it would not seem fair to insist on its truth with certainty. This concession, however, it must be seen, relieves but little the character of this ecclesiastic; for, according to his own confession, he was in the city all of that eventful day, as the spiritual head and chief shepherd of the Roman Catholic Church in that city; he could not be ignorant of, or uninterested in, the sanguinary movements of his people. He must have known, what every man, woman, and child there knew, of the threat to murder the prisoners. His residence was in sight of the jail; and the drum-beat, which marshaled the murdering band, must have been distinctly heard at his dwelling. Yet there he sat, in quiet repose, without attempting to arrest the dreadful proceedings. His word would have turned the scales. The guilt which attaches with certainty to him, therefore, is precisely this: he permitted his flock to murder, in cold blood, their unoffending fellow-citizens, without sympathizing with the sufferers, or attempting to stop the sanguinary work.

All this time the unrelenting rebels were butchering the poor Protestants on the bridge. Among these were Mr. Gurley's brother, (Jonas,) and brother-in-law, (John Smith.)

"In regard to my brother Jonas," says Mr. G., "and my brother-in-law, I did not see them on the day of their massacre. What I now write I had from a Mrs. Burn, a member of my class at the time, and who saw Jonas when he was taken on the bridge. She said that when Jonas came on the bridge, with several others, they took off his coat and shirt, and then whipped him with iron nail rods for a long time, the flesh flying off at every stroke; then four of the pikemen began to stab him with their pikes, in the legs, thighs, cheeks, and arms, and when falling, held him

up with their pikes; then, after they had fully glutted their savage fury, the four darted their pikes into his body, lifted him up, and, carrying him to the portcullis of the bridge, pitched him over. It was flood tide; so he was carried up the river. Poor fellow! he was horribly mangled. As to John Smith, she did not give me so particular an account: she said, however, that they piked him for some time, and as they were piking and pushing him along to the portcullis, she saw him tread on his own bowels. They threw him into the river. How dreadful must have been their sufferings!

"I shudder, even now, at the thought of the awful death I escaped. I was told Jonas was offered his life if he would have a priest to baptize him, and would take mass; but he would not: he knew too well their treachery to trust them; for had he complied, they would have thought him only the better fitted to die. Smith was a very tender-hearted man. I remember that, having once slightly wounded himself, he fainted at the sight of his own blood. What, then, must have been his feelings in this dreadful conflict!"

Several times did the murdering band get a fresh supply of prisoners: some from the prison-ship, where several were confined; others from the market-house. While they were murdering one party, priest Roach, the general, rode up in great haste, and bade them beat to arms, for that Vinegar Hill was nearly surrounded by the King's troops, and that all should repair to camp.

This had for the time a wonderful effect, for they instantly closed the bloody scene, and ran away in all directions, leaving several prisoners on their knees, who were so stupefied with terror that they remained in that position some time, without making any effort to escape. But Dixon, the monster, soon returned, and ordered out more victims from the market-house and prison. The time had now arrived to try the faith of Mr. Gurley; he had been

expecting it daily. He collected his thoughts, and tried to realize the scene. For a moment "a horror, of great darkness, fell on him, and the hair of his flesh stood up;" but that precious promise, "Lo, I am with you, even to the end," rushed upon his soul, as if announced by a voice from heaven, and in an instant, every particle of fear was gone, and joy filled his soul. A part of his companions had already been taken out and executed, among whom was Mr. William Clark, before mentioned.

At first some of the leading rebels of the guard entered the cell, and held a kind of mock trial or investigation, that they might know who should be put to death, or, rather, who should die first; for it had been published that not one should live to tell the tale.

Referring to this in his manuscript, Mr. Gurley says: "There was a man, to tell who was who: this was a Mr. Pendergast, a man I dreaded most of all men in the place, because he knew I was about commencing a suit in chancery against his father, for the recovery of some real estate. Still, I was quite composed; and well do I recollect how strong and cheering were the promises of God to me: 'No weapon formed against thee shall prosper. Pendergast was rebel captain of the ward in which I resided. 'What fellow is this?' said the rebel leader of the party. Pendergast replied, 'It is William Gurley, the silversmith.' 'What sort of a fellow is he?' 'A civil, harmless man.' 'What have you against him?' 'Nothing, only he is a heretic, and goes to hear the swaddlers.' [Methodists.] 'But is he not an Orangeman?' 'No, I am not,' said I. 'No,' said Pendergast, 'he is not.' 'But,' said he, 'you made silver medals for the Orangemen?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I have.' 'O, that is of no consequence to our cause,' said Pendergast; 'let him go with these two English sailors standing in the aisle, for the present.'

"At that moment their eye caught sight of a person at the far end of the hall. They then ran from me to him, crying, 'Blood! blood! we will have blood!' and seizing the man, they took him away to be piked." Thus far Mr. Gurley escaped.

During the afternoon, however, he had two more narrow escapes: "After Jonas and his company were piked, about three o'clock, B. Kearney, the rebel ordinary of the prison, came into my cell: we were engaged in prayer. He bade us all stand up. Soon eight armed men came in and passed us, eyeing us awfully; then they passed out into the aisle again. Soon one Murphy, whom I knew well, returned to where we were all standing, and caught me by my neck-cloth, saying, 'Turn out, you heretic dog, to be piked.'

"The sergeant of the guard stood at the cell door. I knew him also; his name was Carty. In former days he was in comfortable circumstances; but latterly, by gambling, he had become much reduced. I had often relieved him in distress; and when he would bring his silver plate to me to pawn or sell, I used to give him as much for it as it would sell for when worked anew. As I came to the door, I showed him Captain Kengh's protection, and asked if he would pay no regard to that; but he waved his hand for me to pass on, saying I was a heretic, and not fit to live; so I went out."

Death now seemed inevitable. Mr. Gurley, with others, passed out till they came to the 'murdering band.' This was a party of rebels; they stood in two rows to receive the prisoners as they came out. They were armed with pikes, which were red with the blood of those they had just murdered.

As Mr. Gurley was led toward them, they set up a shout: "O boys, here comes Gurley, the heretic. Pike him! pike him! pike the heretic dog!" With the true spirit of a

martyr, he heard his doom pronounced. "I felt, says he, "the moment the ruffian's hand was laid on my neck, the power of God come on my soul, and I was filled with unutterable joy. I had no doubt but that in a few minutes I should 'be with Jesus in paradise.'" Nor did the sight of the murdering band, thirsting for his blood, interrupt this equanimity of mind, or shake the firmness of his soul. His eye quailed not as it met the revengeful glances of his foes. He gazed on their blood-streaming pikes, and their sable flag, with its dreadful initials, and as their malicious looks met his eye, and their fiendish yells for blood struck his ear, his emotions reached their crisis. His bosom heaved with the rushing tide of feelings which would no longer be restrained; and in a clear, full tone of voice, he commenced singing the following hymn:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures."

Thus rejoicing, he walked out between their bloody ranks. The bitterness of death was past; visions of eternal bliss were flitting before his imagination; his glittering crown appeared in view; and often has he been heard to say, "Never was I so happy in all my life." O, what a blessing is true religion in a dying hour! Few, indeed, are called under such circumstances to test its value; but the bed of death, whether of down or straw, whether surrounded by friends or strangers, in the cottage or the palace, is a gloomy scene without the hope of heaven. But with this, the Christian can lie down to die tranquilly as the weary pilgrim sinks to his evening slumbers, and glorious as the setting sun, whose parting beams illumine the world he has left behind him.

The murdering band now proceeded to the market-house,

from whence they took other prisoners; and among them the Rev. George Taylor, before mentioned. These were conducted with cursings and yells to the bloody bridge, already covered with human gore. The prisoners, arranged in a row on their knees, awaited their miserable fate. Now the inhuman tortures again commenced. An eye-witness thus describes the scene and manner of torture: "Some they would perforate in places not mortal, to prolong and increase their torture; others they would raise aloft on their pikes, and while the poor, friendless victim writhed in the extreme of agony, and his blood streamed down the handles of their pikes, they exulted round him with savage joy." Through a gracious interposition of Divine Providence, only six of this company of prisoners were murdered at this time.

The manner in which they finally escaped is so graphically detailed by Rev. Mr. Taylor, who was one of the number, and agrees so entirely with the statement of Mr. Gurley, that we give it in his own words:

"We were led out and marched to the bridge, two and two, guards before and behind, and on each side. They were teasing us on the way to 'bless' ourselves. They would shout through the streets, as we passed on, 'Why don't you say your prayers? Bless yourselves before the devil gets you. You will be in hell's flames in a few minutes.'

"One of them came to me and asked me, 'Can you bless yourself?' I replied, 'No; but I can pray to God to bless me, and you can do no more.'

"They would hardly let me go to the bridge, they so thirsted for my blood. When we arrived there we kneeled down, to commend our souls to God. They piked six in the most horrid manner, and threw them over the bridge. One man in his torture jumped into the river, where they shot him. While these were being tortured, I thought

surely I would be one of the next, as there was only one between me and death, when the Lord appeared in our behalf, by sending Mr. Corrin, parish priest of Wexford, to rescue us. When he came to the place of execution, he exclaimed, 'O, what is it you are doing? desist from shedding innocent blood; there has been too much of that already; you have lost your cause, and for God's sake shed no more.' On which these inhuman monsters exclaimed, 'They are all bloody Orangemen; we *will* pike them; for this is the way they would serve us if they had us in their power.

"Mr. Corrin then took off his hat, and entreated them to desist, but in vain. I thought he would not be able to prevail. When he saw their determination, he requested them to kneel down, and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners, before they would kill any more of them. They obeyed; and when he had got them in the attitude of devotion, 'Now,' said he, 'pray that the Lord Jesus may give you to feel that mercy for them which you expect from him in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.' They at length consented to spare us a while longer. He then led us away, and, as he was coming by me, I stood up and kissed his hand, saying, '"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."' On our return we met that tyrannical rebel, Thomas Dixon, who anxiously inquired why we were brought back. Mr. Corrin told him that he had begged us off for the present. Dixon was much displeased with Mr. Corrin, and intimated that he would yet have satisfaction of every one of us."

This unexpected rescue from the very jaws of death produced a strong revulsion in the hitherto calm and joyful mind of Mr. Gurley. There is a state of mind of which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the person to form an exact idea, who has not known it by experience; and such as have experienced it are seldom permitted to enlighten us

on the subject. It is that state in which the mind has settled into the full conviction that death is inevitable, and that, too, the next moment. This sensation has been realized by the convict on the gallows, or the deserter under the sentence of martial law. The latter, for instance, sits upon his coffin. He sees the file of soldiers, a few paces distant. Their deadly muskets are presented. He hears the words, "Ready—aim;" but, instead of "Fire!" the word pronounced is "Pardon!" Yet, to proclaim pardon then were scarce a mercy, if the condemned were but prepared for heaven. All the mental suffering or conscious misery is already experienced. The bitterness of death is past. Some have so reached the point of absolute surrender to death, that it would seem that the will had the power to dismiss the spirit. Certain it is that some die instantly at the word "pardoned," as if shot through the heart. Mr. Gurley's feelings did not reach that point precisely, but the degree preceding it. Hope had surrendered its throne. Certain death appeared to be at hand, and a moment more his flesh should quiver on the points of steel. The spirit was moving in "the direction of eternity," with rapid speed. A thread only held it, when suddenly the force which impelled it onward ceased to operate. It was a sudden stop—a strong jar—a powerful revulsion, affecting, most remarkably, his whole frame, as the love of life awoke in his bosom, and hope resumed its empire, and consciousness exclaimed, "I may live."

Almost unconscious of what he did, he sat down on a stone, in the hall or aisle of the prison, fully exposed to the view of the murderers, should they again return. He remarks: "I had sat on the stone in the hall about half an hour, when a corporal of the prison guard came to me, and said, 'Mr. Gurley, you are not safe here. There is no order or subordination among us, and, if you sit here, you will be

hurried off and piked yet, as has been the case with your brother Jonas and your brother-in-law.' He then led me to a far-off cell, in one of the wings of the prison, where seven or eight young men, who had been acquitted, were put, for safety. Thus was the Lord good to me, in softening the hearts of some of those bloody tyrants. When I got to my new cell I found the young men were Protestants. In this cell there was one standing bed.

"About six o'clock, as I was sitting in the cell wrapped in contemplation—and sitting, as I may say, calm on tumult's wheel, all peace within—when suddenly our cell door was thrown open; six or seven armed men rushed in, vociferating, 'Is Jack Carty, the painter, here?' 'No,' said one; 'no,' said another. 'O, if you have hid him, and we find him, we will not leave one of you alive;' at the same moment they darted their pikes into the bed to see if he was there. 'What fellow is that, with his head down, there?' said they. I was sitting on a block of wood with my head on my hands. 'Hold up your head, you sir, there. O, Gurley, the d——d heretic swaddler; let us pike him.' So they caught me by the arm and pulled me with them, to be murdered. But some of the young men ran after us, and told them that an officer had put me in their cell for safety. At this the man who had me by the collar let me go, giving me a push and kick, saying, 'Begone, you d——d swaddling dog.' So off they went, and I returned to the young men's cell. About an hour after, as I was looking out of the small window, I saw a woman walking as fast as she could, with one child on her back, another in her arms, and a tin pail in her hand. She seemed to be in a great fright; another was running, and appeared as if frantic, wringing her hands and crying. 'Ha! ha! my lads,' said I, 'look here; our friends are coming to our relief. See what a terror the Papists are in.'

"In a few minutes Dick Monk, a rebel officer, came into the prison to take an account of all the prisoners left. I was called out by the jailer into the hall. When Monk saw me, he exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Gurley! of all men in the country, what did they put you here for?' 'Why not me,' said I, 'as well as all other heretics? Dick, where is my brother Jonas and John Smith? O, you have murdered them! Ah, you will get it for this day's work.' Some standing by checked me for speaking so plainly to him. I replied, 'I care not a pin what they do; they can only kill the body; the soul is out of the reach of their cruel power.' Monk, who a short time before would have punished such an insult with death on the spot, now received the rebuke in silence. He knew the tables were about to be turned, and that he would soon be in the hands of the Loyalists; and he feared for his own head.

"After Monk dismissed me," continues Mr. Gurley, "I returned to the cell. It was now dusk. 'Well, boys,' said I, 'I will go and see who in my cell is murdered, and how the living are.' But, O, my soul! when I went in and said, 'Who have we alive here?'—they all supposed I had been piked—they ran to me and kissed my cheeks and forehead, and clung around me, crying, with almost frantic joy, 'Are you alive? are you alive?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I am flesh and bones yet.' You cannot conceive, nor I describe, my feelings; there was a mixture of joy, love, and gratitude to God. Fortunately, but one had been taken and murdered after I left."

The massacre on the bridge was beheld by crowds of people, both Catholics and Protestants, whom affection or curiosity had drawn together. The wives and daughters of many of the sufferers were there, but were not allowed by the guard to approach or take a last farewell. The dying groans of the martyrs were mingled with the wail of

sorrowful hearts on the banks of the river; while some, as they beheld the bleeding forms of husbands and fathers thrown headlong from the bridge, fell fainting in the arms of their neighbors, and were borne senseless to their sad and desolate homes. Mrs. Gurley did not venture to the bridge. She was told, however, by some of her acquaintances, that her husband and his brothers were murdered; but she could get no certain account, and thus spent the night in the most gloomy and awful suspense.

As the day closed the Papist inhabitants were in the greatest alarm. Fragments of their army, defeated that morning by General Moore, came into the town breathing threats of revenge; and word was generally circulated that on the next day every Protestant—man, woman, and child—in the city should be put to death.

It is almost incredible that such barbarous cruelties could be perpetrated by men professing to be patriots and Christians; but they are sustained by indubitable testimony, and in his manuscript Mr. Gurley says: "As I was living in the midst of all the passing events, I remember all I write to you as positive facts."

At length the gloomy day, during which, it is said, "the sun did not so much as glimmer through the frowning heavens," wore slowly away, and Night threw her dark mantle once more over the guilty earth. Ninety-seven unoffending citizens, who hailed the rising sun, had met their cruel fate. Their bodies, bruised and mangled, were sleeping in the bosom of the unconscious waters, but their spirits had passed away into the presence of their Creator; and heaven's recording angel made another dark entry against depraved and sinful man.

CHAPTER XVI.

Battle of Vinegar Hill—Defeat of the insurgents—Danger of prisoners at Wexford—Rebel authorities offer to capitulate—Correspondence of leaders—Insurgents evacuate the city—Mr. Gurley and others during the night preceding the battle—Prayer meeting all night—Prison shaken by artillery in the morning—King's troops enter the town—Prison doors opened—Transports of prisoners and friends—Meeting at Mr. Gurley's house—Mr. G. seeks the dead bodies of his friends—Temporal circumstances—He goes to Dublin for goods.

While these tragical events were occurring in Wexford, the King's troops, fifteen thousand in number, were taking positions around Vinegar Hill, the last strong refuge of the concentrated forces of the insurgent army.

This commanding position was strengthened by intrenchments, over which thirteen cannon frowned defiance. The number of insurgents has been variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. These were their best disciplined and firmest men. Others had fallen or fled to their homes.

A detachment of insurgents rushed down the hill, and made a sortie on General Johnson's division, which had encamped about a mile from its base. A slight skirmish only ensued, and the party returned speedily to camp. The morning of the 21st found the different columns surrounding the hill, impatient for battle. They hailed with cheerful music the rising sun; their polished bayonets and furbished arms glittered in the golden beams, while their unfurled banners floated proudly on the morning breeze. At half-past five o'clock a gun was fired from the right, and answered from the centre and left columns. This was the signal for a general attack. From elevated positions on the north and west the cannon of the English troops opened on the rebel camp. The town of Enniscorthy lay in the valley,

between the western division of the army and the hill. A part of this corps rushed down the hill into the town, which was filled with the insurgent soldiery. Here a fierce contest ensued; but the impetuosity of the King's troops was resistless. Their rapid tread seemed to make the earth tremble beneath them. It was the fierce onset of determined men; in firm array, reckless alike of danger and death, they swept like a fierce torrent through the town, driving the astonished enemy before them in wild amazement. The thunder of the loyal artillery was answered by the insurgents with a terrible fire from their intrenchments. The mount seemed to blaze like a volcano amid the rapid explosions of their guns.

The rebel commanders knew that their fate, and the fate of their cause, hung on that battle; and they exhibited a martial courage and noble bearing worthy of a better cause. For an hour and three-quarters did the heavy ordnance of the besiegers vomit forth destruction upon their ranks. Grape-shot and balls rattled round them like a storm of hail, and every moment they saw their comrades sinking to the earth. Still these infatuated men, whose fate was sealed, rode round their terror-stricken lines, cheering their men by their presence, and animating them by their example.

Covered by their artillery, the advancing columns of the besiegers opened a deadly fire of musketry, while the lines of the rebel camp blazed with one continued sheet of flame from their small arms. The roar of battle now rose all round the hill, and its summit seemed on fire. The heavens were darkened with ascending clouds of smoke and dust, the solid earth shook under the dreadful concussion, and the shouts of the warriors and the thunder of battle echoed and re-echoed from the distant hills.

A favorable position having been gained, the loyal troops now planted their mortars, and a shower of bomb-shells

began to fall on the dark masses of the insurgents. As the fatal shells exploded around them, scattering unlooked-for destruction in their ranks, they were filled with consternation and amazement; and, as shell followed shell in quick succession, they held up their hands in utter despair, exclaiming, "We can stand any thing but these *guns which fire twice*." Taking advantage of this panic, the centre column of the assailants charged up the hill like furies, and, marching straight forward on the solid columns of the rebels, poured their reserved fire directly in their faces, and then charged with their bayonets the staggering foe. Like some thundering avalanche loosened from its Alpine height, the insurgent hosts now gave way, and rolled down the southern side of the hill. Their deserted cannon were now turned on their flying squadrons, mowing down their retreating ranks.

The rebel standard, which had so long waved on the top of the old windmill, was now torn down, and the royal banners unfurled in its place.

The routed hosts fled toward Wexford, leaving all their artillery and baggage in the hands of the victorious Lake. The flying army divided, some passing through Wexford, others through Gorey to the mountains on the borders of the county.

Partly protected by their intrenchments, the insurgent loss was only five or six hundred; the loss on the part of the King's troops, in killed and wounded, was less than one hundred.

Filled with rage, and maddened with disappointment, the retreating insurgents crowded into Wexford, with priest Roach, their general, at their head. Here the Catholic authorities of the city held a council, to determine what was to be done in their present emergency. Some were for putting all the prisoners to death; some were for

evacuating the town; while many were for fighting to the last.

A detachment of the victorious army were already in motion under General Moore, and were now approaching the city. Priest Roach, rendered desperate by defeat, now evinced his total want of judgment, by urging his men to march out boldly and meet the advancing army, telling them that it was much more honorable to fight to the last. But their confidence in his ability as a general was shaken; and his efforts to lead them to certain destruction were fortunately vain. At five o'clock General Moore with his brigade arrived, and halted in the vicinity of the city.

After due deliberation, the rebel authorities of the town liberated Lord Kingsborough and some other officers, who were prisoners, and sent them to General Moore, to propose a surrender on honorable terms. Kingsborough was accompanied by two insurgent captains, who bore to the commander of the loyal troops the following terms of capitulation:

"That Captain M'Manus shall proceed from Wexford toward Oulart, accompanied by Mr. E. Hay, appointed by the inhabitants of all religious persuasions, to inform the officers commanding the King's troops that they are ready to deliver up the town of Wexford, without opposition, lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance; provided that the protection of their persons and property are guarantied by the commanding officer, and that they will use all the influence in their power to induce the people of the country at large to return to their allegiance, also. These terms we hope Captain M'Manus will be able to procure.

"Signed, by order of the inhabitants of Wexford,

"Matt. Keugh, *Gov.*"

These proposals were forwarded to General Lake, who returned the following answer:

"Lieutenant General Lake cannot attend to any terms

offered by rebels in arms against their sovereign; while they continue so, he must use the force intrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction. . . To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

"Signed, G. Lake.

"*Enniscorthy, 22d of June,* 1798."

As soon as this embassy was sent off, without waiting for a reply, the drums beat a retreat, and the insurgent forces left the town for the mountains. Before going, however, the Popish bishop came and requested all to kneel down till he would give them a parting benediction. This was done with due solemnity, and in half an hour not an armed insurgent could be seen in the city.

Having traced the progress and results of the decisive battle of Vinegar Hill, let us now return to Mr. Gurley and his associates, whom we left, on the evening preceding the engagement, rejoicing that he was still alive. Mr. Gurley and other prisoners were satisfied that the King's troops must be at hand, but had great reason to apprehend that before they could fight a decisive battle, and come to their assistance, they would be put to death by the rebels, as was the case at the Sculaboge house and barn, during the battle of Ross. At all events, they felt that the crisis had arrived; they believed this would be their last night in prison, and that the setting sun of another day would find them either enjoying the sweets of liberty or in the eternal world; and judging the future by the past, the latter seemed by far the most probable.

The critical hour was fully appreciated by Mr. Gurley, who thus refers to it:

"At eight o'clock, as usual, we had public prayers: it was a good time, even better than ever.

"After prayer, my companions began to prepare the straw to sleep on, as usual. When I saw this, I said to them: 'Friends, formerly we went out and came in when we pleased—went to bed when we pleased and rose when we pleased; but I presume this is the last night we shall have in this world: let us not spend it in sleep, but in prayer; as through mercy we have all been spared through this dreadful day, so let us watch and pray all this night, except father Atkins—let him go to rest.' [This was an aged man of seventy-two years; but the blood of his youth seemed to beat anew in his veins. If the next day was to see him at home in the arms of his children, or in paradise, he scorned to sleep the precious hours away.] 'Indeed,' said the old man, 'I will not lie down, for I have as much need of prayer as the rest of you.' 'O, very well,' said I, 'I have no objections;' so we were all agreed, and it was a night long to be remembered by us all.

"I had a strong impression during our prayers that deliverance was at hand; so we prayed and sang at intervals through the night—how often I do not now remember; but this I recollect, that none fell asleep but a young man, sixteen years of age. Some one pointed him out to me. 'O,' said I, 'let him sleep on; he has had a hard day of it, as well as ourselves.'" Wearied with watching and prayer, the morning at length broke on their devotions. A clear sun darted his golden beams into the grated window of their cell, as if to remind them that God had not ceased to reign. The same sun was gilding with his radiance the bristling bayonets and flashing helmets of the impatient hosts round Vinegar Hill.

Mr. Gurley continues: "Morning came at last; it was calm and clear. A Mr. Gill was standing by the window, when we felt the prison tremble, and a sound like distant thunder was heard. He called me to him, saying, 'Do

you hear that?' 'Yes,' said I, 'it was the report of a cannon.' In a moment there was another, and then a third, and soon there was one continued roar of distant artillery. 'O,' said I, 'our friends have come to our aid, at last; let us go and help them.' Several replied, 'Why, if you attempt to go out, you will be cut to pieces in a moment.' 'Come,' said I, 'we will help them with our prayers.'

"So down on our knees all fell; and if ever the Spirit of God did help me to pray, it was then.

"I felt my soul to be very happy; I believe I continued in prayer above half an hour.

"The roar of arms continued without intermission till half-past seven o'clock, when it ceased entirely. You may judge how anxious we were to know the result. We soon found the rebels were defeated." This must, indeed, have been to them most joyful intelligence: but that joy was tempered with some fearful apprehensions; for when the retreating insurgents reached Wexford, that day, many of them surrounded the prison, with the most fearful execrations and curses—demanding to be let in, that they might murder the prisoners. Their clamor was heard within, and preparations were instantly made by the inmates of the jail to defend themselves to the last, in case the attempt should be made.

This, also, is referred to in the manuscript:

"As soon as we had an idea that the rebels intended to enter and put us to death, before the army could arrive, we began to prepare to defend ourselves. We put all the beds we could find in different cells against the windows, to stop the balls; barricaded the door with every thing we could get; and armed ourselves with iron bars, brickbats from the hearth, and loose stones, determined to fight to the last. Happily, the guards had the firmness to refuse the enraged rebels admittance, while the latter, as we have seen, had

little time to parley, and enough to do to take care of themselves. Finding that the rebels had fled from the town, General Moore dispatched Captain Boyd, of the Wexford cavalry, with a part of the brigade, to take possession of the garrison. The Captain and a few other officers rode up to the jail to see the prisoners, who hailed their approach, as the gates were thrown open, with tears of joy, and gave them three hearty cheers. Captain Boyd cautioned them not to leave the jail till the troops arrived, lest, being in ordinary dress, and not in uniform, and so many of them together, they might at a distance be mistaken for rebels, and shot at by the soldiers, as an accident of this kind had already occurred near Vinegar Hill. The greater portion, therefore, remained, though a few ventured out singly, and among these Mr. Gurley. He thus refers to this happy deliverance:

"Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Captain Boyd rode up to the jail, with the glad news that we were at liberty. Tears of joy gushed from every eye. O, what a thing is life! and yet what is it but a vapor!

'Our life is a dream,
'Our time is a stream,
'Gliding swiftly away.'

"How soon it passes off and all is over!

"Finding the rebels had all quit the town, I went up to the far end of it, to see what had become of my wife. When I got near the west gate, I saw the 29th regiment just entering town, with several noblemen and gentlemen. The latter bade me go with them back to the prison, to see all set free. So I went with them; but when we came to the jail yard, good mercy! what joy was depicted in every face!" Rev. George Taylor, who was liberated at the same time, says: "I cannot describe the feelings of my soul, when news came in that the rebels had retreated; that the

King's troops were coming into town; and that the English colors were hoisted at the quay. I could not paint the transports of those that were liberated.

"There were the most delightful scenes, and the most feeling I ever saw: young women coming into prison, embracing their fathers, brothers, and friends, and all weeping together for joy. It could not but affect me, it appeared to be so solemn a time, so sacred and acceptable in the sight of the Lord. The army came in, opened our prison doors, and set us free. Now we tasted the sweets of freedom, and we gave them a hearty cheer; then went to the house of Mr. William Gurley, where a few of the most serious assembled and sung:

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.'"

Before Mr. Gurley reached his house he was met by his wife, who, still uncertain of his fate, was on her way to the prison, to see whether he was dead or alive. We leave it for the reader to imagine the tenderness and joy of that meeting.

The house of Mr. Gurley seems to have been the rallying point for the liberated disciples of Christ; for scarcely had he reached home, when, as related in the above extract, Rev. Mr. Taylor, and several other prisoners and their friends followed him.

After singing the hymn referred to, they engaged in a prayer of thanksgiving to that God who had wrought out for them so merciful a deliverance.

The joy of Mr. Gurley in being once more safely seated in his own house, in the bosom of his own family, was mingled with sad and heart-rending thoughts. Many of his brethren in the Lord were slain. The dead bodies of his brother and brother-in-law were either floating on the troubled waters or rotting on the shore; his goods and property were gone, and he was penniless; his wife and child

were all that remained; and as he pressed them to his throbbing bosom, he blessed that God who had preserved them while all else was taken, and felt that with them and God's blessing he could still be happy.

What an imperishable treasure is true religion! The ship freighted with treasure may sink; the house filled with merchandise may be consumed by fire; but he who trusts in God has a fortune which no earthly disaster can assail, or time impair.

The next day Mr. Gurley went to seek the remains of his murdered relatives. He observes: "Two days after my liberation I got two coffins made, and went to find the bodies of Jonas and Smith. A man showed me where they were buried in the sand; 'but,' said he, 'they are so mangled and putrid you can only put them into a coffin with a shovel, having been exposed to a hot sun for five days.' So I let them remain there for a time, and twice in twenty-four hours the sea washed over them. I there saw, partly in the water, the body of Mr. M'Daniels, the same that called on me so earnestly to pray for him in the jail. I had his body put in the coffin I took for my brother, and sent word to his wife, who sent and had him buried.

"The strand was strewed all along with a vast number of dead bodies, which, from time to time, during the 'Reign of Terror,' had been thrown into the river. They were a sad sight to behold. I could not help saying to myself, 'Surely, God will take vengeance on the authors and perpetrators of these bloody deeds.'"

Mr. Gurley had now to begin the world anew. His shop was a wreck, his tools many of them purloined, and his property gone. Availing himself, however, of such small resources as he could command, he went to Dublin, with a view of purchasing such articles as were indispensable for commencing business again.

He reached Dublin in August; and while there the French squadron, under General Humbert, landed at Killala, and a fresh effort was made to arouse the spirits of the United Irishmen once more to strike for victory and independence—with what success will hereafter be seen.

CHAPTER XVII.

Proclamation of General Lake—Waning prospects of insurgents—Leaders taken and executed—French troops land at Killala—Proclamations of French officers—Failure of French expedition—Their surrender—Amusing address of the Mackamores—"The Emmets"—Close of Rebellion—Reflections.

General Lake now issued a proclamation, for arresting all the leaders of the insurrection, but promising pardon to the deluded multitude, on condition of surrendering their arms and returning to their allegiance. The defeat at Vinegar Hill had so dispirited the rebels, that most of them retired speedily to their homes, though very few, indeed, gave up their arms.

Having traced, thus far, the fortunes of the insurgents, we will not dismiss them, in their waning glory, too unceremoniously, but follow their broken and disordered hosts a little further. The routed army of Vinegar Hill separated into two divisions; and several severe engagements took place, after the evacuation of Wexford. Five thousand of their number were attacked, at a place called Killcomney, by two divisions of troops. The rebels made a desperate defense, but were at last overpowered, leaving one thousand of their number slaughtered on the field. The chief leaders of the insurgents still kept the field. One division of their forces was headed by General Priest Roach, Edward Fitzgerald, and priest John Murphy; the other by General Perry, priest Kearns, and William Byrn.

Perry, despairing of doing any thing further in the county of Wexford, now so strongly protected with victorious troops, passed over into the county of Killdare, hoping to penetrate to the north of Ireland. On the 11th of July he marched against Clonard, intending, if successful, from

thence to pass northward, whence he expected large reinforcements.

Clonard was defended by a small body of yeomanry; and such was the skill and spirit with which they fought, that they defended the place against the whole rebel force of four thousand men, who, after six hours' hard fighting, were put to flight, leaving two hundred and ten killed and wounded. Less than one hundred yeomanry gained this decisive victory. They fought chiefly from covert places, and from the upper stories of the buildings. The insurgent leaders yet clung, with the greatest tenacity, to the hope of success. Poorly supplied with food and ammunition, they still braved the dangers and hardships of the field, and occasionally gained some slight victories over their pursuers; but, chased from mountain to mountain, defeated in every place, after repeated and unsuccessful struggles to retrieve their fortunes, or reinforce their wasted ranks, they at length yielded, reluctantly, to uncontrollable necessity, and abandoned the cause in utter despair. Each man now thought only of his own safety. Many, who fell into the hands of the royal troops, met with a hard fate. Others, tired of a rebellious life, returned to their homes, took the oath of allegiance, and received protection from government officers, and, as a writer remarks, "were thus metamorphosed into good and loyal subjects."

Priest Kearns and General Perry fled to Kings county, where they were, after two or three days, taken, and, after a trial by court martial, were executed at Edenderry, on the 21st of July. Edward Fitzgerald, with fourteen other rebel leaders, gave themselves up, on condition of being transported, which accordingly took place.

Thus, by the last of July, out of sixty thousand insurgents, who were in arms in the early part of the insurrection, there remained only a few scattered bands, in the

mountains of Wicklow, who, fearing to return home, continued, as a sort of banditti, to infest the country. The county of Wexford was soon restored to a state of tranquility; but nearly the whole population were in mourning. Many of the Protestants, who had been massacred, left desolate widows and helpless children to mourn their loss; while thousands of the infatuated Papists, who were slain in battle, left families in the same condition.

General Lake extended pardon to those who were guilty simply of rebellion, and who had not murdered in cold blood; but upon the leaders of the insurrection, and those guilty of murdering defenseless Protestants, the penalties of the British code, and of martial law, were enforced with dreadful rigor.

Priests of the Roman Catholic Church, who had instigated their deluded flocks to rebellion, and led them on to blood and carnage, now reaped the just but sad harvest they had sown. The famous priest, Philip Roach, who had succeeded in deposing Harvy, and in getting himself elected Commander-in-chief, was arrested, and, after examination before a court martial, condemned to death. He was a large and corpulent man, and, as he fell, the rope broke; but a stronger one was substituted, and he was lanched into eternity, and, as is to be feared, with his crimes unforgiven on his head. His body was thrown into the river where so many Protestants had breathed their last.

B. B. Harvy fled to a small island, outside of Wexford harbor. He took with him provisions, spirits, and arms, designing to escape to France. His refuge, in the rocks, was discovered, and a party dispatched to arrest him, which was effected on the 27th of June. His trial commenced the same day. He was much dejected, and greatly agitated, and scarcely spoke at all. It appeared, in evidence, that he had acted as Commander-in-chief at the

battle of Ross; and his letter, demanding the surrender of the town, was produced against him, and acknowledged to be his own handwriting. He attempted no further defense than extenuation. He declared that he accepted the command to prevent much greater evils, which would have accrued, had it fallen into other hands. He had no counsel, and, after a trial which lasted eight hours, he was condemned, and was executed the next morning. Thus fell, a victim to his own rashness, a man of amiable disposition and patriotic principles, possessing a fine estate and respectable talents. He was grandson to a distinguished clergyman of the Established Church. The fond hope he had entertained of Irish independence was blasted by the bigotry and narrow-sightedness of the Roman priests, unfortunately identified with the projected revolution, with whom he had confidentially associated his name and interest. He was, indeed, an unfortunate man. Degraded by those whose cruelties he tried to restrain—persecuted by the priests, to whom he had lent his influence—arrested and condemned by the government, against which he had rashly taken up arms—he was now compelled to meet the doom of the traitor and the culprit. But the hearts of true Irishmen commiserated his misfortunes, and humanity dropped a tear at his untimely end.

Thomas Dixon, the rebel captain who conducted the murders on the bridge at Wexford, on the 20th of June, was the son of an innkeeper. He engaged in a seafaring life, and became master of a ship. He was one of the most sanguinary monsters that ever breathed. His acts of cruelty were bounded only by his power. He was noted for cruelty and cowardice, shunning the dangers of the field, but delighting to revel in scenes of cold-blooded slaughter. Aware of the fate he deserved, he succeeded in making good his escape. Every effort was made to find

him, but in vain. But his name is remembered with horror and detestation. There is a just tribunal, however, where his account must be rendered, and from its decisions there is no appeal.

Matthew Keugh, rebel governor of Wexford, had once been a drummer in the army, and was advanced to the rank of Captain. He joined the rebels when Wexford was taken, and was elected governor of the city, which post he held till the insurgents evacuated the place. He was kind to Mr. Gurley, and furnished him a protection, at the time when Wexford was taken. He was found guilty, and executed.

John Murphy, priest of Bolavogue, who was the first to call the Papists to arms in the county of Wexford, fought his last battle at Killcomney, where he was totally defeated. He fled from the battle, but was taken, and conducted to the headquarters of General Duff, where he was hanged, the same day, and his head was cut off and placed on the market-house. He was an obstinate bigot, a daring commander, a profound hypocrite, and an unmerciful wretch. He forsook the altar for the camp—confounded liberty with Popery. A professed minister of the Gospel of peace, he taught the extirpation of heretics as an article of his creed, and ranked the shedding of Protestant blood among the Christian virtues. The ignorant and deluded are to be pitied, and charity seeks a palliation of their crimes, and would fain throw a mantle over their revolting cruelties; but such men as he are to be execrated—the scourge of the earth—the desolaters of homes. The bolt of Heaven that strikes them down is a benefaction to mankind. The world is blessed at their departure, and good men breathe freer when they are gone.

The expiring embers of rebellion would now have been totally extinguished, had it not been for the interposition of

France. The French Directory quietly permitted the Irish, to whom they had made large promises, to prosecute, alone and unaided, their projected revolution; but now, when they saw the vast armies of the insurgents annihilated, and beheld their leaders arrested, and executed or imprisoned—now, when the day of hope for the patriots had passed, they wake up to a sense of their great mistake, and, hoping, vainly, however, to atone for their negligence, and retrieve the fortunes of the day, dispatch in haste three frigates, and eleven hundred men, under command of General Humbert. Humbert landed his men at Killala, in the county of Mayo. This was designed as a vanguard to a much more formidable force, which was speedily to follow. On the 22d of August the troops landed, and the following proclamation was distributed amongst the people. It appears to have been prepared by Lieutenant General Killmain, perhaps in France. It breathes the spirit of the French Atheists. It evinces, on the part of its author, great ignorance of human nature, and of the religious circumstances and prejudices of the Irish people, to conciliate and draw to his standard a nation of Catholics, whose chief object was, the restoration of the "*old holy religion*," by a promise to "free them from the frauds of priestcraft," and the "grand impostor, the Pope," was surely an admirable exhibition of political sagacity. We subjoin the document, as a historical curiosity, and an illustration of Atheistic bombast and French gasconade:

"HEALTH AND FRATERNITY TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND!

"The *great nation* has sent me to you, with a band of heroes, to deliver you from the hand of tyrants. Fly to our standard, and share with us the glory of subduing the world. We will teach you the art of war, and to despise the low pursuits of toil and industry. You shall live on the spoils of war, and the labors of others. The acquisi-

tion of wealth is the acquisition of misery, and the enjoyment of ease is inglorious. We have made all the nations we have conquered happy, by arresting their property, by applying it to the common cause, and consecrating it to the champions of liberty. Property is a right belonging to the valor that seizes it. We have already destroyed the unaspiring tranquility of Switzerland, and the wealth, and the power, and the bigotry of Italy are no more.

"If, then, the justice of France has thus extended its reforming vengeance to unoffending nations, consider with how much more rigor it shall visit you, if you shall slight its benignity!

"Fly to our standard, and we will free you from spiritual as well as temporal subjection. We will free you from the fetters of religion and the frauds of priestcraft. Religion is a bondage intolerable to free minds. We have banished it from our own country, and put down the grand impostor, the Pope, whose wealth we have sacrificed on the altar of reason. Fly to our standard, and we will break your connection with England. We will save you from the mortification of seeing yourselves under an invidious government, and exalt you to the rank of those countries which now enjoy the benefits of French fraternity. Let not the ties of kindred, the seductions of ease, or any other unmanly attachment to the comforts of life, teach you to neglect this friendly call of your countryman and fellow-citizen,

"KILLMAIN, *Lieutenant General.*"

It appears that General Killmain did not land with the French troops, but forwarded the proclamation by General Humbert.

It is probable that the latter perceived that this address was not likely to accomplish the object at which it aimed, and therefore wrote one on the spot, to counteract its dangerous insinuations and principles, and to win the Irish

to the French standard. This was a much more appropriate document, and well adapted to rouse and conciliate the Irish. It was as follows:

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, UNION.

"Irishmen, you have not forgotten Bantry Bay. You know what efforts France has made to assist you. Her affection for you, her desire for avenging your wrongs, and insuring your independence, can never be impaired.

"After several unsuccessful attempts, behold Frenchmen arrived amongst you.

"They come to support your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms, and to mix their blood with yours, in the sacred cause of *liberty*.

"Brave Irishmen, our cause is common. Like you, we abhor the avaricious and blood-thirsty policy of an oppressive government. Like you, we hold, as indefeasible, the right of all nations to liberty. Like you, we are persuaded that the peace of the world shall ever be troubled, as long as the British ministry is suffered to make, with impunity, a traffick of the industry, labor, and blood of the people.

"But, exclusive of the same interests which unite us, we have powerful motives to love and defend you. Have we not been the pretext of the cruelty exercised against you by the cabinet of St. James? The heart-felt interests you have shown, in the grand events of our Revolution, have they not been imputed to you as a crime? Are not tortures and death continually hanging over such of you as are barely suspected of being our friends? Let us unite, then, and march to glory.

"*We swear the most inviolable respect for your property, your laws, and your religious opinions. Be free. Be masters in your country. We look for no other conquest than that of your liberty—no other success than yours.*

"The moment for breaking your chains is arrived. Our

triumphant troops are now flying to the extremities of the earth, to tear up the roots of the wealth and the tyranny of our enemies. That frightful colossus is moldering away, in every part. Can there be any Irishman base enough to separate himself, at such a happy juncture, from the grand interests of his country? If such there be, brave friends, let him be chased from the country he betrays, and let his property become the reward of those generous men who know how to fight and die.

"Irishmen, recollect the late defeats which your enemies have experienced from the French. Recollect the plains of Honscoote, Toulon, Quiberon, and Ostend. Recollect America, free from the moment she wished to be.

"The contest between you and your oppressors cannot be long. Union—liberty—the Irish republic! such is our shout. Let us march. Our hearts are devoted to you. Our glory is in your happiness.

"Health and fraternity. HUMBERT, *General.*"

This proclamation, with the actual presence of the French army, once more roused the expiring flame, and large numbers of rebels collected in the counties of Killdare, Westmeath, and Longford; the shout of liberty once more rang out on the hills, but it received only a faint response from the country at large. Yet, in some places, the hope of success was so strong that the Catholics, true to their long-taught creed, gave public notice or orders for the murdering of Protestants.

On the church door in Killashee, soon after the French landed, was posted the following notice:

"TAKE NOTICE,

"Heretical usurpers, that the brave slaves of this island will no longer live in bondage. The die is cast; our deliverers are come; and the royal brute who held the iron rod of despotic tyranny is expiring. No longer shall one govern

four. The *old holy religion* shall be re-established in this house; and the earth shall no longer be burdened with *bloody heretics*, who, under the pretense of rebellion—which they themselves have raised—mean to massacre us.

'The flower-de-luce and harp we will display,
While tyrant heretics shall molder into clay.'

"REVENGE! REVENGE! REVENGE!"

When Humbert landed at Killala, he surprised the Protestant bishop, whose palace was there, at his dinner. He took possession of the bishop's residence, and was as snugly quartered there as Napoleon in the Kremlin at Moscow. Humbert marched to Castlebar, where he met and defeated over two thousand English troops who were stationed there. Aware of the danger of an invading army, at so critical a juncture, on the soil of Ireland, Lord Cornwallis left Dublin, at the head of an army of twenty thousand men, and surrounding the French troops, they surrendered, after some ineffectual resistance, to his Majesty's forces. Other ships from France came too late to be of any service to the cause of the revolutionists, and chiefly fell into the hands of the English.

Thus did the late and feeble movement of the French Directory only expose their policy to the contempt and ridicule of the British, who were greatly delighted with their discomfiture and overthrow. Had Humbert landed in the height of the insurrection, it is hard to say what might have been the result; as it was, it resembled a farce at the conclusion of a serious tragedy.

The rebels who had been in the ranks in the county of Wexford, having taken the oath of allegiance, made no effort to revive the flame of revolution; indeed, some of them, especially those known as the Mackamores, residing on the coast between Wexford and Gorey, professed to be quite loyal in their feelings. For, during the time the

French were on the island, they met, and addressed the following communication to Major Fitzgerald, requesting him to convey it to General Hunter, commander of the garrison in Wexford.

The address is an amusing specimen of the volatility of the low Irish, and their love of "fight." It is given, as regards orthography and punctuation, as it came from the pen of those redoubtable champions—*verbatim et literatim:*

"*To the general Hunter or govenor of Waxford belonging to King George the third.*

"We the Macamore boys was in the turn out against the Orrange-men and to who your noble honour gave your most grasous pardon for we never desarved any other if we war let alone and being tould that the French was cumeing to take this counttry from his Royal Highness the King who we swore to fite for and in regard to our oath and to your lordships goodness in keeping the Orrange-men from killing us all weel fite till we die if your honour will give us leave and weel go in the front of the battle and we never ax to go in the back of the army your honour will send wid us and if we dont beat them weel never ax a bit to eat and as you gave us pardon and spoke to the King about us as the breggaddeer magar tould us and as we tould him weed never deceive your honour tho the black mob says weel turn out a bit again but weel shew them and the world if your honour will bid us that weel fite and wont run away from the best of them and if your honour will send down the magar that was wid us from your lordship afore or the honourable magar Curry or the Lord Sir James Fowler general of the middle lothin sogers in Waxford and let them lave word at Peppers castle and weel march into Waxford go where your honour bids us do any thing atal to fite for your honours and weel expect to hear from your honour what weel do or if your honour will order a signal to be

made with a red flag weel draw up and march as good as any sogers and as far as one or two thoughsand good stout boys goes weel fite for your honour to the last man and weer sure all the Barneys ill do the same if you will give them leave.

"Signed by the desire of all the parrishes in the Mackamores. O'Brien
Walsh and
"*August 27th*, 1798." Sullivan."

This loyal proposal the British officer respectfully declined, deeming it rather uncertain whether they wished most a chance to *fight* the French, or to *join* their ranks, armed and equipped.

At Dublin, as well as at Wexford, a number of the leading officers of the United Men were tried and executed; amongst whom were Bacon, Esmond, John Shears, William Byrn, and John M'Can, Secretary to the Provincial Committee of the province of Leinster. In Wexford the executions went on with the most exemplary severity, until, in that place alone, not less than sixty-five were hanged.

The practice of cutting off the heads of the condemned after they were dead, and putting them on the tops of posts and government houses, and then throwing their headless bodies to the sharks and fish, was resorted to by way of retaliation for their own barbarous treatment of the Protestants; but such a course was revolting to humanity, and was certainly beneath the dignity of the British laws, and savored too much of savage ferocity to meet the approval of the enlightened and the humane. But, if ever men deserved death at the hands of an outraged government, the merciless priests and others, who had led the deluded multitudes to those acts of horrid cruelty which we have described, met from the hand of the executioner only the just desert of their dreadful crimes.

The star of hope, for Ireland, had set; yet its rays still lingered on the horizon. Two years after the suppression of the Rebellion, the hope of emancipating their country occupied the thoughts and fired the breasts of some of her noblest sons. Of these there was one, of whose name his countrymen will always be proud; one whose misfortunes and untimely end will long awaken the sympathies of Irish hearts: this was Robert Emmet. He was a young man of about twenty-three years of age, of noble birth and highly-respectable connections. He had witnessed the deep devotion to their country, and noble daring, of Fitzgerald and others, whose sad fate moved his sympathies. He knew the causes of Ireland's discontent were still unremoved, and he believed that there were yet many brave and ardent men ready to step forth in her defense; but a master spirit was wanting, around whom to rally. After musing on the important theme till his bosom glowed with an irrepressible flame, in a fatal hour Emmet resolved to become that master spirit himself. But, although the patriotic feelings and chivalrous ambition of the young nobleman were fine qualifications for deeds of military glory, and, under the direction of sound judgment and experience, might have led him to enviable distinction, yet he lacked the keen sagacity and cool, reflecting mind, requisite to so arduous a task, if, indeed, any mind was equal to its accomplishment. He perceived not the change which had taken place in the public mind—how there was gradually a conviction settling on all classes of the community, that the freedom of Ireland was but an illusive dream. The Protestants, satisfied that a successful revolution would re-establish Papal domination, preferred their present relation to such a change. The Catholics knew that their policy was detected by the loyal party, that their very name was hated, and that they would not, for an age at least, be sufficiently reconciled to

unite with each other in any great measure for the political redemption of their country; and, already warned of the vigilance and power of the government, they wisely consulted too much their own safety to take up arms again; while the dissenters, as they had very little to hope for, whether the kingdom was governed by Popery or prelacy, looked on, at least, with a cautious neutrality, if not with sullen indifference—their fears, albeit, still counseling to dread most of all Catholic ascendency. To a cool and discerning mind, the state of the general feeling would have been obvious. Emmet had an inquiring mind; but it was busy in inquiring for compatriots, with ability and prowess for joining in one more struggle for his country's freedom. Nor did he look wholly in vain: his fine talents, his eloquence, his chivalrous bearing, and, above all, his glowing enthusiasm, collected around him a club of associates, several of whom were men of no mean pretensions. To them he developed his plans, which they espoused with an ardor equal to his own. But it is well known that their plans were detected by the government, and, after a trial by a jury, he was condemned and executed.

His bold and eloquent defense of his motives and designs, delivered in the presence of the court, just before sentence was pronounced upon him, has been read with interest by every American, and has been pronounced one of the most fearless, appropriate, and eloquent addresses ever made by man. His name is dear to Ireland, and will be held in honorable remembrance so long as history shall chronicle the story of her sufferings and struggles for freedom. His elder brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was one of the early patriots of the attempted revolution. He was a native of the city of Cork, and was born in the year 1765. He was an able and eloquent member of the Irish bar. He bore a conspicuous part in the first movements of the United

Irishmen; but he was soon arrested by the government, and sent, for safe-keeping, to Fort George, in Scotland. There he was kept in confinement for three years. The manly frankness of his character, and honorable bearing, won the confidence of Governor Stewart, to whose charge he was committed; for, upon the bare assurance of his word, that he would make no effort to escape, he was permitted to walk at large when he pleased, for bathing or other exercise. Stewart would only say, as he opened to him the gate, "I trust, sir, to your honor." He might easily have escaped, but he scorned to purchase freedom, however desirable, at the expense of his honor. Soon after his liberation he came to the United States, bidding adieu for ever to his country, whose interests were interwoven with the best feelings of his heart. In the city of New York, it is generally known, he distinguished himself as an able lawyer and patriotic citizen, where he died, a few years since, honored and respected by his fellow-citizens.

Jackson, his associate in the insurrection, was less fortunate. He was arrested by the government, and found guilty. But his proud spirit could not brook the disgrace of a public execution: it is said that he took arsenic, and fell dead upon the floor while the Lord Chief Justice was pronouncing his sentence.

Thus have we traced to its termination that fierce and sanguinary struggle, in which the best and the worst of men were united—professedly for the same object, but in reality with widely different views; some contending only for independence or Parliamentary reform, while others, and they the great majority, were plotting the re-establishment of Popery by law, and the massacre of the Protestant population. The amount of property destroyed by the burning of houses, churches, stores, etc., was immense, while the blood of forty thousand persons stained the soil of Ireland.

The part taken by Catholic priests in this convulsion, affords matter of grave reflection for American citizens. A Church, whose bigotry and intolerance had led to such atrocious scenes of blood as those we have described, cannot be encouraged in any land with safety to its free institutions, unless its creed and its spirit are changed. But the Church of Rome boasts that she is infallible; and if the day shall ever dawn on this republic when Romanism gains the ascendency in our political councils, then her spirit of bigotry, which, shorn of its strength, has been lurking in secrecy, shall come forth to kindle again the fires of persecution, and, like Sampson, to seize the pillars which support the temple of our liberty and rights, and bow them to the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Alarm at Wexford on landing of French troops—Mrs. Gurley goes to Dublin—Mr. Gurley concludes to remove to England—Reception at Liverpool—Meets Dr. Coke—Resolves on emigration to United States—Little son left in Ireland—Family reach New York—Settle in Norwich, Connecticut—Methodism—Presbyterians—Anecdote.

We have already stated that, soon after the suppression of the Rebellion in Wexford, Mr. Gurley went to Dublin to purchase stock for resuming his business again. Here he remained for some days at his brother-in-law's, Mr. James Beatty, a merchant in the city. While there, news of the arrival of the French at Killala, under General Humbert, reached Wexford. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed. Mr. Gurley thus refers to it:

"I was not long in Dublin, when fifteen hundred French troops landed at Killala. The news of their arrival soon reached Wexford; and as a burned child dreads the fire, so Mrs. Gurley, child, and servant girl, left the place and came to me in Dublin."

They remained some weeks at her brother's, when, at length, yielding to the urgent desires of his wife, who dreaded some new calamity or outbreak, he concluded to remove to England. Accordingly, he arranged matters with that view, and in a short time set sail for England, where his family arrived in safety.

The religious friends of Mr. Gurley in Liverpool hailed him as one from the dead, as they had been informed that he was murdered. He writes:

"The morning after we reached Liverpool, there was, as I understood, a love-feast. An English local preacher, who loved me much, and was often at my house in Ireland, when speaking in the meeting referred to me, and with tears

related to the assembly the dreadful death I had suffered. That night I attended church. At the close of the meeting, as I went up toward some friends that I saw, they drew back at first as if afraid. Soon they found out that I was flesh and bones yet; and such shaking of hands and tears—O, it was an affecting time indeed!"

Mr. Gurley and family remained in Liverpool over two years. He here became acquainted with Doctor Coke, who baptized his eldest daughter, Ann Clarissa, who was born soon after their arrival in England.

Two brothers of Mrs. Gurley had emigrated to the United States. Through their favorable representations of the country, Mr. Gurley concluded to leave the old world, with its scenes of strife and blood, and seek an asylum in the new. It was not without some difficulty, being a mechanic, that he could pass the government authorities, appointed to examine all emigrants, and to prevent any tradesmen of any description from leaving England for America. These regulations of tyranny, however, he found means to evade. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1801, he embarked at Liverpool, and, after a passage of six weeks, reached New York without meeting with any disaster.

Mr. Gurley kept a journal of the voyage in rhyme, which, for several years, was preserved in the family, and was sometimes read to preachers and other friends as a matter of entertainment. He never claimed for it any poetic merit. During the war of 1812, when obliged to fly from the Indians, it was buried with other papers and books, and was never recovered. It would have made a printed volume of considerable size.

Six months before the family left England, Mrs. Gurley made a visit of some months to her father's, in Ireland. Here her third child was born—her first had died in England. This was a son, and was named for his grandfather,

James Beatty. The unnatural and foolish practice of putting children out to nurse prevailed. A suitable one was procured, who came to the house and took the entire charge of the child; and when it was six weeks old its mother left for England, intending, when it should be a year old, to return and relieve the nurse of her charge.

As Mrs. Gurley embraced her parents, whom she most tenderly loved, and bade adieu to her native place, little did she think she was taking her last farewell of those dear parents, and that the rural village of Ballycannow, with its enchanting scenery, endeared by a thousand associations of childhood, were to meet her sight no more for ever. Still less did she think, as she paused by the waiting coach to give her babe a parting kiss, that she should see his face no more till she should meet him in the far-off wilds of Ohio, a youth of fifteen, or that she would see him stand up, as a minister of Christ, to preach the Gospel in regions as yet unreclaimed from the wild hand of nature, the abode only of prowling beasts and savage men. And yet, such was the fact. Mrs. Gurley never revisited her native land. When the babe was about six months old, Mr. Gurley had engaged his passage to America. He crossed the Channel to Ireland for little James, intending to bring his nurse and him over to England, and then send her back; but the child had just taken the small-pox, and could not be removed. It was therefore decided that he should be brought up by his grand-parents and uncle, and, when old enough, be sent to America.

Before leaving Europe, Mr. Gurley took the precaution to obtain testimonials of his standing from ministers and others. He also brought with him the latest "*plan*" on which his name was printed, according to the Wesleyan usage. On these recommendations he was received as a member and local preacher into the Methodist Episcopal

Church in this country, and his license renewed annually, until ordained a deacon.

After a brief residence in New London, he established himself in business in the town of Norwich, Connecticut, where he remained about ten years.

Here his house became the resort of the heralds of the cross. He formed an acquaintance with several of the pioneers of Methodism in New England.

A door was again opened to him to enter the traveling connection; but he again declined. A rising family were now on his hands—his temporal resources quite limited. But the answer he gave was, "You have better men." But if he did not enter the itinerancy, ITINERATE he certainly did. He was constantly occupied in preaching on Sabbath, in various towns, for twenty miles round; and in some places revivals followed his faithful labors.

In Norwich the society of Methodists was not large; yet, on Bean Hill, and at the Landing, there were some excellent families, amongst whom were the Hydes, Bentlys, and Griffins. But the "established order," who had from the beginning occupied the ground, held fast the community with the conscious dignity which long-established dominion generally inspires. The Sulivans, Lathrops, and Strongs, were numerous and opulent, and sturdy adherents to the faith and order of their Pilgrim ancestors.

They beheld with apparent indifference, yet not without some uneasy sensations, the leaven of Methodism at work in their midst: it is probable, they little dreamed that it would ever pervade so thoroughly as it now does that interesting portion of our Union.

Of the family of Strongs, just mentioned, it would be curious to know how many of them have been *parsons*—certainly not a few—and they ranked among New England's most honorable clergy. Of one of them, I know not which,

Mr. Gurley often related the following anecdote, illustrative of olden times:

"Parson Strong had a shoemaker in his parish, who, though he seldom or never attended his church, was assessed five dollars. As delinquent in payment as in attendance, he was at length waited on by the parson, who, not willing to collect by law until he had asked it, concluded to make a pastoral visit, and modestly present his claim. The shoemaker heard the demand with well-feigned surprise, exclaiming, 'Why, sir, I never heard you preach in my life!' 'That is not my fault,' replied his reverence: 'my church was open to you, and you could have heard if you chose.' 'True,' replied the now hopeful disciple, 'I did not think of that. Well, parson, I will call to-morrow and settle all demands.' 'O, very well, sir. Good afternoon, sir,' replied the minister, and, bowing politely, left the shop. True to his promise, the next day the parson was pleased to see the shoemaker at his hall door. 'I have come to settle with you, parson,' said he. 'O, very well; no hurry; sit down. A glass of wine was offered and accepted; after which the visitor took from under his arm his account-book, saying, 'Well, parson, we will now compare accounts.' The parson looked a little confused, but replied, 'I think you have nothing charged to me.' 'O, yes,' said he, 'here is a charge of five dollars, for a pair of boots.' 'Boots! boots!' said the astonished parson, 'surely there must be some mistake; certainly, I never was in your shop till yesterday in my life.' 'True enough; but, sure, that was not my fault: my shop was open to you, as well as your church to me. The accounts, you see, exactly balance; and of course you will be satisfied.' So saying, he made a low bow, and, bidding the astonished parson 'good evening,' retired."

Whether the parson farther urged his claims, tradition does not say; but it is certain, that the principle on which

the shoemaker settled the account has since been recognized as just, and the laws so changed that persons cannot be compelled to support a ministry whose service they do not choose to attend.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Gurley removes to Ohio—Journey—First log cabin—Great comet of 1811—Arrival at fire-lands—First sermon—Class formed—Prairie on fire—First school—Bee-tree—New dwelling—Scenery—War—Indian murders.

In the fall of 1811 Mr. Gurley emigrated to Ohio, having purchased a hundred acres of land of his brother-in-law, Mr. John Beatty, of New London, who had also determined on settling in the same state. Mr. Gurley supposed, as do most foreigners, that to own a FARM is to be independent. He had scarcely the remotest idea of the state of things in the wild, unbroken forests of the west. Of the hardships, deprivations, and dangers at that time especially incident to a pioneer life, he knew nothing. He associated with the idea of a farm verdant lawns, blooming orchards, and fields of waving grain. True, he knew his land was uncultivated; yet a little labor, and it would bud and blossom as the rose.

The spot to which his eye was directed was the "fire-lands," so called, now embracing the counties of Huron and Erie, in northern Ohio. He took with him a considerable portion of his tools, little thinking that twenty years almost must roll away before there could be much demand, in that wilderness, for silver plate and jewelry.

Nor does it appear to have occurred to him, that the war of words then in progress between this country and Great Britain would soon terminate in a contest of blood; that he was about to take a helpless family where a few hours might bring hundreds of savages to murder or take them captive: in a word, that he was going to leave a land of civilization, plenty, and peace, for a desert, exposed to hardships, dangers, and death.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day in

September, when Mr. Gurley, his wife, and five children, entered the wagon, bound for the fire-lands.

Kind neighbors surrounded them, and, shaking hands, bade them a long farewell. A full moon rode high in the heavens, and it was ten o'clock at night when the wagon stopped at a country inn, and the "movers" "put up" for the first night; nor did Mr. Gurley omit, late as it was, to have family prayer before retiring to rest. This duty was faithfully attended to all the way to the west. The journey, although at a favorable season of the year, was tedious and difficult.

From Albany westward the roads, in general, were exceedingly bad; and five axletrees were broken on the way. Over eight weeks were spent on the journey. Many miles of the way the sand beach of the lake was the road; and in several places the teams were under the necessity of going out into the lake some distance, to get round bold rocks which projected into the water. In one instance the whole family narrowly escaped destruction, as a rising gale swept the waves over the bottom of the wagon, wetting the goods, and came well-nigh driving team and all on the rock, where they would inevitably have been dashed to pieces. The first "regular built" log cabin was a great curiosity to the "Irish." Its rude, bark-covered logs, clapboard door with wooden hinges, the stick-chimney, rough puncheon floor, and paper windows—in short, a comfortable habitation, constructed without a single nail—was an *artistical wonder* they had long wished to behold. Their curiosity was now fully gratified, with the additional reflection, that they would soon be where, for a long time, they would see no other kind of dwellings. All the way, as they journeyed, the great comet of 1811 hung its blazing banner on the western sky. Its long tail streamed on the illuminated heavens, and was an interesting and impressive sight. Every

night its fiery banner swept above the horizon, as if portending the scenes of blood which soon followed.

It was late in October when the emigrants reached the fire-lands: the tall grass of the prairies had faded, and the autumnal winds had well-nigh stripped the forest of its gorgeous robe of gold and purple.

From the mouth of the river Huron they proceeded, guided by a resident, who had met them, along the ridges, by a trail, then through the high grass, which rose above the horses' heads.

The saucy squirrel chattered as they passed; the wild deer leaped up before them, and, throwing back his huge antlers, galloped away to some distant grove; flocks of wild geese, preparing for their autumnal flight, swept in circles round their heads; while here and there the crack of an Indian rifle told that these sons of the forest had not forsaken their old hunting-grounds. At length Mr. Gurley reached the destined place, a settlement of a few families, at a spot since called Bloomingville, seven miles south from Sandusky City.

A small cabin, on the edge of a prairie, was obtained as the temporary residence of the family; and, poor as it was, it was a welcome retreat and shelter to the weary emigrants.

There is a peculiar freshness and novelty in a frontier life—an exquisite but inexpressible charm—as all who have been pioneers acknowledge. This, perhaps, is more especially realized where a new country is diversified in its aspect, as was the fire-lands. Here were extended plains, dotted with intervening groves—winding streams, gliding through forests of heavy timber—lakes glittering in the sunbeams—bays, coves, and springs. Herds of fleet deer leaped over the waving grass, or, in spring, grazed on the tender herbage of the plains. Flocks of wild fowl covered by thousands the coves and ponds; wild bees sung amid

the summer flowers, and builded their cells on high. Here Nature, in her wild luxuriance and unshorn glory, displayed unwonted charms, and the freshness of a new Eden seemed to bloom around the charmed and delighted adventurer. Anticipation, too, lends its enchantments to the scene, and clothes in the drapery of future improvements, and the embellishments of industry and art, the abodes of future generations.

Mr. Gurley had enough of the romantic in his disposition to enjoy these scenes. He could admire what was beautiful or grand in nature, and, amid the freshness and novelty of a new country, he scarcely heeded its hardships and deprivations. This was less so with the partner of his toils and cares. Unaccustomed to labor, and unused to the seclusion and deprivations of a country life, Mrs. Gurley felt very deeply the difference between her present and former situation. With one thing, however, she was charmed: the cordial union and mutual friendship of the whole community. All within ten miles were neighbors; visits and meetings for mutual assistance were kept up, notwithstanding their distance from each other. This feeling was the result of circumstances. They were far from the old settlements, and the endeared scenes and friends of other years. Mutual dependence, mutual hardships, and mutual dangers, bound them together. Nearly on a level in regard to their mode of living and apparent circumstances, envy, contention, and jealousy found but little foothold among them. A mutual affection and regard for each other's welfare sprang up, and brotherly kindness and charity sweetened with their fragrance the moral atmosphere.

Great was the joy of the "settlers" when they heard that a preacher had arrived. There was at this time no minister of the Gospel within at least forty miles; no sermon had been heard since the first emigrants reached the place.

The next Sabbath after Mr. Gurley arrived, the log schoolhouse, but recently built, was well filled at the hour for worship. It was "Indian summer." A rich, yellow sun threw his golden rays through the smoky atmosphere peculiar to that season of the year. The manner in which the audience were dressed, was striking enough to a stranger direct from "down east." The men were mostly dressed in tow shirts, linsey coats or hunting-shirts, and buckskin pantaloons; and moccasons instead of shoes were extensively worn. Here and there might be seen a vest of spotted fawn-skin, made with the fur out, reminding one of Robinson Crusoe in his goat-skin costume. Caps, made of the skins of the racoon and muskrat, were worn instead of hats. These articles of dress were all of domestic manufacture, and mostly clumsy and often uncouth in appearance. The costume of the ladies was not so remarkable, but was almost entirely home manufacture, except that of those who had recently arrived from the east. A few Indians, attracted by curiosity, were present, and sat with becoming gravity near the door during the services. They were in their hunting costume, with rifle, tomahawk, and knife.

The scene was new to Mr. Gurley, and he felt an unusual inspiration, as he broke the bread of life to these scattered sheep in the wilderness. At the close of his sermon Mr. Gurley referred to his own experience, as was quite common with the preachers of that day. He related the scenes of persecution through which Divine goodness had brought him in safety. He mentioned how his soul was sustained by the comforts of religion, as he was led out to be piked, and repeated the hymn he sung at the time; and how narrowly he had escaped, while so many were slaughtered. "And for what," said he, the tears starting in his eyes, "did God spare the poor worm? Was it that I might preach the Lord Jesus in these ends of the earth?" The

assembly was deeply affected, and emotion was visible all through the house.

Having dismissed the congregation, he requested those to remain who would unite in a class. The precise number who at first joined is not recollected; but they soon amounted to fifteen or twenty in all. Some of these resided five or six miles distant. This was the first religious association, of any kind, organized in the county, or on the Western Reserve west of Cleveland. Mount Vernon and Wooster were the nearest points where circuits were formed or itinerant ministers labored; and it was about seven years before the society organized in that place was visited by an itinerant preacher, or connected with a circuit.

The novelty, excitement, and pulpit labors of the day, had somewhat exhausted Mr. G., who had scarcely become rested after his tiresome journey, and, at an early hour, the family retired to rest. Toward midnight he was startled by a scream of terror from his wife. As he awoke, his ear caught a distant rumbling sound, like that of an approaching tempest, while the very earth seemed to tremble. Through every chink of the cottage, and through the small windows of oiled paper, a brilliant light gleamed. Starting from his bed, Mr. Gurley threw open the door, when, to his amazement and no small alarm, he saw it was the prairie on fire. The fire approached from the south—a fresh autumnal breeze from that direction had given it wings. It was a sight at once sublime, beautiful, and terrific. A column of fire, like an army in motion, extending its blazing lines for two miles, came rolling on its billows of flame. In three different places vans, or forward columns, were formed, which stretched out beyond or in advance of the line. The centre column was in advance of all; it swept through the dry grass like a whirlwind; broad sheets of flame would rise, and, borne onward by the breeze, strike

some distance before, while burning tufts of grass, carried upward and onward like blazing rockets, fell and kindled still further in advance; while all along the extended wings the flashing fire would crackle, and blaze, and leap, as if in furious onset. Huge volumes of smoke rose high in the heavens, and hung like a gloomy cloud of pitch over the trembling earth. The dry grass reached to the very walls of Mr. Gurley's cottage, and its destruction seemed to him inevitable. A short distance from the dwelling ran a narrow creek. On its banks, directly in front of the van of the approaching fire, were visible the moving forms of three or four men; while, far over their heads, rolled the broad columns of smoke. The flash of a rifle, in the hands of one of them, was now distinctly seen, and the report echoed on the midnight air. In a few moments, to the astonishment of Mr. Gurley, who by this time had roused the whole family for flight, there was seen extending a line of fire along the bank of the stream, on the side next to the approaching conflagration. Prevented by the exertions of the men, who narrowly watched it, from crossing the creek, it soon spread southward to meet the coming line. This was called "fighting-fire," or "back-firing," and is resorted to, under such circumstances, with great dexterity, as the only means of securing hay, fences, etc. Soon this new line gathered strength in its progress, and now two columns of flame were rushing to meet each other as if eager for battle. The encountering billows met in fierce conflict, and, as if maddened by resistance, leaped, and flashed, and towered, and waved on high their fiery banners. Slowly as dies away the noise of battle, the roar of the elements ceased. The wings met, and towered, and fell, till, at length, afar off, the extreme flanks of the expiring lines alone remained to be seen, gilding with their fitful flashes the tops of the distant trees. Mr. Gurley and

his family breathed more freely, as their safety became apparent; but the terrific impression of this first fire was often recalled, with great vividness, to his mind, even after the residence of many years in the country had made them familiar to his eye.

It was but four miles from the residence of Mr. Gurley to the line of the Indian grounds. The Indians, therefore, were numerous. They still frequented their old hunting-grounds on the fire-lands, alledging that, though the ground was the white man's, the game was the Indian's. "The deer are Indian *cattle*. We sold the land, not the cattle." Mr. Gurley had numerous trinkets, such as rings, gilt watch-chains, etc., which the Indians were eager to buy. By this means his table was well supplied with venison. A school-house had that fall been erected, by the enterprise of the settlers; and a Mr. Bigsby, a young man of eighteen years, taught the first school in the county. Young Bigsby was a "down easter," and a good teacher. His government was rigorous and effective; but as every thing in a new country is new, so the discipline of this first school was altogether novel, in its character. As usual with log cabins, a large hole, in the centre of the house, had been made, by taking up clay for the chimney and for "*daubing*." In this "dark hole" incorrigible offenders were put, and the puncheon closed over them. This was rather a terrific place, especially in summer, when it was known that snakes, of different kinds, abounded in the vicinity, and might very naturally make the shelter of the house a hiding-place. A yellow rattlesnake, about eight feet in length, was killed, one morning, two rods from the door; no accident, however, occurred. The urchins had such a mortal hatred to the "black hole," that he was a bad scholar, indeed, who went there the second time.

The winter wore pleasantly away. Mr. Gurley was

employed in preparing logs for a house of his own, and nothing specially occurred worth relating.

He had heard much of bee hunting. One morning, in February, having been told by his neighbor that it was a good "bee day," he took his little son, eight years old, by the hand, and, without very sanguine hopes of success, set out to find a "bee-tree." A bright, warm sun was reflected back, with dazzling lustre, from the fast-melting snow. With a tomahawk in hand, he proceeded to a ridge covered with forest trees, which extended into the prairie for a mile or more. After several hours of unsuccessful search, he turned to go home, when he discovered a bee, dead, on the white surface of the snow. This was a favorable omen. Soon another, and then a third; and then, at the roots of a large black oak, were found the unmistakable evidences of a "swarm." The tree was marked, and, the next day, a few neighboring men volunteered to "take up the tree," as it was called. As the ax, with steady strokes, reached the heart of the tree, a few of its alarmed inhabitants flew out, as if to ask the cause of the disturbance. When the tree fell, the hollow part of it, which was some six feet in length, split, by the concussion, directly in twain, dividing the richly-stored comb which filled the whole cavity. It was a beautiful sight. Honey, as pure as ever princes tasted, streamed from the white, broken cells. The unfortunate insects seemed to bear their calamity with becoming fortitude and apparent resignation. They flew around their dead and wounded companions, and gathered in clusters on fragments of their ruined habitation, making no effort at defense, nor manifesting any resentment, as they usually do when but slightly disturbed. Perhaps the same wonderful instinct which teaches these insects, at times, to fly boldly in the face of their assailants, now taught them that the catastrophe was too great to admit of remedy or

hope; and the promptings of self-preservation gave way to the resignation of despair. A barrel was half filled with the avails of this tree. This was a very seasonable supply, affording abundant sweetening for the corn cakes and puddings of the "raising" and "mauling" frolics, which were close at hand.

Before spring had thrown its green robe over the prairies Mr. Gurley had erected his house, one mile eastwardly from the present village of Bloomingville. It was sixteen by twenty feet—a story and a half high. As soon as the puncheon floor was laid, and the walls "chinked," the family took possession. The scenery around the dwelling was indeed beautiful. In front and on the right was a natural orchard of burr oak and hickory. So clean had the ground been kept, by the annual fires, that scarce a shrub or bush grew between the trees. On the rear and southwardly there stretched away, for miles, a level prairie, interspersed, here and there, with small groves of timber. Not far from the garden was a pond of fresh water, where wild fowl descended to rest their weary wing; and their glossy feathers often glistened in the rising sun. Just before the door, little more than their own length distant, two majestic oaks rose, spreading wide their giant arms, and throwing their large and grateful shadows on the green sward beneath. If the quality of the soil had been equal to the beauty of the site, it would have been a most desirable residence; this, however, was not the case. It was subsequently exchanged by Mr. Gurley for a more suitable farm; and to this day, after the lapse of more than thirty years, it is but little improved.

While here an event occurred, which called up afresh the recollection of his persecutions and dangers in Ireland—an event which showed, however, that, if he had carried to the retirement of the wilderness a keen remembrance of the

wrongs he suffered, he cherished no unchristian hate to the people whose bigotry thirsted for his blood. At the close of a summer day, as the evening dew was beginning to settle on the high grass of the prairie, a man was seen riding leisurely up to the cabin. He wore a long, black coat and a white cravat. His face wore a serious aspect, and he appeared wearied with his journey. As he rode up to the door Mrs. Gurley went out, her husband being absent at the time. The traveler inquired if he could find entertainment for the night. "We turn no one away," said Mrs. G.; "and you are welcome to such accommodations as our house will afford." A smile of gratification gleamed on the face of the traveler, as he alighted; and, after tying the fore feet of his jaded horse together, so as to prevent him from wandering too far, he turned him on the prairie to feed. From the first glance Mrs. Gurley conceived the idea that her guest was a preacher; and, from his looks, she hoped he might be a Methodist. He took from his saddle-bags a cake of chocolate, and, handing it to Mrs. Gurley, requested her to prepare some of it for his supper.

"You have not been long in this country, I presume?" said the stranger.

"No," replied Mrs. G. "We came from Connecticut last fall."

"I should not take you to be a native of New England."

"You are right, sir. We are from Ireland."

"From Ireland!" repeated the stranger, with apparent interest. "And, pray, what could have induced you to leave your native land and friends for these ends of the earth?"

"We came here," replied Mrs. G., "to escape persecution from the Roman Catholics." She then briefly mentioned the events of June, 1798, and the narrow escape of Mr. Gurley.

The stranger evinced increased emotion, as she proceeded, which, as she concluded, he walked to the door to conceal.

"And now," said Mrs. G., "having told you who we are, allow me to ask if you are not a clergyman?"

"I am, madam."

"I thought so; but are you not a Methodist?"

The stranger smiled, and shook his head.

"An Episcopalian?"

"No."

"A Presbyterian?"

"I will tell you," said he, "after supper."

As they sat down to supper Mr. Gurley entered, and was introduced to the traveler. When the meal was concluded the stranger turned to Mrs. Gurley, and said, "Now I will inform you who I am, if you will promise not to turn me out of doors," glancing his eye, at the same time, toward Mr. Gurley. "We shall not do that," said Mr. G., "you may rest assured, whoever you may be." The stranger then rose, and taking from his portmanteau a book, presented it to Mrs. G., saying, "This, madam, will answer your question." Mrs. G. glanced over the book hastily, and, coloring deeply, handed it to her husband; then, looking seriously at her guest, she exclaimed, in a subdued tone of voice, "Is it possible that you are a Roman priest?" A constrained smile, and a gentle inclination of the head, was the only reply. "Well," said Mr. Gurley, looking the priest calmly in the face, "you, sir, are not the first of your order that I have seen. I have known many; and, up to the time of the Rebellion, we lived together on the most friendly terms, and if there has been love lost between us, the fault, I think, is not mine." The priest then courteously asked Mr. Gurley to give him an account of the transactions of the Rebellion, so far as he understood them, which he did, entertaining his guest till late in the evening The priest listened to the

narration with evident interest, and, at its close, remarked, that he hoped he would not judge all Catholics by the conduct of those engaged in those bloody scenes.

The traveler was a Jesuit missionary, on his way from Lower Canada to Detroit. A warm breakfast, of chocolate, corn cake, butter, and honey, prepared him for his journey; and, as his proffered remuneration was courteously declined, he took a friendly leave of the family, no doubt impressed with the conviction that some "heretics," at least, possess a Christian spirit.

Unaccustomed to the labor of a farm, Mr. Gurley could do but little himself, and, therefore, depended mostly on hired help. Twenty acres of ground were fenced, and one-half planted with corn. A garden was laid out, an orchard of small fruit trees set, and the prospect for a successful year was very encouraging; but, alas! a storm was gathering, which was to drive the family once more from their peaceful home, and blast their pleasant prospects.

On the 12th of June, of this year, war with England was declared. When the news reached the fire-lands the inhabitants were greatly alarmed. The intelligence arrived on Saturday. The next day the men assembled, and, with great haste, erected a log fort, or "block house," as it was termed, on the rising ground, where Bloomingville now is. Mr. Gurley declined going on the Sabbath to begin the house, but did what he could the next day.

Some signs of hostility had already been manifested by the Indians. Some five or six miles from Mr. Gurley's there resided together, in a cabin, a Mr. Buel and a Michael Gibbs. Their house stood near the cove, at the mouth of Pipe creek, over one mile eastwardly from Sandusky City These men were at home, when, one day, three Indians came into the house, in a friendly manner. One of the men was sick, and was on the bed. Two of the savages

had frequently been there before, and no suspicion was entertained of their design. While one of the men stepped out of doors, for something, one of the Indians approached the bed, and gave the sick man a stab in the breast with his knife. His screams of murder caught the ear of his companion, who was out of doors, who, seizing an ax, was about to rush to the rescue of his friend, when he was met at the door by one of the savages. He made a blow at his head, which the Indian artfully dodged, and the ax flew out of his hand. Thus disarmed, he turned and ran. One of the Indians snatched his rifle and fired. The ball entered his back, but did not wholly disable him. He continued to run, but was overtaken by the other Indian, who struck a spear, or spontoon, into the back part of his skull, just above the neck. The point of the weapon broke off, and remained in his head, and was of service in detecting the murderer, as a smith recognized the weapon, as one he had made, but a short time before, for an Indian whose name was Semo. The day of their murder the men of the county were assembled, for a military muster, at the mouth of Huron. Some one, who happened to call at the cabin, ran, with all speed, to Huron, and communicated the alarming news. Dempster Beatty, a brother of Mrs. Gurley, who resided with the family, was one of a party which went to ascertain the truth of the messenger's report. As they entered the cabin door they found the floor burned in the centre of the house, which had thus been set on fire; but, the timbers being green, the fire had not made much progress. In a hole, under the floor, was found the dead body of the sick man; and, after some search, the body of his comrade was found in the grass where he had fallen. The latter was tomahawked, beside his other wounds. The Indians were both found and arrested. Semo shot himself through the heart. The other was hung at Cleveland.

The third Indian was but a youth, and said the older ones compelled him to stab, with his knife, their victims, so that he would be afraid to tell of the deed. He was set at liberty.

Little danger was to be apprehended from the Wyandotts and Senecas, as, in the war, they adhered to the States; but from Malden the Canada Indians could cross in their canoes, and land within two hours' march of Mr. Gurley's house—seize their victims—hurry away with them—and be off in their canoes before they could be pursued.

This was the case with the family of Mr. Snow and of Mr. Putnam. These families lived four miles from Mr. Gurley, at the head of Cold creek, where the only mill in the country was erected. Snow and Putnam were out in the fields at work; Mrs. Putnam was visiting at Mr. Snow's. The Indians came from Canada, landed on the peninsula, crossed over, and thus reached their victims.

They approached the house so cautiously that they were not seen till they reached the door-yard. The number of the Indians is not precisely known—not far from ten or twelve. They took the children and mothers, in all thirteen—including a Mrs. Butler, who was also taken. Mrs. Snow was a fine, intelligent woman; dignified in her appearance, and obliging in her disposition; not far from forty years of age. Of the five children, the eldest was a young lady, the youngest about two years old.

Mrs. Snow was in delicate health, and unable to travel with the speed required by the Indians. They led her a few rods from the dwelling, and then struck her down with a tomahawk, which they buried in her skull. A little boy who lagged behind was also killed, and one other child. The remainder were taken to Detroit, where they were sold to the commanding officer, who treated them kindly, and set them at liberty.

CHAPTER XX.

Surrender of General Hull—Alarm of settlers—Scene at dinner-table—Inhabitants meet at Fort—Burying goods—Journey—Night in woods—Death of a child—Family reach Zanesville—Bishop Asbury—Mr. Gurley ordained—Rev. David Young—Mr. Gurley's views of American preachers—Letter from Ireland—Arrival of his son James—Meeting of mother and son.

The army under General Hull, at Detroit, gave confidence to the frontier settlements. The heavy cannonading which preceded his surrender, notwithstanding the great distance, was distinctly heard at the residence of Mr. Gurley, and created quite an excitement in the neighborhood. Borne by an evening breeze over the tranquil waters of the lake, the reports of the guns followed each other in quick succession, resembling in sound the low rolling of very distant thunder. Entertaining no doubt, however, that the Northwestern army would at all events hold its position, no great fear was entertained by the settlers on the firelands, nor had the idea of flying from their homes been for a moment entertained.

The disgraceful surrender of General Hull occurred on the 16th of August. Three days after, while Mr. Gurley and family were seated around the dinner-table, enjoying the luxuries of a good garden, the first-fruits of their own soil, a messenger arrived at the door, and announced the startling intelligence:

"Hull has surrendered to the British. Detroit is taken; and the British commander has sent word to the frontiers that they must take care of themselves, for that he could not control the Indians; and that all the settlers must repair to the block house that night, and start the next day for the 'old settlements.'"

This news fell on their ears like a thunderbolt from heaven;

for a moment the whole circle was dumb with consternation. Mr. and Mrs. Gurley looked at each other in speechless agony. The dread silence was broken by the children exclaiming, "Father, will the Indians kill us? will the Indians kill us?" The tragic end of their murdered neighbors was fresh in their recollection. Mr. Gurley calmed his frightened children by replying, "God knows: but I trust he will not let us be hurt." A gush of tears now came to relieve the almost bursting heart of Mrs. Gurley. Her mind took in, at one comprehensive glance, the wreck of hopes, the ruin of property, and struggles with misfortune, which must ensue. But recollecting it was no time to indulge in unavailing grief, but to rouse all her energies to meet the difficulties which awaited them, she promptly commenced preparing for a hasty flight.

That night the children were conducted to the block house, but Mr. Gurley and his wife concluded to risk the danger, and remained at home, preparing food and packing things needful for their journey. Most of the inhabitants in the township assembled that night in the fort. Beds were laid over the entire floor, on which the women laid down to rest; sleep was scarcely expected. A portion of the men were posted around the house at different points, as sentinels, while others were occupied in casting bullets from the pewter dishes and spoons furnished by the company, lead being exceedingly scarce.

No signs of an enemy appearing, the next morning the families returned to their dwellings, and prepared for flight. Those dangers which are undefined and uncertain as to magnitude, are always most terrible to the imagination. Such was the nature of the present peril. They knew that they were exposed to the will and mercy of a relentless, savage foe, who in a few hours might reach their abodes; nor were they without apprehensions that, after

commencing their flight, they might be pursued or intercepted in the wilderness, and thus be cut off.

A number of families directed their course to Cleveland; others to Mansfield and Mount Vernon.

After burying a considerable portion of their furniture, clothing, and all their books, Mr. Gurley and family took leave of the place where a short time before they had settled with such pleasing prospects. The sun was just setting behind a watery cloud when the flying company reached the last house of the settlements: this was the "Comstock" farm, about two miles from Milan, in the direction of Mansfield. Here the several families halted, and were just turning loose their teams to pasture, intending to stay there that night, when suddenly an express arrived, with the alarming intelligence that the British and Indians were landing at the mouth of Huron river, which was but eight miles distant.

Once more the company renewed their journey. Forty miles of wilderness, uncheered by any human dwelling, lay between them and Mansfield. The road was merely a track blazed through the thick forest; the swamps and streams unbridged.

After proceeding two miles into the woods, the party stopped on the banks of a small creek to "bait," and cook supper. Fires were kindled against the trunks of large trees which had fallen, and the true or real journey-cakes, baked on large chips before the fire, were soon smoking on the end-board of the wagon, or the lid of a chest. These, with dried venison, cheese, and milk from the cows which were driven along, formed a healthful and welcome repast to the weary and hungry fugitives.

The rough and miry condition of the roads being but illy adapted for the use of horses, Mr. Gurley had employed a man, with a yoke of oxen, to take the family through to Mount Vernon. Before the oxen, one of Mr. Gurley's

horses was harnessed, to aid in drawing the wagon, while another was ridden by one of the family. During supper, a man was seen by some of the company to mount the latter animal, and to ride off at full trot. This was the last Mr. Gurley saw of his horse, which cost eighty dollars.

Once more the company commenced their march. The gloomy forest echoed with the crashing of wheels over the brush and limbs of trees which lay in the way. Nothing else was heard; for their progress had interrupted

> "The bark of the fox, from the woodland hill,
> And the whistling night-bird's numbers shrill."

Having penetrated six miles into the forest, the road became exceedingly bad. The horse frequently plunged and floundered, and the steady oxen could move but slowly through the swampy soil. At length the driver became disheartened; most of the teams had passed on before him; and, fearing he might be overtaken by the Indians, whom it was thought most likely were in pursuit, he drove his wagon a little out of the track, tied the horse to a tree, and, with his oxen, unceremoniously departed.

Thus were Mr. Gurley, his wife, and five children, two of whom were sick with chills and fever, left alone, without any apparent means of either subsistence or escape. To stay there would be starvation; to go back was, most likely, to be tomahawked; to go forward seemed impossible. In about an hour a man with a loaded cart came up, and Mr. G. persuaded him to permit his wife and child to ride in his conveyance, and to let his little boy, a lad of eight years, accompany them, and ride occasionally, when the roads would permit; while he would remain with the other children until morning, when he hoped to find some way of taking them on; and, as a last resort, they had the remaining horse. The man employed to convey Mrs. Gurley permitted her to ride about two miles; he then stopped,

and informed her that he could take her no further; that he feared he could not get through with her safely; and that, although he was sorry for her, she had better return to her husband, while she could.

Mrs. Gurley did not remonstrate; her heart was too full. She had already began to reproach herself for leaving the rest of the family, especially the girls, sick and motherless; and she therefore instantly resolved to grope her way back, through the swampy wilderness, to live or die with them.

Mrs. Gurley was a delicate woman, unused until recently to hardship or toil; but clasping her babe closer to her breast, with her little boy at her side, holding to her cloak, she commenced her lonely walk back to the wagon.

It was now about midnight; the rain gently descended and pattered on the leaves of the spreading beech. The moon broke not through the sullen clouds. Yet it was not very difficult to keep the track made by the wheels through the thick underbrush of the dense forest.

> "The passing fire-fly's vivid beam
> Decked darkness with a transient gleam."

The owl's wild scream fell on their ear, and notwithstanding their knowledge of its origin, carried a panic to their fearful hearts. As she threaded the narrow and often crooked defile through the overshadowing trees, the scenes of other years rolled over the mind of Mrs. Gurley. She thought of the home of her happy childhood; the friends separated from her by many a mile of forest and many a league of ocean; and as she compared the bright hopes of life's joyous morning, with her present condition and dangers, she felt that her cup was full; and her emotions were such as may not be described.

Equally indescribable were the feelings of Mr. Gurley, as, wearied and dripping with rain, his companion threw her child into his arms, and sunk down exhausted at his feet.

After a few moments, Mrs. Gurley so far recovered as to enter the wagon, where, after laying aside her wet cloak, she threw her slender form on a bed, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. That, indeed, was an affecting moment, in a dark and houseless forest: blood-thirsty savages every moment expected, while near forty miles of an unbroken wilderness lay between them and any place of safety. Now was a time to exercise faith; to trust in God.

Mr. Gurley paused until the first gush of emotion had subsided: he then addressed his weeping companion in a soothing tone of voice, and words of encouragement:

"My love," said he, "we have tried every way in our power to save ourselves; but in vain. The prospect is bad enough, indeed; but let us not despair. God has promised he will never leave nor forsake us. Let us, then, look to him who has hitherto been our help in time of trouble." He then knelt down in the wagon and lifted up his voice to heaven in prayer.

As he proceeded in supplication, his earnestness increased. His soul swelled with unutterable emotion. Kindled with reviving courage his voice rose to its fullest swell, and its tones of pathos and harmony echoed through the silent shades around. "Son of the living God," he exclaimed, "thou hast hitherto been our refuge; and surely thou wilt provide in this, our affliction, a way for our escape."

After prayer, Mrs. Gurley was calm: she seemed to feel the efficacy of prayer. The tempest of emotion that had disturbed her soul was hushed, and she sunk into a quiet slumber. Mr. Gurley took his stand, as a sentinel, beneath the spreading foliage of a large tree a few yards from the wagon, and waited with solicitude the coming day. As the day dawned he struck a fire, and made preparation for a morning meal, which his wife and eldest daughter provided. Just as they were sitting down, a neighbor, who had been

detained by an accident, came up. It was Dr. Hastings, a respectable physician and intimate acquaintance. Having broken his wagon in crossing the river, he had been obliged to leave it, and, with a large family, mounted on both horses and oxen, they were making their way to a place of security. The tears of both families freely flowed, as they met and embraced in the hour of their misfortunes. The Doctor proposed, that if Mr. Gurley would throw out the household goods which he had brought, so that both families could occupy the wagon, he would attach his team, and so get through the wilderness. To this Mr. Gurley cheerfully consented; and, prompted by his natural vivacity, he endeavored to throw a ray of pleasantry on the gloom which prevailed. "Yes, Doctor," said he, "Satan spoke the truth for once, when he said, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.'" The goods were accordingly thrown out, at the side of the wagon. Feather beds, bedding, carpet, table-furniture, dishes, etc., were thrown in one promiscuous pile. The children covered them slightly with spice-bush branches. They were picked up, afterward, by returning travelers, and were never recovered.

That day they traveled about twenty miles, and overtook a company, consisting of several families, who had preceded them, and all encamped on the same ground. The weather being warm, and the night pleasant, the beds were spread mostly on the ground. In the morning a melancholy accident occurred. While breakfast was being provided, the beds remained on the ground, in some of which the children were still sleeping. A small tree, about eight or ten inches in diameter, was needed for some purpose, and men were cutting it down. Perceiving, contrary to their expectations, that it would fall toward the camp, they placed their axes against it to hold it, if possible, crying out to clear the way. Supposing all safe, they let it fall. Its top struck a bed in

which was the child of a Mr. David Smith. As the tree crashed on the earth, the mother uttered a fearful scream; but it was too late. A crooked limb had fallen on the sleeping innocent; and, doubtless unconscious of the slightest pain, its spirit passed away to the bosom of Him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In a hollow formed by an uprooted tree, wrapped in the white folds of a sheet, they laid the little corpse to rest. Its parents shed their farewell tears on the rude grave, and left it to the care of angels till the resurrection morn.

That evening the company reached Mansfield, which then consisted of a few cabins only. From thence Mr. Gurley and family proceeded to Mount Vernon, where they remained a few weeks. But thinking it too small a place to resume business, Mr. Gurley proceeded to Zanesville, where their journey terminated. The family arrived in that place in a very destitute condition. The goods which were thrown away in the woods would now have been of great service; but, trusting in Providence, Mr. Gurley sent immediately to Pittsburg for a few tools, and commenced work. He found considerable employment in making silver eagles for the hats and caps of the soldiers and officers who were recruited at Zanesville. At length he became somewhat established in business, and was enabled to meet, by industry and economy, the ordinary expenses of the family—and but little more.

The region of the Muskingum valley afforded him an opportunity for extending his labors round to some distance from the town; while, in the absence of the circuit preachers, he frequently occupied the pulpit in the village, for such only was Zanesville at that time.

About three years after his arrival in Zanesville, he had the high satisfaction of meeting Bishop Asbury, and his colleague, Bishop M'Kendree, at a camp meeting near the town.

Here Mr. Gurley was ordained a deacon, by Bishop M'Kendree. At what conference he was elected to deacon's orders, has not been ascertained; most probably, at the previous session of the Ohio conference.

Bishop Asbury was now very feeble; but he seems to have thought, that he must preach as long as he could breathe. Indeed, the anxiety to hear him was so great, that the venerable and benevolent superintendent would probably have gratified his "children," as he regarded them, if he could have known it would be his last effort.

He sat on a table which was placed on the preachers' stand, with a feather bed on it for a cushion. Seated upon this, he delivered a discourse, the subject of which has escaped recollection.*

His face, which beamed with benignity, gave manifest indication of care and exhaustion. His silver locks hung lightly on his shoulders, giving to him a most venerable aspect. The tremulous tones of his once rich and mellow voice, thrilled on the nerves of the silent auditors; and, as he sat on the table and stretched forth his shriveled hand, pointing significantly with his finger to the glowing heavens above, he seemed more like some ancient prophet of Israel, fresh from the audience-chamber of God, than a toil-worn servant of the Church in modern times.

He presented the embodiment of all that is venerable in age, dignified in wisdom and authority, or ennobling in moral worth. His paternal counsels fell upon the audience as the dew on the tender grass: they listened as to the voice of an oracle, evincing their interest in his instructions by their silence and their tears. The venerable Bishop died the following March.

The Rev. David Young presided at the meeting. He

* The writer of this biography was present and heard the discourse.

was then in his strength and prime—a rare model of ministerial dignity, graceful bearing, and impressive oratory. His sermon on the Sabbath was on the general judgment, and his concluding remarks were awfully impressive, and in part were nearly, if not exactly, in the following words: "And now, my hearers, I call heaven to witness that I have this day declared unto you the whole counsel of God. And now, if I knew that this was the last hour of my life; if I now heard the piercing notes of the archangel's trump; if I now saw the tall mountains flowing down like melted lava, and beheld the mighty ocean giving up its dead; if I could now see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with all his holy angels; if now the stars should fall, the sun become as sackcloth, and the moon as blood—even then I could not warn you with more sincerity, earnestness, and affection, than I do at this moment."

These words were uttered with a voice of amazing compass. His clear, distinct intonations rang out like a bell on the air, and echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding forest. The face of the orator glowed with intense emotion, while adown it streams of perspiration and tears mingled together. Ere he closed, a burst of sympathy overwhelmed the audience with tears; and he took his seat amid the sobs, groans, and shouts of an excited and subdued auditory.

No one appreciated more highly than did Mr. Gurley, the able and gifted ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and especially those of the Ohio conference, with whom, at this time, he began to be acquainted. He had heard Clarke, Benson, Coke, and Wesley, addressing the crowded auditories of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Dublin. To these stars of the first magnitude he was constantly comparing the pioneer itinerants of this *then* western state. "That man," he would say, "has Benson's voice:" "that brother's gestures are much like Dr. Clarke's." And it was, I think, after

hearing the able sermon referred to, that he made the remark, "I never heard a better sermon than that, either in Ireland or England." He thought father Collins, late of the Ohio conference, whom he once heard, greatly resembled Mr. Wesley, in voice and appearance, though he was taller than the latter. Bigelow he compared to Joseph Benson. Adam Clarke was comparatively young when Mr. Gurley became acquainted with him, in Dublin. He heard him, however, occasionally, afterward, in England, and always spoke of him with the most profound admiration of his abilities, not unfrequently taking care to remark, that "he was an *Irishman*."

I will return from this apparent digression with the remark, that, with all his early predilections for the able and holy men whom the sagacity and influence of Mr. Wesley called around him, it was the decided opinion of Mr. Gurley that the itinerant ministers of this country were, in no respect, inferior, and in some several respects superior to those who were under Wesley's immediate supervision. He considered the hardships, sacrifices, deprivations, and toil, endured by our itinerants of the west, as finding no parallel in Europe; and that, as revivalists, the ministers of this country, as a body, greatly excel those of England or Ireland.

Soon after Mr. Gurley's arrival in America, his wife's father, Mr. Beatty, of Ballycannow, died; and little James, who had been left by his mother, as we have related, was consigned to the care of his uncle, James Beatty, Esq. While residing in Zanesville, Mr. Gurley received a letter from Ireland, stating that in a few weeks James would embark for the United States. For nearly a year from the date of that letter nothing was heard from him, or of him; and it was greatly feared by his parents that the ship which was to bring him had fallen into the hands of the Algerines,

who about that time captured many vessels, making slaves of the passengers and crew.

Little James had been brought up by his uncle with great care and tenderness. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Wexford academy, to qualify him for a midshipman's post in the royal navy, which had been secured for him already by the government. But, in consequence of the abdication of Napoleon Bonaparte, the ensuing general peace of Europe, and, subsequently, the termination of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, all commissions, except for those in actual service, were held over. Thus was his destiny changed; and the aspiring young Irishman, who had dreamed of acquiring a fortune and a name amid the thunders of naval warfare, was reserved, by Divine Providence, for a very different and more useful department of human exertion.

About this time a political pamphlet fell into his hands, which contained a likeness of Franklin, beneath which was the celebrated motto: "*Where Liberty dwells, there is my country.*" This seemed to make a very strong, as well as sudden, impression on his mind. "That sentiment," he has since said, "was the germ of republicanism in my heart. It became more intense as I witnessed the tyranny of the aristocracy toward their less wealthy neighbors and dependents. These, with a growing desire to see my parents, induced me to resolve to make the United States my home." His uncle did not oppose his desire; accordingly, on the 25th of April, he embarked at Dublin for New York. It was not without some emotions of regret that he bade adieu to the loved scenery of old Ireland, and the friends of his childhood. He possessed a glowing imagination, which associated with the romantic scenery of the Emerald Isle all that is sublime and beautiful in nature. The same imagination, however, found ample employment in forming

conceptions of the charms and terrors of a voyage to the new world; and the thoughts of finding, in the far-off wilds of the west, his parents, whom he had never known—brothers and sisters, whom he had never seen—occupied many a passing hour, and stirred the deep fount of feeling in his soul.

He narrowly escaped destruction in a tremendous storm, which occurred during the voyage, and arrived at the city of New York after a passage of sixty-nine days. From thence he proceeded to New London, in Connecticut. Here he remained with his uncle, Mr. John Beatty, who, in the fall, designed removing with his family to the fire-lands, where he owned large quantities of land. He accompanied Mr. Beatty as far as Cleveland, which then contained scarce a dozen houses. Here he put his clothing in a knapsack, and, there being no mode of public conveyance, he started on foot, up the Cuyahoga to the portage, and thence down the head waters of the Muskingum. This was rather a serious journey for the young emigrant, the whole distance, which was over one hundred miles, being through an entire wilderness, with only here and there, at long intervals, a cabin. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded, animated with the prospect of soon reaching his journey's end. He was obliged, part of the time, to sleep out alone in the woods; and, wearied with the rough, untraveled way, he reached the Tuscarawas with feet so blistered that he was unable to walk. Here he rested for a day, and employed a carpenter who resided there, and who had a few boards, to construct him a small float, or skiff, which he himself contrived. In this he embarked for Zanesville, where in a day or two he arrived. On his way down he amused himself at the expense of the few settlers he found on the way, telling them, when they inquired, that he came "from Ireland;" and some asked him if he came "all the way in *that thing*."

Mr. Gurley and family were still brooding over the melancholy idea that their son might be a slave in Algiers, when, one bright afternoon in October, 1815, a rap was heard at their door; it was opened by Mrs. Gurley. A stout youth of fifteen, with ruddy cheeks and dark, curly locks, entered, accompanied by a colored man, who came to show him the house. He inquired, with evident agitation, if Mr. Gurley was at home. He was told he had gone out in the town. The youth recognized in Mrs. Gurley his mother, by her striking resemblance to his aunt; but he was so much agitated, that he could find no words, and stood trembling and mute with excitement. Mrs. Gurley beheld him with surprise. At this moment the person who came with him stepped forward, and said, "Mrs. Gurley, don't you know this young man?" She replied in the negative. "Why," said he, "this is your son, from Ireland." Mrs. Gurley fixed a steady gaze for an instant on the face of the youth, then exclaimed, "James, my son, is this you?" The trembling boy had scarce answered "yes," when, overpowered with emotion, she clasped him to her maternal bosom, and fell powerless to the floor. Mr. Gurley soon came in, and welcomed, with gratitude to God, the child he had not seen since it was six months old. "God be praised," said the rejoicing father, as some friends entered the room, "this our son was dead, but is alive again—was lost, but is found." Black "Andrew," who conducted James to the dwelling, must have been something of a physiognomist. He was somewhat familiar with the family, and had heard of the lost son. Meeting the youth on the bridge, he at once perceived a strong resemblance to Mr. Gurley, and boldly accosted him thus: "Young man, do you want to find your father?" "I have traveled a long way for that purpose," was the reply. "Then come along with me," said Andy; and so conducted him to the place.

There was a great difference in appearance between the Irish boy and the other children. They were slender and pale, having passed through the ordeal of a bilious climate. But the pure air of Ireland, its fresh sea-breezes and crystal springs, had given robustness to his frame and a glow to his cheek, which was in striking contrast to the rest of the family. He was just fifteen years of age the day he arrived.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Gurley returns to Huron county—Improvement of country—Circuit preaching—James Gurley becomes a preacher—Mr. Gurley settles in Milan—His extensive labors—His second son converted—Joins Ohio conference—Traveling and local preachers—Pattee and M'Intire—Mr. Gurley ordained elder—His age and death—His character.

Mr. Gurley resided in Zanesville a little over six years; he then returned to his farm in the northern part of the state, which he reached in February, 1819.

The lapse of six years had but little improved the fire-lands. Although, after the close of the war, many new settlers arrived, yet but little improvement was visible. Sandusky City, Norwalk, and Milan, had, however, just been laid out, and a few buildings were erected in each.

Among the new settlers who had arrived since the war, were a number from Connecticut, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a society was formed in Perkins, and in some other places in the county, and Rev. Alfred Brunson was on the circuit, Mr. Gurley resided, during the spring and summer, at Perkins. Soon after the arrival of the family there, a good work of grace commenced in the neighborhood. Among those who united with the Church was James Gurley, then in his eighteenth year. In about six months he was licensed to exhort; and at the first local preachers' district meeting held in Newark, in 1820, he was licensed to preach. He was subsequently admitted into the Ohio annual conference, within whose bounds he has traveled nearly twenty years; but at the last session of that body he was transferred to the Missouri conference, and appointed to the charge of the Wyandott Indian mission.

His conversion and call to the ministry were in the

highest degree gratifying to his parents, who were ambitious of no higher honor for their son than that he should become a faithful and useful Methodist preacher.

In the autumn of 1818 Mr. Gurley exchanged his farm near Bloomingville for one two miles west of Milan. This, with the aid of his sons, he improved, and continued on it till his death. He was now about sixty, a time of life when most ministers seek repose from their accustomed labor and toil; but he was, apparently, in his strength and prime.

A wide and comparatively-destitute field of labor now opened before him, and into it he entered with a zeal and endurance almost incredible. Certain it is that it was his common practice to walk, almost every week, winter and summer, from five to eighteen miles and back, to give Sabbath preaching to destitute places. He usually went, if it was far, on Saturday, and returned on Monday. This, together with the frequent calls to funerals, necessarily made a heavy draft on his time, which most men in his circumstances would have thought they could not well afford; but never was worldly interest known to weigh a feather with him when called to preach Christ.

The following places, with some others, shared in his frequent labors: Milan, Huron, Perkins, Berlin, Florence, Vermilion, Strong's Ridge, Bloomingville, and Sandusky City. Few of these places had Sabbath preaching. For nearly twenty years did Mr. Gurley continue thus his gratuitous labors: not a forest in the county but he had threaded; not a prairie but he had crossed; and frequently, in cold weather, he must off with shoes and stockings, and wade the "swails" which then abounded, and were filled with water. Subsequently, he would ride to his appointments. For the last ten years of his life he preached but seldom; he was about eighty-five when he preached his

last sermon. No man, it is believed, has preached in that county so many funeral discourses as he. He often remarked, "What multitudes have I buried, and nearly all of them younger than myself!" He usually attended all the quarterly meetings on the circuit; and it is questionable whether any local preacher in modern times has been in labors more abundant.

Soon after Mr. Gurley's return to the north, his third daughter (Eliza) died, at the age of sixteen; his two elder daughters were married: they both became members of the Church. They subsequently removed to the state of Indiana, where their husbands were successfully engaged in the cultivation of the soil.

In the year 1824 the second son of Mr. Gurley, then twenty years of age, embraced the truth, and united with the Church. In 1828 he was admitted on trial, as a traveling preacher, in the Ohio conference.*

Thus had Mr. Gurley the satisfaction of seeing two of his sons in the itinerant field. He has been heard frequently to say, that he could now see why the providence of God had led him to the wilds of Ohio.

He lived to see the work of God greatly revive and extend throughout the rapidly-settling country. It would be too great a digression to notice in this work the different ministers, traveling and local, who fought, side by side in that region, the battles of the Lord. I will, however, take a passing glance at a few of them.

As leaders of the host, we may name James M'Mahon, William Swayze, Jacob Young, and Russell Bigelow, all of whom were zealous presiding elders. Amongst those who traveled on that circuit in early times, are found the names of Alfred Brunson, Dennis Godard, Shadrach Ruarch, and Adam Poe.

* The writer of this work.

There were a number of local preachers who, with commendable zeal, took part in the work of spiritual husbandry. Two of these were more distinguished than others—True Pattee and James M'Intire. These were both acceptable and useful preachers, but widely different men.

Pattee was a well-built and fine-proportioned man, with a manner easy and graceful; M'Intire was tall, raw-boned, and loose-jointed, naturally reminding one of Pharaoh's "lean kine." Pattee dressed well, with broadcloth coat and neat cravat; M'Intire wore a blue hunting-shirt, tow pants, and shirt of the same material, the bosom of which was fastened with an Indian broach; while the brown collar lay open on his shoulder, exposing his long, sinewy neck.

The former was a dignified-looking man in the pulpit; the latter could be dignified in no attitude, graceful in no movement. Pattee studied to please and persuade; M'Intire to enlighten and convince. The former addressed the softer passions; the latter appealed to the judgment. The one conciliated and pleased, by his suavity of manner and natural elocution; the other astonished by his depth of thought, and the originality and simplicity of his illustrations.

Pattee would throw before the audience some pleasing truth, strew around it some flowers of rhetoric, and leave his hearers delighted with both it and himself; M'Intire, with the first glance of his small, piercing eye, would seem to penetrate every intellect and every heart. He would then lead his audience along, disentangling some complicated subject—pursuing some distant, but important conclusion—exposing to contempt and laughter some specious sophistry; or, with some withering irony or scorching sarcasm, completely storm the bulwarks of the enemy. The former could entertain an assembly for an hour; the latter enchain one for three. They were both good and useful men, adapted to the times in which they flourished;

both had seals to their ministry, and their record is on high.

In 1831 the Ohio conference held its session in Mansfield. Mr. Gurley attended, and was elected to elder's orders, and ordained by Bishop Hedding: he was then in his seventy-fifth year. He was not solicitous of this honor, believing that it would seldom be necessary for him to exercise its functions; he yielded, however, to the solicitations of others, and consented to be ordained. Advanced as he was in years, he had several times the opportunity, in the absence of a traveling elder, at large meetings, to administer the sacrament. As he advanced in years, his presence at the quarterly meetings, which he punctually attended, produced a marked impression. His frame, bowed with the weight of ninety years, his animated face, his lively step and cheerful air, his flowing silver locks, drew the attention of all; while the original remarks he often made, and the deeply-interesting details of his long experience, related in the most graphic, yet humble and affecting manner, often produced a very deep sensation in the congregation, and sometimes an extraordinary overflow of Christian sympathy. As a token of their respect and affection, the quarterly conference of the Norwalk circuit, on motion of the Rev. Edward Thomson, then Principal of the Norwalk Seminary, passed a resolution, requesting "father Gurley" to sit for his portrait, which should be preserved by the stewards as the property of the quarterly conference or circuit. Some twenty dollars were contributed for the purpose, an artist was employed, and an excellent portrait on canvas produced, which is preserved in the "Baldwin Institute," a seminary under the patronage of the North Ohio annual conference.

The temporal circumstances of Mr. Gurley, for the last twenty years of his life, though not affluent, were easy.

For support he depended chiefly on his farm; though, occasionally, he would make a set of silver spoons, mend an article of jewelry, engrave a finger ring, or repair a mathematical instrument.

His humble residence was a resort for many visitors. Ministers of the Gospel always found there a welcome home. Members of the Church, living a hundred miles distant, who had heard of him, being in that direction on business, would turn aside to see a preacher who was licensed by Wesley—who had been imprisoned by Roman Catholics, and led out to be put to death.

His health was, in general, excellent, though that of Mrs. Gurley was very defective. They had, in all, eleven children. Six only of these were living at the time of his death, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Broaded, having died a short time previous. His second daughter, Mrs. Cox, resided in Indiana; while his youngest daughter, who had recently married a physician, lived in the vicinity. His two older sons, as we have seen, were in the itinerancy. The two younger were members of the Church, the youngest residing at Marion, and the other occupying the homestead, where he resided. Occasional visits from these enlivened the hours at the paternal mansion. With cheerful stories of by-gone years—with the sacred songs which he had sung to them in their childhood—with affectionate inquiries about their respective charges and families, would he interest and entertain his assembled children and grandchildren, and close the evening's interview with prayer for their welfare. In the absence of all other company, he found, in books and periodicals, abundant entertainment and a rich repast.

But the longest journey has its end; and the time at length arrived, though by imperceptible gradations, when the mental and physical power of his vigorous constitution began to give way.

Up to the age of eighty-six he could read, with but little difficulty; but from that time his sight rapidly failed. It was an affecting sight, to one who knew his strong love of reading, to see him take the Christian Advocate, and, standing out of doors, hold it up to the direct rays of the sun. This could not last long. Gradually the windows of the soul were darkened, until, at last, he said, "I shall never read more." Exceedingly defective in hearing, no one could read to him. Thus the intellectual man was left without food, and, therefore, soon began to show signs of decay. Yet he murmured not. He would say, "Well, why should I complain? I have had my day, and a long one, too." Still his memory, in regard to early years, was good. He conversed with vivacity, and would still, occasionally, speak and pray in public. The last sermon which the writer of this volume heard him deliver, was in Sandusky City, several years before he died. His text was from Solomon's Song, v, 9: "What is thy beloved more than another's beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" He drew a picture of a person, with the most lovely traits of character, and then showed that Jesus possessed all these, in a superior degree. "Ladies," said he, "the rose on your cheeks will fade, your glossy ringlets will become gray, and your polished brows will be furrowed o'er with age, and your fair forms become food for worms; but the charms of my Beloved shall never wither. His beauty shall never die. Come, then, to the arms of my Beloved. 'He is the chief amongst ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.'"

The last time the writer heard him speak in love-feast was at Perkins, in July, 1842. His remarks were noted down at the time. He spoke, very briefly, as follows:

"Thirty-one thousand, one hundred and sixty-six days have passed over my head, since I have been a traveler in this vale of tears; and O, what scenes and dangers have I

passed through!—dangers by sea and by land, by persecutions and by war! But, out of all, the hand of God hath safely brought me. Many things, this morning, unite to make this a deeply-interesting season to me. I am now on the verge of an awful eternity. I believe I shall never see you again, here, in a love-feast; but I know there is a rest for the people of God; and, although I am now but an old and feeble servant of Christ, yet I believe that Jesus, my Savior, who has so long given me his grace to help me, will still sustain the tottering clay, and never leave nor forsake me, till I am received at last into the asylum of the blessed above. This is the last time, I presume, I shall ever meet with my son in a love-feast. You know he has been four years on this district, and must needs go, I know not where. He may not be with me, even when dying, to close my eyes." Here the venerable father paused, overcome with emotion. "But, glory to God! I shall be supported by his presence, even down to the Jordan of death! I love the Methodist Church; and it is my earnest desire and prayer, that every one of you may come down to the Jordan of death, adopting the lines of the poet, in that beautiful hymn in your books:

'O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice,
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art!
O, plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love and wisdom cover me!
While thee, all infinite, I set,
By faith, before my ravish'd eye;
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.'

This is my desire," he added, "that you may all be plunged in that sea of mercy—that bottomless abyss of love, and

rise to all the life of God, which may he grant for his Son's sake!"

He repeated the foregoing lines of that sublime hymn with appropriate emphasis and peculiar energy. He was right in his conjecture. He never spoke in love-feast again, in the hearing of that son. The mode of stating his age in days was in keeping with his usual course, which was, always to begin with something which, from its novelty, would excite attention.

Notwithstanding the eye of this venerable servant of God had become dim, and his natural force abated, yet, by the filial attentions of his son William, with whom he resided, he still attended public worship, until in November, 1847, at which time he was over ninety years of age. During that month he complained of debility; and, at length, was confined to his bed with a slow fever. His appetite departed, and his strength gradually declined until the 10th of February, 1848, when it became evident that the time of his departure was at hand. Through his protracted illness he continued perfectly sensible; and it was exceedingly edifying to hear him speak of his confidence in God. The promises of God, which he had so often proclaimed to others, were now sweet to his soul. When asked, by a friend, if his prospects were bright for a better world, "O yes," said he, "his rod and his staff comfort me," and then repeated some expressive lines of one of our hymns. To his son, who was with him until a few days before he died, and was then obliged to leave, he said, at parting, "Tell all the people, that Jesus is with me."

It had ever been his wish that he might retain his reason to the last; and he had often prayed that it might be so; and God granted him his petition. On the morning of the 10th he gave evident indications of being on the brink of the river. Of this he became fully aware. He was raised

up in the bed; and now, calling for each member of the family, he took them by the hand, and bade them farewell. When this was over there was a short pause, when, raising his eyes, he said, with peculiar emphasis, "What a beautiful country is heaven! I see God," and, in a few moments, ceased to breathe. Thus died this venerable father, in the ninety-first year of his age.

His remains are deposited in a secluded spot, where several of the family connections repose. His aged companion did not long survive him. She closed her eyes in peace on the ensuing September. For fifty-three years they had traveled together life's rugged path, in harmony and affection. She was an intelligent, devoted, and exemplary Christian.

Having thus traced the subject of this memoir, from infancy, through varied and striking vicissitudes of fortune, to an honorable and extreme old age—having marked the steadfastness of his faith in God, and the cheerfulness with which he bore the ills of life—the industry with which he labored in the harvest fields of our Zion—and, finally, the triumphant close of his mortal existence, it only remains that we briefly sketch some of those characteristics which distinguished him as a man, a Christian, and a minister.

He was intelligent. Though not a classical scholar, yet he was well read in the works of the most distinguished authors, both ancient and modern. With history he was delighted: Josephus, Rollin, Plutarch, and Hume were familiar to him.

In early life he read English translations of the ancient poets. Of Homer, especially, he was very fond. With biography and travels he was constantly conversant. He perused Durbin's, Olin's, and Stephens' works after he was eighty years of age. With the political movements of all Europe, for the last fifty years, he was remarkably familiar,

as well as with the names and character of the leading men; and he watched the progressive changes of the old world with peculiar interest and sympathy. With the literature of the Church he was also well acquainted. Clarke's Commentary he read in numbers, as it first issued from the press. The principal writings of Wesley and Fletcher he brought with him from England. His library, when he came to America, was quite extensive. The most of it, however, he was obliged to leave in Connecticut. He brought to the west only a box of choice volumes. These, during the war, were buried. They were dug up by some neighbors, at the close of hostilities, and none were to be found, on Mr. Gurley's return to the north, except a large folio Bible, with notes, and a quarto volume of Josephus. But he laid the whole country under contribution for books; and, until near the close of his life, he was seldom without a course of daily reading.

He delighted to read aloud to a company of friends, and it was music to hear him. The sweet, mellow tones of his silvery voice fell harmoniously on the ear, while his emphasis, and his distinct enunciation, and animated manner, gave a double charm to the subjects.

He was well read in natural history, and would illustrate points of theology by Goldsmith's description of a feather, or Wesley's account of the polypus.

His extensive and close observation had enriched his mind with much valuable information, and no intelligent person could be in his company an hour, without being struck with his retentive memory, extensive reading, and versatile knowledge.

He was cheerful. There was about him a rich vein of Irish humor, which he employed, not for the purpose of provoking mirth and levity, but to entertain pleasantly and agreeably the company in which he might happen to be.

Some might deem this inconsistent with the dignity and gravity so important to a minister of Christ; but in him it was so blended with the useful and the serious, that those who were a short time in his company could see that it was not the frothy bubblings of a vain mind, but the upgushings of a pure and perennial fountain of Christian cheerfulness.

A minister of a decidedly gloomy cast of mind—one who seemed to think earth would be better without its smiles, and that a hearty laugh was a mortal sin—called to spend a day or two with him. Having heard much of "father Gurley" as an "old-fashioned" minister, he doubtless thought he would find one man, at least, as solemn as himself. Mr. Gurley was perusing some English author, favorable to high Church principles, when the stranger arrived. He was received with a cheerful welcome, and his horse put up.

The gloomy aspect of the traveler led Mr. Gurley to the conclusion, that probably he was way-worn and dejected; he, therefore, at once endeavored to dissipate the cloud.

"I have just finished a book on the Church of England," said he. "How do you like it?" said the stranger, gravely. "O, as to that," replied Mr. Gurley, "I must say, as the man said of his wooden god, I don't half like it." A look of astonishment, and a deep-drawn sigh, was the only reply. Mr. G. then referred, in a humorous and witty style, to the absurdities of the English hierarchy; but in the stranger's bosom there was no sympathy with such humor, and not a muscle of his face relaxed.

This imperturbable gravity of his guest roused Mr. Gurley completely, and he at once commenced an account of an encounter between a Wesleyan preacher and a proud, worldly parson, in Ireland. The narrative was so nearly connected with Methodism, and so attractive and curious in

its details, that the attention of the stranger was riveted to the subject. The close of it was so provokingly ludicrous, that it completely stormed the fortress of his gravity, and an irrepressible gush of risibility suffused his face. The emotion, however, was only for a moment; and so much was he wounded in feeling, that he actually called Mr. Gurley out of his own house, and intimated modestly to him that he was afraid they had indulged in too much levity. Mr. Gurley replied by tapping him on the shoulder and saying, "Never mind, brother; you will become better acquainted with me hereafter. With me a merry heart is a continual feast."

The stranger afterward became one of his warmest friends and admirers; and, indeed, finally dismissed that constrained and affected gravity, which would exclude from the domestic circle the smile which cheers and the humor which enlivens.

To coarse and vulgar witticisms he never descended; yet of genuine, ready wit, few men possessed more than himself—and certainly, few ever used it with less injury to himself and others. Satire waits on wit; and many have sacrificed a real friend for the pleasure of a fine joke. But such was not his manner. He employed it to enliven conversation and to expose folly, or to extricate himself or others from some awkward dilemma.

He once had an appointment at Norwalk. He was entertained at the house of Dr. G——, who was not a member of the Church, but a respectable physician and a worthy man. After morning worship in the family, the Bible was laid on the bureau with the books from whence it had been taken. When the hour of worship arrived, Mr. Gurley took, as he supposed, the sacred book from its place, and, putting it under his arm, proceeded with the Doctor to the court-house, in which meetings were then

held. Whether he had previously selected a text is uncertain. It is not improbable that his mind was unsettled on the point, as is frequently the case with those preachers whose efforts are purely extemporaneous. Be that as it may, he did not look into his Bible until he had sung and prayed. While the audience were singing the last verse of the hymn, he reached for the book, and, rising up, looked in it earnestly. Then lifting his brilliant eye, which flashed with some peculiar emotion, he glanced rapidly round on the audience. A slight shade of perplexity, which was visible on his countenance, passed away like a shadow. He was looking into the wrong book; instead of the good old Bible, so familiar to his eye, it was a modern work on anatomy and physiology, departments of science on which he had no disposition to discourse on that occasion. The page on which his eye rested as he opened the book, had on it an engraving of the human ear. A slight, but scarcely discernible smile played round the lips of the speaker; but, with scarcely an instant's hesitation, he announced, in his accustomed tone and manner, the text, which by instantaneous association came to his mind: "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." He preached with his usual freedom on the value of the word of God, and the manner and spirit in which it should be heard. As they were passing homeward, "Doctor," said Mr. Gurley, looking archly in his face, "do you know what I had for my text?" "I remember the words, sir, but I think you did not mention the chapter or verse." "I suppose, Doctor," continued he, "you little thought it was this?" holding up the volume with the ear visible. The Doctor was convulsed with laughter, and often referred to the circumstance when speaking of the preacher.

As a Christian, his piety was uniform; "no changes of season or place" produced any observable difference in his

state of mind. He seemed always what you saw him once. He never spoke of his doubts, his fears, or his temptations; but always of his confidence in God.

He had strong faith. His firm belief in a special providence, led him to make every matter a subject of prayer. In several cases, when praying for persons not expected to recover, he would rise from his knees with the fullest assurance that they would live.

The habitual state of his mind, in relation to his Christian character, was that of calmness and serenity; but he never appeared to be dry or cold. His public and family devotions were characterized by a freshness, originality, and variety, rarely exceeded. His every-day prayers bore an unusually slight resemblance to each other. They arose from every-day duties or circumstances, and were, therefore, diversified as the passing events, and were always appropriate and impressive.

He was habitually serious and devotional. His seriousness was as conspicuous as his cheerfulness: these seemed no more incompatible with each other than the color and the fragrance of the rose. He realized constantly the presence of God, and mental and ejaculatory prayer seemed to occupy more or less of every hour of his life.

His amiable and charitable disposition effectually secured him from those bickerings and difficulties into which hasty and passionate persons are so liable to be betrayed. Though a member of the Church more than sixty years, it is not known that he ever had the slightest difficulty with any member of it during all that time. It was his glory to pass over a transgression.

He was a rare singer. Nature had given him a voice of great compass and volume, and its intonations were exquisitely fine and musical. He never studied music as a science; but he learned, in Europe, an amazing variety of tunes.

The hymns most generally sung in our Church were not those of his choice, and he often remarked that in this country our best hymns are rarely sung.

"The God of Abram praise," and "Wrestling Jacob," were favorites of his; also, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," and "O, God, thou bottomless abyss." His solos would entrance an audience; and tens of thousands will remember, through life, the thrilling tones of his powerful and melodious voice.

He never despised the gifts of others, however weak, but was always ready to encourage the desponding, and to sympathize with the dejected or afflicted.

A preacher of another denomination once had an appointment in the neighborhood where he resided. The audience was large, for the place, and of different denominations. He commenced his sermon with evident embarrassment; proceeded about five minutes, when he became confused and speechless, and to his great mortification was obliged to take his seat; which he did, requesting, as he sat down, that some one would proceed with the meeting.

The preacher had just come from a sacramental meeting, and two or three of his brethren in the ministry were with him. These were much mortified, likewise, and hung their heads in silence. Perceiving their embarrassment, after a moment's pause Mr. Gurley rose, and with a smile on his countenance, broke the silence with this remark: "For the iniquities of the people, hath the Lord shut the mouth of his prophet." The audience, who were thus made to bear the blame of the failure, whether deservedly or not, were evidently relieved. Mr. Gurley proceeded to make a few remarks on the subject introduced, and then took his seat, when the brethren of the minister, who had been thrown "*hors du combat,*" proceeded with the exercises, and closed the services.

The young preachers who were appointed to the circuit attracted his special attention, and he usually ventured an opinion as to their future promise. To one of these, whose manner of speaking was unpleasant, he remarked: "Mr. Wesley often spoke in loud tones; but he never *screeched*."

The residence of Mr. Gurley was embraced in the first circuit traveled by Dr. Thomson, now President of the Ohio Wesleyan University. The first time he heard the Doctor preach he observed, to a friend: "He is a very *small* man; but, mark my words, he will yet become a *great* one."

To the Church of which he was a member, he had a depth and strength of attachment seldom surpassed.

His personal acquaintance with Mr. Wesley, the great and excellent founder of Methodism, had impressed him with an early and deep conviction, that it was the cause of God. The intelligence, the zeal, the holiness, and the Herculean labors of that wonderful man, were constantly associated in his mind with the great body of Methodists raised up under his supervision or through his instrumentality. He had studied ecclesiastical history with attention, and he regarded the Methodist Episcopal Church as distinguished beyond all others, for the combined elements of simplicity, strength, harmonious action, and conservative and aggressive power. Though accustomed to the Wesleyan plan as it is in England and Ireland, yet he regarded the office and labors of the bishops of our Church, in this country, as of vast and vital importance to the integrity and unity of American Methodism. Of the *power* of the Episcopacy, of which so much has been said, he had no fears: he knew they were responsible, and that was sufficient. He believed them to be men of God, in labors abundant. He read whatever came from their pen with special attention, entertained for them a sincere veneration, and never spoke of them but with profound respect.

On one occasion, when a "Radical" had exhausted his stock of argument and eloquence to convince the people that the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church possessed too much power, and were dangerous, tyrannical men, and seemed to think that those present were satisfied that it was high time to get out of such dangerous company, Mr. Gurley rose, and in a pleasant tone remarked, that through a long life he had been a member of the Methodist Church; and he could assure all present that he had never felt any other power but the power of "God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." "And, believe me, my friends," said he, "it never did me any harm." The adversary was foiled.

As a preacher, Mr. Gurley's talents, without being of a high order, were respectable. His sermons were purely extemporaneous. It is doubtful if, during his whole ministry, he ever penned one "sketch." But he was by no means without study and research. He weighed well the import of his subject; consulted commentaries and authors; and frequently his discourses were logical, clear, and systematic.

His sermons were rich with illustrations and anecdotes; his knowledge of the Bible was extensive and accurate; and he often drew from their recorded facts moral pictures of peculiar power.

His well-stored memory furnished facts and illustrations from history, both sacred and profane; and he not unfrequently referred to some points in his own experience in confirmation of the truth.

His manner was animated, but not boisterous; he seldom discussed controverted points, but he well understood the doctrines of the Bible, and preached them plainly. The atonement was his theme; entire sanctification he always urged. Of his own attainments in holiness he spoke with great modesty; but that he enjoyed in a large degree the

blessing no one who knew him could doubt. But of his constant faith, unwavering confidence, and cloudless joys, he spoke with the greatest freedom.

In the comparative seclusion and retirement of age, he was still a watchful observer of the signs of the times, and marked with heart-felt joy the triumphs of our beloved Zion; and well might he do so, for when he was born Methodism was unknown on this continent. Before he died, her communicants were more than a million. But he has descended to his rest; he sleeps with his fathers, and his spirit and his record are on high.

To the last he felt a deep sympathy for his native land, and hoped and prayed for her prosperity. He found but little, however, in her recent history and condition, to cheer him. Most of the actors in those scenes of blood through which he had passed, have indeed descended to the grave, but the traces of the conflict are still visible on the moral character and political condition of the nation. The smothered fires, like the pent-up lava of a volcano, still heave and shake that unhappy land. Important concessions have indeed been made to her Roman Catholic citizens, and much has been attempted toward the amelioration of her condition, and the reformation of her people; yet each succeeding year but deepens the sad picture of her distresses.

Her spasmodic efforts to throw off her burdens have enlisted the sympathies of the civilized world; but amid her struggles and misfortunes, which have awakened the compassion of mankind, England, with her gigantic power, still holds her with a steady hand, alike unwilling to relieve her sufferings or to let her go. Her future fortunes no human foresight can penetrate. Philanthropy and patriotism, however, prompt us to hope that Great Britain will yet have the sagacity to perceive, and the justice to apply, the

means of conciliating the affection and elevating the character of her Irish subjects; and that, ere long, the light of a new era may dawn on her destiny, and the dreams of her Currans and her Emmets find a realization in the brightness and glory of her future history.

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